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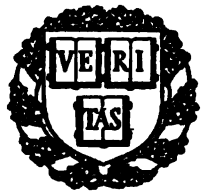

FROM THE ESTATE OF

Mrs MABEL DELANO LORD

APRIL 1942

THE

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS

OF

HENRY FIELDING.

IN FOUR VOLUMES. — VOL. IV.

JOSEPH ANDREWS.—JONATHAN WILD.

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JOSEPH ANDREWS.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

Of writing lives in general, and particularly of Pamela: with a word by the by of Colley Cibber and others.

It is a trite but true observation, that examples work more forcibly on the mind than precepts: and if this be just in what is odious and blameable, it is more strongly so in what is amiable and praiseworthy. Here emulation most effectually operates upon us, and inspires our imitation in an irresistible manner. A good man therefore is a standing lesson to all his acquaintance, and of far greater use in that narrow circle than a good book.

But, as it often happens, that the best men are but little known, and consequently cannot extend the usefulness of their examples a great way; the writer may be called in aid to spread their history farther, and to present the amiable pictures to those who have not the happiness of knowing the originals; and so, by communicating such valuable patterns to the world, he may perhaps do a more extensive service to mankind, than the person whose life originally afforded the pattern.

In this light I have always regarded those biographers who have recorded the actions of great and worthy persons of both sexes. Not to mention those ancient writers which of late days are little read, being written in obsolete, and, as they are generally thought, unintelligible languages, such as Plutarch, Nepos, and others which I heard of in my youth; our own language affords many of excellent use and instruction, finely calculated to sow the seeds of virtue in youth, and very easy to be comprehended by persons of moderate capacity. Such as

the history of John the Great, who, by his brave and heroic actions against men of large and athletic bodies, obtained the glorious appellation of the Giant-killer; that of an earl of Warwick, whose Christian name was Guy; the lives of Argalus and Parthenia; and above all, the history of those seven worthy personages, the Champions of Christendom. In all these, delight is mixed with instruction, and the reader is almost as much improved as entertained.

But I pass by these and many others, to mention two books lately published, which represent an admirable pattern of the amiable in either sex. The former of these, which deals in male virtue, was written by the great person himself, who lived the life he hath recorded, and is by many thought to have lived such a life only in order to write it. The other is communicated to us by an historian who borrows his lights, as the common method is, from authentic papers and records. The reader, I believe, already conjectures I mean the lives of Mr. Colley Cibber, and of Mrs. Pamela Andrews. How artfully doth the former, by insinuating that he escaped being promoted to the highest stations in church and state, teach us a contempt of worldly grandeur! how strongly doth he inculcate an absolute submission to our superiors! Lastly, how completely doth he arm us against so uneasy, so wretched a passion as the fear of shame! how clearly doth he expose the emptiness and vanity of that phantom, reputation!

What the female readers are taught by the memoirs of Mrs. Andrews, is so well set forth in the excellent essays or letters prefixed to the second and subsequent editions of that work, that it would be here a needless repetition. The authentic history with which I now present the public, is an instance of the great good that book is likely to do, and of the prevalence of examples which I have just observed: since it will appear that it was by keeping the excellent pattern of his sister's virtues before his eyes, that Mr. Joseph Andrews was chiefly enabled to preserve his purity in the midst of such great temptations. I shall only add, that this character of male chastity, though doubtless as desirable and becoming in one part of the human species as in the other, is almost the only virtue which the great Apologist hath not given himself for the sake of giving the example to his readers.

CHAPTER II.

Of Mr. Joseph Andrews, his birth, parentage, education, and great endowments; with a word or two concerning ancestors.

Mr. Joseph Andrews, the hero of our ensuing history, was esteemed to be the only son of Gaffer and Gammer Andrews, and brother to the illustrious Pamela, whose virtue is at present so famous. As to his ancestors, we have searched with great diligence, but little success; being unable to trace them farther than his great-grandfather, who, as an elderly person in the parish remembers to have heard his father say, was an excellent cudgel-player. Whether he had any ancestors before this, we must leave it to the opinion of our curious reader, finding nothing of sufficient certainty to rely on. However, we cannot omit inserting an epitaph which an ingenious friend of ours hath communicated:

> Stay, traveller, for underneath this pew
> Lies fast asleep that merry man Andrew,
> When the last day's great sun shall gild the skies,
> Then he shall from his tomb get up and rise.
> Be merry while thou canst, for surely thou
> Shalt shortly be as sad as he is now.

The words are almost out of the stone with antiquity. But it is needless to observe that Andrew here is wrote without an *s*, and is, besides, a christian name. My friend moreover conjectures this to have been the founder of that sect of laughing philosophers, since called Merry-Andrews.

To waive therefore a circumstance, which, though mentioned in conformity to the exact rules of biography, is not greatly material, I proceed to things of more consequence. Indeed, it is sufficiently certain, that he had as many ancestors as the best man living; and perhaps, if we look five or six hundred years backwards, might be related to some persons of very great figure at present, whose ancestors within half the last century are buried in as great obscurity. But suppose, for argument's sake, we should admit, that he had no ancestors at all, but had sprung up according to the modern phrase, out of a dung-hill, as the Athenians pretended they themselves did

from the earth, would not this autokopros* have been justly entitled to all the praise arising from his own virtues? Would it not be hard, that a man who hath no ancestors, should therefore be rendered incapable of acquiring honour; when we see many who have no virtues, enjoying the honour of their forefathers? At ten years old, (by which time his education was advanced to writing and reading,) he was bound an apprentice, according to the statute, to Sir Thomas Booby, an uncle of Mr. Booby's by the father's side. Sir Thomas having then an estate in his own hands, the young Andrews was at first employed in what in the country they call keeping birds. His office was to perform the part the ancients assigned to the god Priapus, which deity the moderns call by the name of Jack o'Lent; but his voice being so extremely musical, that it rather allured the birds than terrified them, he was soon transplanted from the fields into the dog-kennel, where he was placed under the huntsman, and made what sportsmen term whipper-in. For this place likewise the sweetness of his voice disqualified him; the dogs preferring the melody of his chiding to all the alluring notes of the huntsman; who soon became so incensed at it, that he desired Sir Thomas to provide otherwise for him: and constantly laid every fault the dogs were at to the account of the poor boy, who was now transplanted to the stable. Here he soon gave proofs of strength and agility beyond his years, and constantly rode the most spirited and vicious horses to water, with an intrepidity which surprised every one. While he was in this station he rode several races for Sir Thomas, and this with such expertness and success that the neighbouring gentlemen frequently solicited the knight to permit little Joey (for so he was called) to ride their matches. The best gamesters, before they laid their money, always inquired which horse little Joey was to ride; and the bets were rather proportioned by the rider than by the horse himself; especially after he had scornfully refused a considerable bribe to play booty on such an occasion. This extremely raised his character, and so pleased the Lady Booby, that she desired to have him, (being now seventeen years of age,) for her own footboy. Joey was now preferred from the stable to attend on

* In English, sprung from a dung-hill.

his lady, to go on errands, stand behind her chair, wait at her tea-table, and carry her prayer-book to church; at which place his voice gave him an opportunity of distinguishing himself by singing psalms: he behaved likewise in every other respect so well at divine service, that it recommended him to the notice of Mr. Abraham Adams, the curate; who took an opportunity one day, as he was drinking a cup of ale in Sir Thomas's kitchen, to ask the young man several questions concerning religion; with his answers to which he was wonderfully pleased.

CHAPTER III.

Of Mr. Abraham Adams the curate, Mrs. Slipslop the chambermaid, and others.

Mr. Abraham Adams was an excellent scholar. He was a perfect master of the Greek and Latin languages; to which he added a great share of knowledge in the oriental tongues; and could read and translate French, Italian, and Spanish. He had applied many years to the most severe study, and had treasured up a fund of learning rarely to be met with in an university. He was, besides, a man of good sense, good parts, and good nature; but was at the same time as entirely ignorant of the ways of this world as an infant just entered into it could possibly be. As he had never any intention to deceive, so he never suspected such a design in others. He was generous, friendly, and brave, to an excess; but simplicity was his characteristic: he did, no more than Mr. Colley Cibber, apprehend any such passions as malice and envy to exist in mankind; which was indeed less remarkable in a country parson, than in a gentleman who hath passed his life behind the scenes, — a place which hath been seldom thought the school of innocence, and where a very little observation would have convinced the great Apologist that those passions have a real existence in the human mind.

His virtue, and his other qualifications, as they rendered him equal to his office, so they made him an agreeable and valuable companion, and had so much endeared and well recommended him to a bishop, that at the age of fifty he was provided with a handsome income of twenty-three pounds a-

year; which, however, he could not make any great figure with, because he lived in a dear country, and was a little encumbered with a wife and six children.

It was this gentleman who having, as I have said, observed the singular devotion of young Andrews, had found means to question him concerning several particulars; as, how many books there were in the New Testament? which were they? how many chapters they contained? and such like; to all which, Mr. Adams privately said, he answered much better than Sir Thomas, or two other neighbouring justices of the peace, could probably have done.

Mr. Adams was wonderfully solicitous to know at what time, and by what opportunity, the youth became acquainted with these matters: Joey told him, that he had very early learnt to read and write by the goodness of his father, who, though he had not interest enough to get him into a charity school, because a cousin of his father's landlord did not vote on the right side for a churchwarden in a borough town, yet had been himself at the expense of sixpence a week for his learning. He told him, likewise, that ever since he was in Sir Thomas's family, he had employed all his hours of leisure in reading good books; that he had read the Bible, the Whole Duty of Man, and Thomas à Kempis; and that as often as he could, without being perceived, he had studied a great book which lay open in the hall window, where he had read, "as how the devil carried away half a church in sermon-time, without hurting one of the congregation; and as how a field of corn ran down a hill with all the trees upon it, and covered another man's meadow." This sufficiently assured Mr. Adams, that the good book meant could be no other than Baker's Chronicle.

The curate, surprised to find such instances of industry and application in a young man who had never met with the least encouragement, asked him, if he did not extremely regret the want of a liberal education, and the not having been born of parents who might have indulged his talents and desire of knowledge? To which he answered, "He hoped he had profited somewhat better from the books he had read, than to lament his condition in this world. That, for his part, he was perfectly content with the state to which he was called; that

he should endeavour to improve his talent, which was all required of him; but not repine at his own lot, nor envy those of his betters."— "Well said, my lad," replied the curate; "and I wish some who have read many more good books, nay, and some who have written good books themselves, had profited so much by them."

Adams had no nearer access to Sir Thomas or my lady, than through the waiting-gentlewoman; for Sir Thomas was too apt to estimate men merely by their dress, or fortune; and my lady was a woman of gaiety, who had been blessed with a town-education, and never spoke of any of her country neighbours by any other appellation than that of the Brutes. They both regarded the curate as a kind of domestic only, belonging to the parson of the parish, who was at this time at variance with the knight; for the parson had for many years lived in a constant state of civil war, or, which is perhaps as bad, of civil law, with Sir Thomas himself and the tenants of his manor. The foundation of this quarrel was a modus, by setting which aside an advantage of several shillings *per annum* would have accrued to the rector: but he had not yet been able to accomplish his purpose; and had reaped hitherto nothing better from the suits than the pleasure, (which he used indeed frequently to say was no small one,) of reflecting that he had utterly undone many of the poor tenants, though he had at the same time greatly impoverished himself.

Mrs. Slipslop, the waiting-gentlewoman, being herself the daughter of a curate, preserved some respect for Adams: she professed great regard for his learning, and would frequently dispute with him on points of theology; but always insisted on a deference to be paid to her understanding, as she had been frequently at London, and knew more of the world than a country parson could pretend to.

She had in these disputes a particular advantage over Adams; for she was a mighty affecter of hard words, which she used in such a manner, that the parson, who durst not offend her by calling her words in question, was frequently at some loss to guess her meaning, and would have been much less puzzled by an Arabian manuscript.

Adams therefore took an opportunity one day, after a pretty

long discourse with her on the essence, (or, as she pleased to term it, the incense,) of matter, to mention the case of young Andrews: desiring her to recommend him to her lady as a youth very susceptible of learning, and one whose instruction in Latin he would himself undertake; by which means he might be qualified for a higher station than that of a footman; and added, she knew it was in his master's power easily to provide for him in a better manner. He therefore desired that the boy might be left behind under his care.

"La! Mr. Adams," said Mrs. Slipslop, "do you think my lady will suffer any preambles about any such matter? She is going to London very concisely, and I am confidous would not leave Joey behind her on any account; for he is one of the genteelest young fellows you may see in a summer's day; and I am confidous she would as soon think of parting with a pair of her gray mares, for she values herself as much on the one as the other." Adams would have interrupted her, but she proceeded: "And why is Latin more necessitous for a footman than a gentleman? It is very proper that you clergymen must learn it, because you can't preach without it: but I have heard gentlemen say in London, that it is fit for nobody else. I am confidous my lady would be angry with me for mentioning it; and I shall draw myself into no such delemy." At which words her lady's bell rung, and Mr. Adams was forced to retire; nor could he gain a second opportunity with her before their London journey, which happened a few days afterwards. However, Andrews behaved very thankfully and gratefully to him for his intended kindness, which he told him he never would forget, and at the same time received from the good man many admonitions concerning the regulations of his future conduct, and his perseverance in innocence and industry.

CHAPTER IV.

What happened after their journey to London.

No sooner was young Andrews arrived at London, than he began to scrape an acquaintance with his party-coloured brethren, who endeavoured to make him despise his former course

of life. His hair was cut after the newest fashion, and became his chief care; he went abroad with it all the morning in papers, and dressed it out in the afternoon. They could not however teach him to game, swear, drink, nor any other genteel vice the town abounded with. He applied most of his leisure hours to music, in which he greatly improved himself; and became so perfect a connoisseur in that art, that he led the opinion of all the other footmen at an opera, and they never condemned or applauded a single song contrary to his approbation or dislike. He was a little too forward in riots at the play-houses and assemblies; and when he attended his lady at church, (which was but seldom,) he behaved with less seeming devotion than formerly: however, if he was outwardly a pretty fellow, his morals remained entirely uncorrupted, though he was at the same time smarter and genteeler than any of the beaus in town, either in or out of livery.

His lady, who had often said of him that Joey was the handsomest and genteelest footman in the kingdom, but that it was a pity he wanted spirit, began now to find that fault no longer; on the contrary, she was frequently heard to cry out, Ay, there is some life in this fellow. She plainly saw the effects which the town air hath on the soberest constitutions. She would now walk out with him into Hyde Park in a morning, and when tired, which happened almost every minute, would lean on his arm, and converse with him in great familiarity. Whenever she stept out of her coach, she would take him by the hand, and sometimes, for fear of stumbling, press it very hard; she admitted him to deliver messages at her bedside in a morning, leered at him at table, and indulged him in all those innocent freedoms which women of figure may permit without the least sully of their virtue.

But though their virtue remains unsullied, yet now and then some small arrows will glance on the shadow of it, their reputation; and so it fell out to Lady Booby, who happened to be walking arm-in-arm with Joey one morning in Hyde Park, when Lady Tittle and Lady Tattle came accidentally by in their coach. "Bless me," says Lady Tittle, "can I believe my eyes? Is that Lady Booby?" — "Surely," says Tattle. "But what makes you surprised?" — "Why, is not that her

footman?" replied Tittle. At which Tattle laughed, and cried, "An old business, I assure you: is it possible you should not have heard it? The whole town hath known it this half-year." The consequence of this interview was a whisper through a hundred visits, which were separately performed by the two ladies* the same afternoon, and might have had a mischievous effect, had it not been stopped by two fresh reputations which were published the day afterwards, and engrossed the whole talk of the town.

But whatever opinion or suspicion the scandalous inclination of defamers might entertain of Lady Booby's innocent freedoms, it is certain they made no impression on young Andrews, who never offered to encroach beyond the liberties which his lady allowed him,—a behaviour which she imputed to the violent respect he preserved for her, and which served only to heighten a something she began to conceive, and which the next chapter will open a little farther.

CHAPTER V.

The death of Sir Thomas Booby, with the affectionate and mournful behaviour of his widow, and the great purity of Joseph Andrews.

At this time an accident happened, which put a stop to those agreeable walks which probably would have soon puffed up the cheeks of Fame, and caused her to blow her brazen trumpet through the town; and this was no other than the death of Sir Thomas Booby, who departing this life, left his disconsolate lady confined to her house, as closely as if she herself had been attacked by some violent disease. During the first six days the poor lady admitted none but Mrs. Slipslop, and three female friends, who made a party at cards; but on the seventh she ordered Joey, whom, for a good reason, we shall hereafter call Joseph, to bring up her tea-kettle. The lady being in bed, called Joseph to her, bade him sit down,

* It may seem an absurdity that Tattle should visit, as she actually did, to spread a known scandal; but the reader may reconcile this by supposing, with me, that, notwithstanding what she says, this was her first acquaintance with it.

and having accidentally laid her hand on his, she asked him, if he had ever been in love. Joseph answered, with some confusion, it was time enough for one so young as himself to think on such things. "As young as you are," replied the lady, "I am convinced you are no stranger to that passion. Come, Joey," says she, "tell me truly, who is the happy girl whose eyes have made a conquest of you?" Joseph returned, that all the women he had ever seen, were equally indifferent to him. "O then," said the lady, "you are a general lover. Indeed, you handsome fellows, like handsome women, are very long and difficult in fixing; but yet you shall never persuade me that your heart is so insusceptible of affection; I rather impute what you say to your secrecy, a very commendable quality, and what I am far from being angry with you for. Nothing can be more unworthy in a young man than to betray any intimacies with the ladies." "Ladies! madam," said Joseph, "I am sure I never had the impudence to think of any that deserve that name." "Don't pretend to too much modesty," said she, "for that sometimes may be impertinent; but pray, answer me this question. Suppose a lady should happen to like you; suppose she should prefer you to all your sex, and admit you to the same familiarities as you might have hoped for if you had been born her equal, are you certain that no vanity could tempt you to discover her? Answer me honestly, Joseph; have you so much more sense, and so much more virtue, than you handsome young fellows generally have, who make no scruple of sacrificing our dear reputation to your pride, without considering the great obligation we lay on you by our condescension and confidence? Can you keep a secret, my Joey?" "Madam," says he, "I hope your ladyship can't tax me with ever betraying the secrets of the family; and I hope, if you was to turn me away, I might have that character of you." "I don't intend to turn you away, Joey," said she, and sighed, "I am afraid it is not in my power." She then raised herself a little in her bed, and discovered one of the whitest necks that ever was seen; at which Joseph blushed; "La!" says she, in an affected surprise, "what am I doing? I have trusted myself with a man alone, naked in bed; suppose you should have any wicked intentions upon my

honour, how should I defend myself?" Joseph protested that he never had the least evil design against her. "No," says she, "perhaps you may not call your designs wicked; and perhaps they are not so."—He swore they were not. "You misunderstand me," says she; "I mean, if they were against my honour, they may not be wicked; but the world calls them so. But then, says you, the world will never know any thing of the matter; yet, would not that be trusting to your secrecy? must not my reputation be then in your power? would you not then be my master?" Joseph begged her ladyship to be comforted; for that he would never imagine the least wicked thing against her, and that he had rather die a thousand deaths than give her any reason to suspect him. "Yes," says she, "I must have reason to suspect you. Are you not a man? and without vanity I may pretend to some charms. But perhaps you may fear I should prosecute you; indeed I hope you do; and yet Heaven knows I should never have the confidence to appear before a court of justice; and you know, Joey, I am of a forgiving temper. Tell me, Joey, don't you think I should forgive you?" "Indeed, madam," says Joseph, "I will never do any thing to disoblige your ladyship." "How," says she, "do you think it would not disoblige me then? do you think I would willingly suffer you?" "I don't understand you, madam," says Joseph. "Don't you?" said she, "then you either are a fool, or pretend to be so; I find I was mistaken in you: so get you down stairs, and never let me see your face again: your pretended innocence cannot impose on me." "Madam," said Joseph, "I would not have your ladyship think any evil of me. I have always endeavoured to be a dutiful servant both to you and my master." "O thou villain!" answered my lady, "why didst thou mention the name of that dear man, unless to torment me, to bring his precious memory to my mind," (and then she burst into a fit of tears.) "Get thee from my sight, I shall never endure thee more." At which words she turned away from him; and Joseph retreated from the room in a most disconsolate condition, and writ that letter which the reader will find in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

How Joseph Andrews wrote a letter to his sister Pamela.

To Mrs. Pamela Andrews, living with Squire Booby,

"DEAR SISTER,

"SINCE I received your letter of your good lady's death, we have had a misfortune of the same kind in our family. My worthy master Sir Thomas died about four days ago; and what is worse, my poor lady is certainly gone distracted. None of the servants expected her to take it so to heart, because they quarrelled almost every day of their lives: but no more of that, because you know, Pamela, I never loved to tell the secrets of my master's family; but to be sure you must have known they never loved one another; and I have heard her ladyship wish his honour dead above a thousand times; but nobody knows what it is to lose a friend till they have lost him.

"Don't tell any body what I write, because I should not care to have folks say I discover what passes in our family; but if it had not been so great a lady, I should have thought she had had a mind to me. Dear Pamela, don't tell any body: but she ordered me to sit down by her bed-side, when she was naked in bed; and she held my hand and talked exactly as a lady does to her sweetheart in a stage-play, which I have seen in Covent-Garden, while she wanted him to be no better than he should be.

"If madam be mad, I shall not care for staying long in the family; so I heartily wish you could get me a place, either at the squire's or some other neighbouring gentleman's, unless it be true that you are to be married to Parson Williams, as folks talk, and then I should be very willing to be his clerk; for which you know I am qualified, being able to read, and to set a psalm.

"I fancy I shall be discharged very soon; and the moment I am, unless I hear from you, I shall return to my old master's country-seat, if it be only to see Parson Adams, who is the best man in the world. London is a bad place, and there is so little good fellowship, that the next door neighbours don't

know one another. Pray give my service to all friends that inquire for me; so I rest

'Your loving brother,

'JOSEPH ANDREWS.'

As soon as Joseph had sealed and directed this letter, he walked down stairs, where he met Mrs. Slipslop, with whom we shall take this opportunity to bring the reader a little better acquainted. She was a maiden gentlewoman of about forty-five years of age, who having made a small slip in her youth, had continued a good maid ever since. She was not at this time remarkably handsome; being very short, and rather too corpulent in body; and somewhat red, with the addition of pimples, in the face. Her nose was likewise rather too large, and her eyes too little; nor did she resemble a cow so much in her breath, as in two brown globes which she carried before her; one of her legs was also a little shorter than the other, which occasioned her to limp as she walked. This fair creature had long cast the eyes of affection on Joseph, in which she had not met with quite so good success as she probably wished, though, beside the allurements of her native charms, she had given him tea, sweetmeats, wine, and many other delicacies, of which by keeping the keys she had the absolute command. Joseph, however, had not returned the least gratitude to all these favours, not even so much as a kiss: though I would not insinuate she was so easily to be satisfied; for surely then he would have been highly blameable. The truth is, she was arrived at an age when she thought she might indulge herself in any liberties with a man, without the danger of bringing a third person into the world to betray them. She imagined, that by so long a self-denial she had not only made amends for the small slip of her youth above hinted at, but had likewise laid up a quantity of merit to excuse any future failings. In a word, she resolved to give a loose to her amorous inclinations, and to pay off the debt of pleasure she found she owed herself, as fast as possible.

With these charms of person, and in this disposition of mind, she encountered poor Joseph at the bottom of the stairs, and asked him if he would drink a glass of something good this morning. Joseph, whose spirits were not a little cast down,

very readily and thankfully accepted the offer; and together they went into a closet, where having delivered him a full glass of ratafia, and desired him to sit down, Mrs. Slipslop thus began:

"Sure nothing can be a more simple contract in a woman, than to place her affections on a boy. If I had ever thought it would have been my fate, I should have wished to die a thousand deaths rather than live to see that day. If we like a man, the lightest hint sophisticates. Whereas a boy proposes upon us to break through all the regulations of modesty, before we can make any oppression upon him." Joseph, who did not understand a word she said, answered, "Yes, madam."—"Yes, madam!" replied Mrs. Slipslop with some warmth, "Do you intend to result my passion? Is it not enough, ungrateful as you are, to make no return to all the favours I have done you; but you must treat me with ironing? Barbarous monster! how have I deserved that my passion should be resulted and treated with ironing?"—"Madam," answered Joseph, "I don't understand your hard words: but I am certain you have no occasion to call me ungrateful; for, so far from intending you any wrong, I have always loved you as well as if you had been my own mother." "How, sirrah!" says Mrs. Slipslop in a rage: "Your own mother? Do you assinuate that I am old enough to be your mother? I don't know what a stripling may think, but I believe a man would refer me to any green-sickness silly girl whatsomdever: but I ought to despise you rather than be angry with you, for referring the conversation of girls to that of a woman of sense."—"Madam," says Joseph, "I am sure I have always valued the honour you did me by your conversation, for I know you are a woman of learning."—"Yes, but Joseph," said she, a little softened by the compliment to her learning, "If you had a value for me, you certainly would have found some method of showing it me; for I am convicted you must see the value I have for you. Yes, Joseph, my eyes, whether I would or no, must have declared a passion I cannot conquer.—Oh! Joseph!"

As when a hungry tigress, who long has traversed the woods in fruitless search, sees within the reach of her claws a lamb,

she prepares to leap on her prey; or as a voracious pike of immense size, surveys through the liquid element a roach or gudgeon, which cannot escape her jaws, opens them wide to swallow the little fish; so did Mrs. Slipslop prepare to lay her violent amorous hands on poor Joseph, when luckily her mistress's bell rung, and delivered the intended martyr from her clutches. She was obliged to leave him abruptly, and to defer the execution of her purpose till some other time. We shall therefore return to the Lady Booby, and give our reader some account of her behaviour, after she was left by Joseph in a temper of mind not greatly different from that of the inflamed Mrs. Slipslop.

CHAPTER VII.

Sayings of wise men. A dialogue between the lady and her maid; and a panegyric, or rather satire, on the passion of love in the sublime style.

It is the observation of some ancient sage, whose name I have forgot, that passions operate differently on the human mind, as diseases on the body, in proportion to the strength or weakness, soundness or rottenness, of the one and the other.

We hope, therefore, a judicious reader will give himself some pains to observe, what we have so greatly laboured to describe, the different operations of this passion of love in the gentle and cultivated mind of the Lady Booby, from those which it effected in the less polished and coarser disposition of Mrs. Slipslop.

Another philosopher, whose name also at present escapes my memory, hath somewhere said, that resolutions taken in the absence of the beloved object, are very apt to vanish in its presence; on both which wise sayings, the following chapter may serve as a comment.

No sooner had Joseph left the room in the manner we have before related, than the lady, enraged at her disappointment, began to reflect with severity on her conduct. Her love was now changed to disdain, which pride assisted to torment her. She despised herself for the meanness of her passion, and Joseph for its ill success. However, she had now got the better of it in her own opinion, and determined immediately to dis-

miss the object. After much tossing and turning in her bed, and many soliloquies, which if we had no better matter for our reader we would give him, she at last rung the bell as above mentioned, and was presently attended by Mrs. Slipslop, who was not much better pleased with Joseph than the lady herself.

"Slipslop," said lady Booby, "when did you see Joseph?" The poor woman was so surprised at the unexpected sound of his name at so critical a time, that she had the greatest difficulty to conceal the confusion she was under, from her mistress; whom she answered, nevertheless, with pretty good confidence, though not entirely void of fear of suspicion, that she had not seen him that morning. "I am afraid," said Lady Booby, "he is a wild young fellow."—"That he is," said Slipslop, "and a wicked one too. To my knowledge he games, drinks, swears, and fights eternally; besides, he is horribly indicted to wenching."—"Ay!" said the lady, "I have never heard that of him."—"O madam!" answered the other, "he is so lewd a rascal, that if your ladyship keeps him much longer, you will not have one virgin in your house except myself. And yet I can't conceive what the wenches see in him, to be so foolishly fond as they are; in my eyes, he is as ugly a scarecrow as I ever opheld."—"Nay," said the lady, "the boy is well enough."—"La! ma'am," cries Slipslop, "I think him the ragmaticallest fellow in the family."—"Sure, Slipslop," said she, "you are mistaken: but which of the women do you most suspect?"—"Madam," says Slipslop, "there is Betty the chambermaid, I am almost convicted, is with child by him."—"Ay!" says the lady, "then pray pay her her wages instantly. I will keep no such sluts in my family. And as for Joseph, you may discard him too."—"Would your ladyship have him paid off immediately?" cries Slipslop, "for perhaps when Betty is gone, he may mend; and really the boy is a good servant, and a strong, healthy, luscious boy enough."—"This morning," answered the lady, with some vehemence. "I wish, madam," cries Slipslop, "your ladyship would be so good as to try him a little longer."—"I will not have my commands disputed," said the lady; "sure you are not fond of him yourself."—"I, madam!" cries Slipslop, reddening, if not blushing,

"I should be sorry to think your ladyship had any reason to respect me of fondness for a fellow; and if it be your pleasure, I shall fulfil it with as much reluctance as possible."—"As little, I suppose you mean," said the lady; "and so about it instantly." Mrs. Slipslop went out, and the lady had scarce taken two turns, before she fell to knocking and ringing with great violence. Slipslop, who did not travel post-haste, soon returned, and was countermanded as to Joseph, but ordered to send Betty about her business without delay. She went out a second time with much greater alacrity than before; when the lady began immediately to accuse herself of want of resolution, and to apprehend the return of her affection, with its pernicious consequences; she therefore applied herself again to the bell, and re-summoned Mrs. Slipslop into her presence; who again returned, and was told by her mistress, that she had considered better of the matter, and was absolutely resolved to turn away Joseph; which she ordered her to do immediately. Slipslop, who knew the violence of her lady's temper, and would not venture her place for any Adonis or Hercules in the universe, left her a third time; which she had no sooner done, than the little god Cupid, fearing he had not yet done the lady's business, took a fresh arrow with the sharpest point out of his quiver, and shot it directly into her heart; in other and plainer language, the lady's passion got the better of her reason. She called back Slipslop once more, and told her she had resolved to see the boy, and examine him herself; therefore bid her send him up. This wavering in her mistress' temper probably put something into the waiting-gentlewoman's head not necessarry to mention to the sagacious reader.

Lady Booby was going to call her back again, but could not prevail with herself. The next consideration therefore was, how she should behave to Joseph when he came in. She resolved to preserve all the dignity of the woman of fashion to her servant, and to indulge herself in this last view of Joseph, (for that she was most certainly resolved it should be,) at his own expense, by first insulting and then discarding him.

O Love, what monstrous tricks dost thou play with thy votaries of both sexes! How dost thou deceive them, and make them deceive themselves! Their follies are thy delight!

Their sighs make thee laugh, and their pangs are thy merriment!

Not the great Rich, who turns men into monkeys and wheelbarrows, and whatever else best humours his fancy, hath so strangely metamorphosed the human shape; nor the great Cibber, who confounds all number, gender, and breaks through every rule of grammar at his will, hath so distorted the English language as thou dost metamorphose and distort the human senses.

Thou puttest out our eyes, stoppest up our ears, and takest away the power of our nostrils; so that we can neither see the largest objects, hear the loudest noise, nor smell the most poignant perfume. Again, when thou pleasest, thou canst make a molehill appear as a mountain, a Jew's-harp sound like a trumpet, and a daisy smell like a violet. Thou canst make cowardice brave, avarice generous, pride humble, and cruelty tender-hearted. In short, thou turnest the heart of a man inside out, as a juggler doth a petticoat, and bringest whatsoever pleaseth thee out from it. If there be any one who doubts all this, let them read the next chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

In which, after some very fine writing, the history goes on, and relates the interview between the lady and Joseph; where the latter hath set an example which we despair of seeing followed by his sex in this vicious age.

Now the rake Hesperus had called for his breeches, and, having well rubbed his drowsy eyes, prepared to dress himself for all night; by whose example his brother rakes on earth likewise leave those beds in which they had slept away the day. Now Thetis, the good housewife, began to put on the pot in order to regale the good man Phœbus after his daily labours were over. In vulgar language, it was in the evening when Joseph attended his lady's orders.

But as it becomes us to preserve the character of this lady, who is the heroine of our tale; and as we have naturally a wonderful tenderness for that beautiful part of the human species called the fair sex; before we discover too much of her

frailty to our reader, it will be proper to give him a lively idea of the vast temptation, which overcame all the efforts of a modest and virtuous mind; and then we humbly hope his good-nature will rather pity than condemn the imperfection of human virtue.

Nay, the ladies themselves will, we hope, be induced, by considering the uncommon variety of charms which united in this young man's person, to bridle their rampant passion for chastity, and be at least as mild as their violent modesty and virtue will permit them, in censuring the conduct of a woman, who, perhaps, was in her own disposition as chaste as those pure and sanctified virgins, who, after a life innocently spent in the gaieties of the town, begin about fifty to attend twice *per diem* at the polite churches and chapels, to return thanks for the grace which preserved them formerly amongst beaus from temptations perhaps less powerful than what now attacked the Lady Booby.

Mr. Joseph Andrews was now in the one-and-twentieth year of his age. He was of the highest degree of middle stature. His limbs were put together with great elegance, and no less strength. His legs and thighs were formed in the exactest proportion. His shoulders were broad and brawny; but yet his arms hung so easily, that he had all the symptoms of strength without the least clumsiness. His hair was of a nut-brown colour, and was displayed in wanton ringlets down his back. His forehead was high, his eyes dark, and as full of sweetness as of fire. His nose was a little inclined to the Roman. His teeth white and even. His lips full, red, and soft. His beard was only rough on his chin and upper lip; but his cheeks in which his blood glowed, were overspread with a thick down. His countenance had a tenderness joined with a sensibility inexpressible. And to this the most perfect neatness in his dress, and an air which to those who have not seen many noblemen, would give an idea of nobility.

Such was the person who now appeared before the lady. She viewed him some time in silence, and twice or thrice before she spoke changed her mind as to the manner in which she should begin. At length she said to him, "Joseph, I am sorry to hear such complaints against you: I am told you behave so rudely to the maids, that they cannot do their business in quiet;

I mean those who are not wicked enough to hearken to your solicitations. As to others, they may, perhaps, not call you rude; for there are wicked sluts, who make one ashamed of one's own sex, and are as ready to admit any nauseous familiarity, as fellows to offer it: nay, there are such in my family; but they shall not stay in it; that impudent trollop who is with child by you is discharged by this time."

As a person who is struck through the heart with a thunderbolt, looks extremely surprised, nay, and perhaps is so too—thus the poor Joseph received the false accusation of his mistress; he blushed and looked confounded, which she misinterpreted to be symptoms of his guilt, and thus went on.

"Come hither, Joseph: another might discard you for these offences; but I have a compassion for your youth, and if I could be certain you would be no more guilty—Consider, child," (laying her hand carelessly upon his,) "you are a handsome young fellow, and might do better; you might make your fortune."—"Madam," said Joseph, "I do assure your ladyship, I don't know whether any maid in the house is man or woman."—"O fy! Joseph," answered the lady, "don't commit another crime in denying the truth. I could pardon the first; but I hate a liar."—"Madam," cries Joseph, "I hope your ladyship will not be offended at my asserting my innocence; for by all that is sacred, I have never offered more than kissing." "Kissing!" said the lady, with great discomposure of countenance, and more redness in her cheeks, than anger in her eyes; "Do you call that no crime? Kissing, Joseph, is as a prologue to a play. Can I believe a young fellow of your age and complexion will be content with kissing! No, Joseph, there is no woman who grants that, but will grant more; and I am deceived greatly in you, if you would not put her closely to it. What would you think, Joseph, if I admitted you to kiss me?" Joseph replied, "He would sooner die than have any such thought." "And yet, Joseph," returned she, "ladies have admitted their footmen to such familiarities; and footmen, I confess to you, much less deserving them; fellows without half your charms,—for such might almost excuse the crime. Tell me therefore, Joseph,

if I should admit you to such freedom, what would you think of me? tell me freely."—"Madam," said Joseph, "I should think your ladyship condescended a great deal below yourself."—"Pugh!" said she, "that I am to answer to myself: but would you not insist on more? Would you be contented with a kiss? Would not your inclinations be all on fire rather by such a favour?"—"Madam," said Joseph, "if they were, I hope I should be able to control them, without suffering them to get the better of my virtue."—You have heard, reader, poets talk of the statue of surprise; you have heard likewise, or else you have heard very little, how surprise made one of the sons of Crœsus speak, though he was dumb. You have seen the faces, in the eighteen-penny gallery, when, through the trap-door, to soft or no music, Mr. Bridgwater, Mr. William Mills, or some other of ghostly appearance, hath ascended, with a face all pale with powder, and a shirt all bloody with ribands; but from none of these, nor from Phidias or Praxiteles, if they should return to life—no, not from the inimitable pencil of my friend Hogarth, could you receive such an idea of surprise, as would have entered in at your eyes had they beheld the Lady Booby, when those last words issued out from the lips of Joseph.—"Your virtue!" said the lady, recovering after a silence of two minutes, "I shall never survive it. Your virtue!—intolerable confidence! Have you the assurance to pretend, that when a lady demeans herself to throw aside the rules of decency, in order to honour you with the highest favour in her power, your virtue should resist her inclination? that when she had conquered her own virtue, she should find an obstruction in yours?"—"Madam," said Joseph, "I can't see why her having no virtue should be a reason against my having any: or why, because I am a man, or because I am poor, my virtue must be subservient to her pleasures."—"I am out of patience," cries the lady: "Did ever mortal hear of a man's virtue! Did ever the greatest or the gravest men pretend to any of this kind! Will magistrates who punish lewdness, or parsons who preach against it, make any scruple of committing it? And can a boy, a stripling, have the confidence to talk of his virtue?"—"Madam," says Joseph,

"that boy is the brother of Pamela, and would be ashamed that the chastity of his family, which is preserved in her, should be stained in him. If there are such men as your ladyship mentions, I am sorry for it; and I wish they had an opportunity of reading over those letters which my father hath sent me of my sister Pamela's; nor do I doubt but such an example would amend them."—"You impudent villain," cries the lady in a rage, "do you insult me with the follies of my relation, who hath exposed himself all over the country upon your sister's account? a little vixen, whom I have always wondered my late Lady Booby ever kept in her house. Sirrah! get out of my sight, and prepare to set out this night; for I will order you your wages immediately, and you shall be stripped and turned away."—"Madam," says Joseph, "I am sorry I have offended your ladyship, I am sure I never intended it."—"Yes, sirrah," cries she, "you have had the vanity to misconstrue the little innocent freedom I took, in order to try whether what I heard was true. O' my conscience, you have had the assurance to imagine I was fond of you myself." Joseph answered, he had only spoke out of tenderness for his virtue; at which words she flew into a violent passion, and, refusing to hear more, ordered him instantly to leave the room.

He was no sooner gone than she burst forth into the following exclamation: "Whither doth this violent passion hurry us? what meannesses do we submit to from its impulse? Wisely we resist its first and least approaches; for it is then only we can assure ourselves the victory. No woman could ever safely say, so far only will I go. Have I not exposed myself to the refusal of my footman? I cannot bear the reflection." Upon which she applied herself to the bell, and rung it with infinite more violence than was necessary; the faithful Slipslop attending near at hand. To say the truth, she had conceived a suspicion at her last interview with her mistress, and had waited ever since in the antechamber, having carefully applied her ears to the key-hole during the whole time that the preceding conversation passed between Joseph and the lady.

CHAPTER IX.

What passed between the lady and Mrs. Slipslop, in which we prophesy there are some strokes which every one will not truly comprehend at the first reading.

"SLIPSLOP," said the lady, "I find too much reason to believe all thou hast told me of this wicked Joseph; I have determined to part with him instantly; so go you to the steward, and bid him pay him his wages." Slipslop, who had preserved hitherto a distance to her lady, rather out of necessity than inclination, and who thought the knowledge of this secret had thrown down all distinction between them, answered her mistress very pertly, "She wished she knew her own mind, and that she was certain she would call her back again before she was got half way down stairs." The lady replied, "she had taken a resolution, and was resolved to keep it." "I am sorry for it," cries Slipslop; "and if I had known you would have punished the poor lad so severely, you should never have heard a particle of the matter. Here's a fuss indeed about nothing." "Nothing!" returned the lady; "Do you think I will countenance lewdness in my house?" "If you will turn away every footman," said Slipslop, "that is a lover of the sport, you must soon open the coach-door yourself, or get a set of mephrodites to wait upon you; and I am sure I hated the sight of them singing even in an opera." "Do as I bid you," says my lady, "and don't shock my ears with your beastly language." "Marry-come-up," cries Slipslop, "people's ears are sometimes the nicest part about them."

The lady, who began to admire the new style in which her waiting-gentlewoman delivered herself, and by the conclusion of her speech suspected somewhat of the truth, called her back, and desired to know what she meant by the extraordinary degree of freedom in which she thought proper to indulge her tongue. "Freedom!" says Slipslop, "I don't know what you call freedom, madam; servants have tongues, as well as their mistresses." "Yes, and saucy ones too," answered the lady: "but I assure you I shall hear no such impertinence." "Impertinence! I don't know that I am impertinent," says

Slipslop. "Yes, indeed, you are," cries my lady, "and unless you mend your manners this house is no place for you." "Manners!" cries Slipslop, "I never was thought to want manners nor modesty neither; and for places, there are more places than one, and I know what I know." "What do you know, mistress?" answered the lady. "I am not obliged to tell that to every body," says Slipslop, "any more than I am obliged to keep it a secret." "I desire you would provide yourself," answered the lady. "With all my heart," replied the waiting-gentlewoman; and so departed in a passion, and slapped the door after her.

The lady too plainly perceived that her waiting-gentlewoman knew more than she would willingly have had her acquainted with; and this she imputed to Joseph's having discovered to her what past at the first interview. This, therefore, blew up her rage against him, and confirmed her in a resolution of parting with him.

But the dismissing Mrs. Slipslop was a point not so easily to be resolved upon; she had the utmost tenderness for her reputation, as she knew on that depended many of the most valuable blessings of life; particularly cards, making curt'sies in public places, and, above all, the pleasure of demolishing the reputation of others, in which innocent amusement she had an extraordinary delight. She therefore determined to submit to any insult from a servant rather than run a risk of losing the title to so many great privileges.

She therefore sent for her steward, Mr. Peter Pounce, and ordered him to pay Joseph his wages, to strip off his livery, and turn him out of doors that evening.

She then called Slipslop up, and after refreshing her spirits with a small cordial which she kept in her closet, she began in the following manner:

"Slipslop, why will you, who know my passionate temper, attempt to provoke me by your answers? I am convinced you are an honest servant, and should be very unwilling to part with you. I believe, likewise, you have found me an indulgent mistress on many occasions, and have as little reason on your side to desire a change. I can't help being surprised, therefore, that you will take the surest method to offend me: I

mean, repeating my words, which you know I have always detested."

The prudent waiting-gentlewoman had duly weighed the whole matter, and found, on mature deliberation, that a good place in possession was better than one in expectation. As she found her mistress therefore inclined to relent, she thought proper also to put on some small condescension, which was as readily accepted; and so the affair was reconciled, all offences forgiven, and a present of a gown and petticoat made her, as an instance of her ladyship's future favour.

She offered once or twice to speak in favour of Joseph; but found her lady's heart so obdurate, that she prudently dropt all such efforts. She considered there were more footmen in the house, and some as stout fellows, though not quite so handsome, as Joseph; besides, the reader hath already seen her tender advances had not met with that encouragement she might have reasonably expected. She thought she had thrown away a great deal of sack and sweetmeats on an ungrateful rascal; and being a little inclined to the opinion of that female sect who hold one lusty young fellow to be near as good as another lusty young fellow, she at length gave up Joseph and his cause, and, with a triumph over her passion highly commendable, walked off with her present, and with great tranquillity paid a visit to a stone-bottle, which is of sovereign use to a philosophical temper.

She left not her mistress so easy. The poor lady could not reflect without agony, that her dear reputation was in the power of her servants. All her comfort as to Joseph was, that she hoped he did not understand her meaning; at least, she could say for herself, she had not plainly expressed any thing to him; and as to Mrs. Slipslop, she imagined she could bribe her to secrecy.

But what hurt her most was, that in reality she had not so entirely conquered her passion; the little god lay lurking in her heart, though anger and disdain so hoodwinked her, that she could not see him. She was a thousand times on the brink of revoking the sentence she had passed against the poor youth. Love became his advocate, and whispered many things in his favour. Honour likewise endeavoured to vindicate his

crime, and Pity to mitigate his punishment; on the other side, Pride and Revenge spoke as loudly against him; and thus the poor lady was tortured with perplexity, opposite passions distracting and tearing her mind different ways.

So have I seen in the hall of Westminster, where Serjeant Bramble hath been detained on the right side, and Serjeant Puzzle on the left, the balance of opinion (so equal were their fees) alternately incline to either scale. Now Bramble throws in an argument, and Puzzle's scale strikes the beam; and again, Bramble shares the like fate, overpowered by the weight of Puzzle. Here Bramble hits, there Puzzle strikes; here one has you, there t' other has you, till at last all becomes one scene of confusion in the tortured minds of the hearers; equal wagers are laid on the success, and neither judge nor jury can possibly make any thing of the matter; all things are so enveloped by the careful serjeants in doubt and obscurity.

Or as it happens in the conscience, where Honour and Honesty pull one way, and a Bribe and Necessity another.— If it was our present business only to make similes, we could produce many more to this purpose: but a simile (as well as a word) to the wise. We shall therefore see a little after our hero, for whom the reader is, doubtless, in some pain.

CHAPTER X.

Joseph writes another letter: His transactions with Mr. Peter Pounce, &c with his departure from Lady Booby.

THE disconsolate Joseph would not have had an understanding sufficient for the principal subject of such a book as this, if he had any longer misunderstood the drift of his mistress; and indeed, that he did not discern it sooner, the reader will be pleased to impute to an unwillingness in him to discover what he must condemn in her as a fault. Having therefore quitted her presence, he retired into his own garret, and entered himself into an ejaculation on the numberless calamities which attended beauty, and the misfortune it was to be handsomer than one's neighbours.

He then sat down, and addressed himself to his sister Pamela, in the following words:

"Dear sister Pamela — Hoping you are well, what news have I to tell you! O Pamela! my mistress has fallen in love with me — that is, what great folks call falling in love, — she has a mind to ruin me; but I hope I shall have more resolution and more grace than to part with my virtue to any lady upon earth.

"Mr. Adams hath often told me, that chastity is as great a virtue in a man as in a woman. He says he never knew any more than his wife, and I shall endeavour to follow his example. Indeed, it is owing entirely to his excellent sermons and advice, together with your letters, that I have been able to resist a temptation, which, he says, no man complies with, but he repents in this world, or is damned for it in the next; and why should I trust to repentance on my death-bed, since I may die in my sleep? What fine things are good advice and good examples! But I am glad she turned me out of the chamber as she did; for I had once almost forgotten every word Parson Adams had ever said to me.

"I don't doubt, dear sister, but you will have grace to preserve your virtue against all trials; and I beg you earnestly to pray I may be enabled to preserve mine; for truly it is very severely attacked by more than one; but I hope I shall copy your example, and that of Joseph my namesake, and maintain my virtue against all temptations."

Joseph had not finished this letter, when he was summoned down stairs by Mr. Peter Pounce, to receive his wages; for, besides that out of eight pounds a year he allowed his father and mother four, he had been obliged, in order to furnish himself with musical instruments, to apply to the generosity of the aforesaid Peter, who, on urgent occasions, used to advance the servants their wages; not before they were due, before they were payable; that is, perhaps, half a year after they were due; and this at the moderate premium of fifty per cent. or a little more: by which charitable methods, together with lending money to other people, and even to his own master and mis-

tress, the honest man had, from nothing, in a few years amassed a small sum of twenty thousand pounds or thereabouts.

Joseph having received his little remainder of wages, and having stript off his livery, was forced to borrow a frock and breeches of one of the servants, (for he was so beloved in the family, that they would have all lent him any thing :) and being told by Peter, that he must not stay a moment longer in the house than was necessary to pack up his linen, which he easily did in a very narrow compass, he took a melancholy leave of his fellow-servants, and set out at seven in the evening.

He had proceeded the length of two or three streets, before he absolutely determined with himself whether he should leave the town that night, or, procuring a lodging, wait till the morning. At last, the moon shining very bright helped him to come to a resolution of beginning his journey immediately, to which likewise he had some other inducements; which the reader, without being a conjuror, cannot possibly guess, till we have given him those hints which it may be now proper to open.

CHAPTER XI.

Of several new matters not expected.

It is an observation sometimes made, that to indicate our idea of a simple fellow, we say he is easily to be seen through: nor do I believe it a more improper denotation of a simple book. Instead of applying this to any particular performance, we choose rather to remark the contrary in this history, where the scene opens itself by small degrees; and he is a sagacious reader who can see two chapters before him.

For this reason, we have not hitherto hinted a matter which now seems necessary to be explained, since it may be wondered at, first, that Joseph made such extraordinary haste out of town, which hath been already shown; and secondly, which will be now shown, that, instead of proceeding to the habitation of his father and mother, or to his beloved sister Pamela, he chose rather to set out full speed to the Lady Booby's country-seat, which he had left on his journey to London.

Be it known, then, that in the same parish where this seat

stood, there lived a young girl whom Joseph, (though the best of sons and brothers,) longed more impatiently to see than his parents or sister. She was a poor girl, who had formerly been bred up in Sir John's family; whence, a little before the journey to London, she had been discarded by Mrs. Slipslop, on account of her extraordinary beauty: for I never could find any other reason.

This young creature, (who now lived with a farmer in the parish,) had been always beloved by Joseph, and returned his affection. She was two years only younger than our hero. They had been acquainted from their infancy, and had conceived a very early liking for each other; which had grown to such a degree of affection, that Mr. Adams had with much ado prevented them from marrying, and persuaded them to wait till a few years' service and thrift had a little improved their experience, and enabled them to live comfortably together.

They followed this good man's advice, as indeed his word was little less than a law in his parish; for as he had shown his parishioners, by an uniform behaviour of thirty-five years' duration, that he had their good entirely at heart, so they consulted him on every occasion, and very seldom acted contrary to his opinion.

Nothing can be imagined more tender than was the parting between these two lovers. A thousand sighs heaved the bosom of Joseph, a thousand tears distilled from the lovely eyes of Fanny, (for that was her name.) Though her modesty would only suffer her to admit his eager kisses, her violent love made her more than passive in his embraces; and she often pulled him to her breast with a soft pressure, which, though perhaps it would not have squeezed an insect to death, caused more emotion in the heart of Joseph, than the closest Cornish hug could have done.

The reader may perhaps wonder, that so fond a pair should, during twelve months' absence, never converse with one another: indeed, there was but one reason which did, or could, have prevented them; and this was, that poor Fanny could neither write nor read; nor could she be prevailed upon to transmit the delicacies of her tender and chaste passion by the hands of an amanuensis.

They contented themselves therefore with frequent inquiries after each other's health, with a mutual confidence in each other's fidelity, and the prospect of their future happiness.

Having explained these matters to our reader, and, as far as possible, satisfied all his doubts, we return to honest Joseph, whom we left just set out on his travels by the light of the moon.

Those who have read any romance or poetry ancient or modern, must have been informed that Love hath wings; by which they are not to understand, as some young ladies by mistake have done, that a lover can fly; the writers, by this ingenious allegory, intending to insinuate no more, than that lovers do not march like horse-guards; in short, that they put the best leg foremost; which our lusty youth, who could walk with any man, did so heartily on this occasion, that within four hours he reached a famous house of hospitality well known to the western traveller. It presents you a lion on the sign-post: and the master, who was christened Timotheus, is commonly called plain Tim. Some have conceived that he hath particularly chosen the lion for his sign, as he doth in countenance greatly resemble that magnanimous beast, though his disposition savours more of the sweetness of the lamb. He is a person well received among all sorts of men, being qualified to render himself agreeable to any; as he is well versed in history and politics, hath a smattering in law and divinity, cracks a good jest, and plays wonderfully on the French horn.

A violent storm of hail forced Joseph to take shelter in this inn, where he remembered Sir Thomas had dined in his way to town. Joseph had no sooner seated himself by the kitchen fire, than Timotheus, observing his livery, began to condole the loss of his late master, who was, he said, his very particular, and intimate acquaintance, with whom he had cracked many a merry bottle, ay, many a dozen in his time. He then remarked, that all those things were over now, all past, and just as if they had never been; and concluded with an excellent observation on the certainty of death, which his wife said was indeed very true. A fellow now arrived at the same inn with two horses, one of which he was leading farther down into the country to meet his master; these he put into the stable,

and came and took his place by Joseph's side, who immediately knew him to be the servant of a neighbouring gentleman, who used to visit at their house.

This fellow was likewise forced in by the storm; for he had orders to go twenty miles farther that evening, and luckily on the same road which Joseph himself intended to take. He therefore embraced this opportunity of complimenting his friend with his master's horse, (notwithstanding he had received express commands to the contrary,) which was readily accepted; and so, after they had drank a loving pot, and the storm was over, they set out together.

CHAPTER XII.

Containing many surprising adventures which Joseph Andrews met with on the road, scarce credible to those who have never travelled in a stage-coach.

NOTHING remarkable happened on the road, till their arrival at the inn to which the horses were ordered; whither they came about two in the morning. The moon then shone very bright; and Joseph, making his friend a present of a pint of wine, and thanking him for the favour of his horse, notwithstanding all entreaties to the contrary, proceeded on his journey on foot.

He had not gone above two miles, charmed with the hopes of shortly seeing his beloved Fanny, when he was met by two fellows in a narrow lane, and ordered to stand and deliver. He readily gave them all the money he had, which was somewhat less than two pounds; and told them, he hoped they would be so generous as to return him a few shillings, to defray his charges on his way home.

One of the ruffians answered with an oath, "Yes, we'll give you something presently: but first strip and be d—n to you." "Strip," cried the other, "or I'll blow your brains to the devil." Joseph remembering that he had borrowed his coat and breeches of a friend, and that he should be ashamed of making any excuse for not returning them, replied, he hoped they would not insist on his clothes, which were not worth much, but consider the coldness of the night. "You are cold,

are you, you rascal!" says one of the robbers; "I'll warm you with a vengeance;" and, damning his eyes, snapped a pistol at his head; which he had no sooner done, than the other levelled a blow at him with his stick, which Joseph, who was expert at cudgel-playing, caught with his, and returned the favour so successfully on his adversary, that he laid him sprawling at his feet, and at the same instant received a blow from behind, with the butt-end of a pistol, from the other villain, which felled him to the ground, and totally deprived him of his senses.

The thief who had been knocked down, had now recovered himself; and both together fell to belabouring poor Joseph with their sticks, till they were convinced they had put an end to his miserable being: they then stripped him entirely naked, threw him into a ditch, and departed with their booty.

The poor wretch, who lay motionless a long time, just began to recover his senses as a stage-coach came by. The postilion, hearing a man's groans, stopped his horses, and told the coachman, he was certain there was a dead man lying in the ditch, for he heard him groan. "Go on, sirrah," says the coachman, "we are confounded late, and have no time to look after dead men." A lady, who heard what the postilion said, and likewise heard the groan, called eagerly to the coachman to stop and see what was the matter. Upon which he bid the postilion alight, and look into the ditch. He did so, and returned, "That there was a man sitting upright, as naked as ever he was born."—"O J–sus!" cried the lady; "A naked man! Dear coachman, drive on and leave him." Upon this the gentlemen got out of the coach; and Joseph begged them to have mercy upon him: for that he had been robbed, and almost beaten to death. "Robbed," cries an old gentleman: "Let us make all the haste imaginable, or we shall be robbed too." A young man, who belonged to the law, answered "He wished they had passed by without taking any notice; but that now they might be proved to have been last in his company; if he should die, they might be called to some account for his murder. He therefore thought it advisable to save the poor creature's life for their own sakes, if possible; at least, if he died, to prevent the jury's finding that they fled for it. He

was therefore of opinion, to take the man into the coach, and carry him to the next inn." The lady insisted, "That he should not come into the coach. That if they lifted him in, she would herself alight; for she had rather stay in that place to all eternity than ride with a naked man." The coachman objected, "That he could not suffer him to be taken in, unless somebody would pay a shilling for his carriage the four miles." Which the two gentlemen refused to do. But the lawyer, who was afraid of some mischief happening to himself, if the wretch was left behind in that condition, saying, no man could be too cautious in these matters, and that he remembered very extraordinary cases in the books, threatened the coachman, and bid him deny taking him up at his peril; for that if he died, he should be indicted for his murder; and if he lived, and brought an action against him, he would willingly take a brief in it. These words had a sensible effect on the coachman, who was well acquainted with the person who spoke them; and the old gentleman above mentioned, thinking the naked man would afford him frequent opportunities of showing his wit to the lady, offered to join with the company in giving a mug of beer for his fare; till partly alarmed by the threats of the one, and partly by the promises of the other, and being perhaps a little moved with compassion at the poor creature's condition, who stood bleeding and shivering with the cold, he at length agreed; and Joseph was now advancing to the coach, where, seeing the lady, who held the sticks of her fan before her eyes, absolutely refused, miserable as he was, to enter, unless he was furnished with sufficient covering to prevent giving the least offence to decency, — so perfectly modest was this young man; such mighty effects had the spotless example of the amiable Pamela, and the excellent sermons of Mr. Adams wrought upon him.

Though there were several great-coats about the coach, it was not easy to get over this difficulty which Joseph had started. The two gentlemen complained they were cold, and could not spare a rag; the man of wit saying with a laugh, that charity began at home; and the coachman, who had two great-coats spread under him, refused to lend either, lest they should be made bloody; the lady's footman desired to be

excused for the same reason, which the lady herself, notwithstanding her abhorrence of a naked man, approved; and it is more than probable poor Joseph, who obstinately adhered to his modest resolution, must have perished, unless the postilion, (a lad who hath been since transported for robbing a hen-roost,) had voluntarily stripped off a great-coat, his only garment, at the same time swearing a great oath, (for which he was rebuked by the passengers,) "That he would rather ride in his shirt all his life, than suffer a fellow-creature to lie in so miserable a condition."

Joseph, having put on the great-coat, was lifted into the coach, which now proceeded on its journey. He declared himself almost dead with the cold, which gave the man of wit an occasion to ask the lady, if she could not accommodate him with a dram. She answered, with some resentment, "She wondered at his asking her such a question; but assured him she never tasted any such thing."

The lawyer was inquiring into the circumstances of the robbery, when the coach stopped, and one of the ruffians, putting a pistol in, demanded their money of the passengers; who readily gave it them; and the lady, in her fright, delivered up a little silver bottle, of about a half-pint size, which the rogue, clapping it to his mouth, and drinking her health, declared, held some of the best Nantes he had ever tasted: this the lady afterwards assured the company was the mistake of her maid, for that she had ordered her to fill the bottle with Hungary-water.

As soon as the fellows were departed, the lawyer, who had, it seems, a case of pistols in the seat of the coach, informed the company, that if it had been daylight, and he could have come at his pistols, he would not have submitted to the robbery: he likewise set forth, that he had often met highwaymen when he travelled on horseback, but none ever durst attack him; concluding, that if he had not been more afraid for the lady than for himself, he should not have now parted with his money so easily.

As wit is generally observed to love to reside in empty pockets, so the gentleman whose ingenuity we have remarked, as soon as he had parted with his money, began to grow won-

derfully facetious. He made frequent allusions to Adam and Eve, and said many excellent things on figs and fig-leaves; which perhaps gave more offence to Joseph than to any other in the company.

The lawyer, likewise, made several very pretty jests, without departing from his profession. He said, "If Joseph and the lady were alone, he would be more capable of making a conveyance to her, as his affairs were not fettered with any incumbrance; he'd warrant he soon suffered a recovery by a writ of entry, which was the proper way to create heirs in tail; that for his own part, he would engage to make so firm a settlement in a coach, that there should be no danger of an ejectment;" with an inundation of the like gibberish, which he continued to vent till the coach arrived at an inn, where one servant-maid only was up, in readiness to attend the coachman, and furnish him with cold meat and a dram. Joseph desired to alight, and that he might have a bed prepared for him, which the maid readily promised to perform; and being a good-natured wench, and not so squeamish as the lady had been, she clapped a large faggot on the fire, and furnishing Joseph with a great-coat belonging to one of the hostlers, desired him to sit down, and warm himself while she made his bed. The coachman, in the mean time, took an opportunity to call up a surgeon, who lived within a few doors; after which he reminded his passengers how late they were, and, after they had taken leave of Joseph, hurried them off as fast as he could.

The wench soon got Joseph to bed, and promised to use her interest to borrow him a shirt; but imagining, as she afterwards said, by his being so bloody, that he must be a dead man, she ran with all speed to hasten the surgeon, who was more than half dressed, apprehending that the coach had been overturned and some gentleman or lady hurt. As soon as the wench had informed him at his window, that it was a poor foot-passenger who had been stripped of all he had, and almost murdered, he chid her for disturbing him so early, slipped off his clothes again, and very quietly returned to bed and to sleep.

Aurora now began to show her blooming cheeks over the

hills, whilst ten millions of feathered songsters, in jocund chorus, repeated odes a thousand times sweeter than those of our laureate, and sung both the day and the song, when the master of the inn, Mr. Tow-wouse, arose, and learning from his maid an account of the robbery, and the situation of his poor naked guest, he shook his head and cried, "good-lack-a-day!" and then ordered the girl to carry him one of his own shirts.

Mrs. Tow-wouse was just awake, and had stretched out her arms in vain to fold her departed husband, when the maid entered the room. "Who's there? Betty!"—"Yes, madam."—"Where's your master?—"He's without, madam; he hath sent me for a shirt to lend a poor naked man, who hath been robbed and murdered."—"Touch one, if you dare, you slut," said Mrs. Tow-wouse: "your master is a pretty sort of a man, to take in naked vagabonds, and clothe them with his own clothes. I shall have no such doings. If you offer to touch any thing, I'll throw the chamberpot at your head. Go, send your master to me."—"Yes, madam," answered Betty. As soon as he came in, she thus began: "What the devil do you mean by this, Mr. Tow-wouse? Am I to buy shirts to lend to a set of scabby rascals?"—"My dear," said Mr. Tow-wouse, "this is a poor wretch."—"Yes," says she, "I know it is a poor wretch; but what the devil have we to do with poor wretches? the law makes us provide for too many already We shall have thirty or forty poor wretches in red coats shortly."—"My dear," cries Tow-wouse, "this man hath been robbed of all he hath."—"Well then," says she, "where's his money to pay his reckoning. Why doth not such a fellow go to an alehouse? I shall send him packing as soon as I am up, I assure you."—"My dear," said he, "common charity won't suffer you to do that."—"Common charity, a f—t!" says she, "common charity teaches us to provide for ourselves and our families; and I and mine won't be ruined by your charity, I assure you."—"Well," says he, "my dear, do as you will, when you are up; you know I never contradict you."—"No," says she; "if the devil was to contradict me, I would make the house too hot to hold him."

With such like discourses they consumed near half an hour,

whilst Betty provided a shirt from the hostler, who was one of her sweethearts, and put it on poor Joseph. The surgeon had likewise at last visited him, and washed and dressed his wounds, and was now come to acquaint Mr. Tow-wouse, that his guest was in such extreme danger of his life, that he scarce saw any hopes of his recovery. — "Here's a pretty kettle of fish," cries Mrs. Tow-wouse, "you have brought upon us! We are like to have a funeral at our own expense." Tow-wouse, (who, notwithstanding his charity, would have given his vote as freely as ever he did at an election, that any other house in the kingdom should have quiet possession of his guest,) answered, "My dear, I am not to blame: he was brought hither by the stage-coach; and Betty had put him to bed, before I was stirring." — "I'll Betty her," says she — At which, with half her garments on, the other half under her arm, she sallied out in quest of the unfortunate Betty, whilst Tow-wouse and the surgeon went to pay a visit to poor Joseph, and inquire into the circumstances of this melancholy affair.

CHAPTER XIII.

What happened to Joseph during his sickness at the inn, with the curious discourse between him and Mr. Barnabas the parson of the parish.

As soon as Joseph had communicated a particular history of the robbery, together with a short account of himself, and his intended journey, he asked the surgeon, if he apprehended him to be in any danger: to which the surgeon very honestly answered, "He feared he was; for that his pulse was very exalted and feverish, and if his fever should prove more than symptomatic, it would be impossible to save him." Joseph, fetching a deep sigh, cried, "Poor Fanny, I would I could have lived to see thee! but God's will be done."

The surgeon then advised him, if he had any worldly affairs to settle, that he would do it as soon as possible; for though he hoped he might recover, yet he thought himself obliged to acquaint him he was in great danger; and if the malign concoction of his humours should cause a suscitation of his fever, he might soon grow delirious, and incapable to make his will.

Joseph answered, "That it was impossible for any creature in the universe to be in a poorer condition than himself; for since the robbery, he had not one thing of any kind whatever, which he could call his own. I had," said he, "a poor little piece of gold, which they took away, that would have been a comfort to me in all my afflictions; but surely, Fanny, I want nothing to remind me of thee. I have thy dear image in my heart, and no villain can ever tear it thence."

Joseph desired paper and pens, to write a letter, but they were refused him; and he was advised to use all his endeavours to compose himself. They then left him; and Mr. Tow-wouse sent to a clergyman to come and administer his good offices to the soul of poor Joseph, since the surgeon despaired of making any successful applications to his body.

Mr. Barnabas (for that was the clergyman's name,) came as soon as sent for: and having first drank a dish of tea with the landlady, and afterwards a bowl of punch with the landlord, he walked up to the room where Joseph lay; but finding him asleep, returned to take the other sneaker; which when he had finished, he again crept softly up to the chamber-door, and, having opened it, heard the sick man talking to himself in the following manner:

"O most adorable Pamela! most virtuous sister! whose example could alone enable me to withstand all the temptations of riches and beauty, and to preserve my virtue pure and chaste, for the arms of my dear Fanny, if it had pleased Heaven, that I should ever have come unto them. What riches, or honours, or pleasures, can make us amends for the loss of innocence? Doth not that alone afford us more consolation, than all worldly acquisitions? What but innocence and virtue could give any comfort to such a miserable wretch as I am. Yet these can make me prefer this sick and painful bed to all the pleasures I should have found in my lady's. These can make me face death without fear; and though I love my Fanny more than ever man loved a woman, these can teach me to resign myself to the divine will without repining. O, thou delightful charming creature! If Heaven had indulged thee to my arms, the poorest, humblest state, would have been a paradise; I could have lived with thee in the lowest cottage, without envying the

palaces, the dainties, or the riches of any man breathing. But I must leave thee, leave thee for ever, my dearest angel! I must think of another world; and I heartily pray that thou may'st meet comfort in this."—Barnabas thought he had heard enough; so down stairs he went, and told Tow-wouse he could do his guest no service; for that he was very light-headed, and had uttered nothing but a rhapsody of nonsense all the time he stayed in the room.

The surgeon returned in the afternoon, and found his patient in a higher fever, as he said, than when he left him, though not delirious; for, notwithstanding Mr. Barnabas's opinion, he had not been once out of his senses since his arrival at the inn.

Mr. Barnabas was again sent for, and with much difficulty prevailed on to make another visit. As soon as he entered the room, he told Joseph, "He was come to pray by him, and to prepare him for another world: in the first place, therefore, he hoped he had repented of all his sins." Joseph answered, "He hoped he had: but there was one thing which he knew not whether he should call a sin: if it was, he feared he should die in the commission of it; and that was, the regret of parting with a young woman, whom he loved as tenderly as he did his heart-strings." Barnabas bade him be assured, "that any repining at the divine will was one of the greatest sins he could commit; that he ought to forget all carnal affections, and think of better things." Joseph said, "That neither in this world nor the next, he could forget his Fanny; and that the thought, however grievous, of parting from her for ever, was not half so tormenting, as the fear of what she would suffer, when she knew his misfortune." Barnabas said, "That such fears argued a diffidence and despondence very criminal; that he must divest himself of all human passions, and fix his heart above." Joseph answered, "That was what he desired to do, and should be obliged to him if he would enable him to accomplish it." Barnabas replied, "That must be done by grace." Joseph besought him to discover how he might attain it. Barnabas answered, "By prayer and faith." He then questioned him concerning his forgiveness of the thieves. Joseph answered, "He feared that was more than he could do; for nothing would give him more pleasure than to hear they were

taken."—"That," cries Barnabas, "is for the sake of justice." —"Yes," said Joseph, "but if I was to meet them again, I am afraid I should attack them, and kill them too, if I could." —"Doubtless," answered Barnabas, "it is lawful to kill a thief: but can you say, you forgive them as a christian ought?" Joseph desired to know what that forgiveness was. "That is," answered Barnabas, "to forgive them as—as—it is to forgive them as—in short, it is to forgive them as a christian." Joseph replied, "He forgave them as much as he could."—"Well, well," said Barnabas, "that will do." He then demanded of him, "If he remembered any more sins unrepented of; and if he did, he desired him to make haste and repent of them as fast as he could, that they might repeat over a few prayers together." Joseph answered, "He could not recollect any great crimes he had been guilty of, and that those he had committed he was sincerely sorry for it." Barnabas said that was enough, and then proceeded to prayer with all the expedition he was master of; some company then waiting for him below in the parlour, where the ingredients for punch were all in readiness; but no one would squeeze the oranges till he came.

Joseph complained he was dry, and desired a little tea; which Barnabas reported to Mrs. Tow-wouse, who answered, "She had just done drinking it, and could not be slopping all day;" but ordered Betty to carry him up some small-beer.

Betty obeyed her mistress's command; but Joseph, as soon as he had tasted it, said, he feared it would increase his fever, and that he longed very much for tea; to which the good-natured Betty answered, he should have tea, if there was any in the land; she accordingly went and brought some herself, and attended him with it; where we will leave her and Joseph together for some time, to entertain the readers with other matters.

CHAPTER XIV.

Being very full of adventures, which succeeded each other at the Inn.

It was now the dusk of the evening, when a grave person rode into the inn, and committing his horse to the hostler, went directly into the kitchen, and having called for a pipe of

tobacco, took his place by the fireside; where several other persons were likewise assembled.

The discourse ran altogether on the robbery which was committed the night before, and on the poor wretch who lay above, in the dreadful condition in which we have already seen him. Mrs. Tow-wouse said, "She wondered what the devil Tom Whipwell meant, by bringing such guests to her house, when there were so many ale-houses on the road proper for their reception. But she assured him, if he died, the parish should be at the expense of the funeral." She added, "Nothing would serve the fellow's turn but tea, she would assure him." Betty, who was just returned from her charitable office, answered, "she believed he was a gentleman, for she never saw a finer skin in her life." "Pox on his skin!" replied Mrs. Tow-wouse, "I suppose that is all we are like to have for the reckoning. I desire no such gentleman should ever call at the Dragon," (which it seems was the sign of the inn.)

The gentleman lately arrived, discovered a great deal of emotion at the distress of this poor creature, whom he observed to be fallen not into the most compassionate hands. And indeed, if Mrs. Tow-wouse had given no utterance to the sweetness of her temper, nature had taken such pains in her countenance, that Hogarth himself never gave more expression to a picture.

Her person was short, thin, and crooked. Her forehead projected in the middle, and thence descended in a declivity to the top of her nose, which was sharp and red, and would have hung over her lips, had not nature turned up the end of it. Her lips were two bits of skin, which, whenever she spoke, she drew together in a purse. Her chin was peaked; and at the upper end of that skin, which composed her cheeks, stood two bones, that almost hid a pair of small red eyes. Add to this a voice most wonderfully adapted to the sentiments it was to convey, being both loud and hoarse.

It is not easy to say, whether the gentleman had conceived a greater dislike for his landlady, or compassion for her unhappy guest. He inquired very earnestly of the surgeon, who was now come into the kitchen, whether he had any hopes of his recovery? He begged him to use all possible means

towards it, telling him, "It was the duty of men of all professions, to apply their skill gratis for the relief of the poor and necessitous." The surgeon answered, "He should take proper care; but he defied all the surgeons in London to do him any good."—"Pray, sir," said the gentleman, "what are his wounds?"—"Why, do you know any thing of wounds?" says the surgeon (winking upon Mrs. Tow-wouse.) "Sir, I have a small smattering in surgery," answered the gentleman. "A smattering,—ho, ho, ho!" said the surgeon, "I believe it is a smattering indeed."

The company were all attentive, expecting to hear the doctor, who was what they call a dry fellow, expose the gentleman.

He began therefore with an air of triumph: "I suppose, sir, you have travelled?"—"No really, sir," said the gentleman. —"Ho! then you have practised in the hospitals perhaps."— "No, sir."—"Hum! not that neither! Whence, sir, then, if I may be so bold to inquire, have you got your knowledge in surgery?"—"Sir," answered the gentleman, "I do not pretend to much; but the little I know I have from books."— "Books!" cries the doctor. "What, I suppose you have— you have read Galen and Hippocrates!"—"No, sir," said the gentleman. "How! you understand surgery!" answers the doctor, "and not read Galen and Hippocrates?"—"Sir," cries the other, "I believe there are many surgeons who have never read these authors."—"I believe so, too," says the doctor, "more shame for them; but thanks to my education, I have them by heart, and very seldom go without them both in my pocket."—"They are pretty large books," said the gentleman. "Ay," said the doctor, "I believe I know how large they are, better than you." (At which he fell a winking, and the whole company burst into a laugh.)

The doctor, pursuing his triumph, asked the gentleman, "If he did not understand physic as well as surgery."—"Rather better," answered the gentleman. "Ay, like enough," cries the doctor, with a wink. "Why, I know a little of physic too."—"I wish I knew half so much," said Tow-wouse, "I'd never wear an apron again."—"Why, I believe, landlord," cries the doctor, "there are few men, though I say it, within

twelve miles of the place, that handle a fever better.—*Veniente accurite morbo:* that is my method. I suppose, brother, you understand *Latin?*"—"A little," says the gentleman. "Ay, and Greek now, I'll warrant you: *Ton dapomibominos poluflosboio thalasses.* But I have almost forgot these things: I could have repeated Homer by heart once."—"Ifags! the gentleman has caught a traitor," says Mrs. Tow-wouse; at which they all fell a laughing.

The gentleman, who had not the least affection for joking, very contentedly suffered the doctor to enjoy his victory; which he did with no small satisfaction; and having sufficiently sounded his depth, he told him, "He was thoroughly convinced of his great learning and abilities; and that he would be obliged to him, if he would let him know his opinion of his patient's case above stairs."—"Sir," says the doctor, "his case is that of a dead man—The contusion on his head has perforated the internal membrane of the occiput, and divellicated that radical small minute invisible nerve, which coheres to the pericranium; and this was attended with a fever at first symptomatic, then pneumatic; and he is at length grown deliriuus, or delirious, as the vulgar express it."

He was proceeding in this learned manner, when a mighty noise interrupted him. Some young fellows in the neighbourhood had taken one of the thieves, and were bringing him into the inn. Betty ran up stairs with this news to Joseph; who begged they might search for a little piece of broken gold, which had a riband tied to it, and which he could swear to amongst all the hoards of the richest men in the universe.

Notwithstanding the fellow's persisting in his innocence, the mob were very busy in searching him, and presently, among other things, pulled out the piece of gold just mentioned; which Betty no sooner saw, than she laid violent hands on it, and conveyed it up to Joseph, who received it with raptures of joy, and, hugging it in his bosom, declared he could now die contented.

Within a few minutes afterwards, came in some other fellows, with a bundle which they had found in a ditch, and which was indeed the clothes which had been stripped off from Joseph, and the other things they had taken from him.

The gentleman no sooner saw the coat, than he declared he knew the livery; and, if it had been taken from the poor creature above stairs, desired he might see him; for that he was very well acquainted with the family to whom that livery belonged.

He was accordingly conducted up by Betty; but what, reader, was the surprise on both sides, when he saw Joseph was the person in bed; and when Joseph discovered the face of his good friend Mr. Abraham Adams!

It would be impertinent to insert a discourse which chiefly turned on the relation of matters already well known to the reader; for as soon as the curate had satisfied Joseph concerning the perfect health of his Fanny, he was on his side very inquisitive into all the particulars which had produced this unfortunate accident.

To return therefore to the kitchen, where a great variety of company were now assembled from all the rooms of the house, as well as the neighbourhood: so much delight do men take in contemplating the countenance of a thief.

Mr. Tow-wouse began to rub his hands with pleasure, at seeing so large an assembly; who would, he hoped, shortly adjourn into several apartments, in order to discourse over the robbery, and drink a health to all honest men. But Mrs. Tow-wouse, whose misfortune it was commonly to see things a little perversely, began to rail at those who brought the fellow into her house; telling her husband, "They were very likely to thrive, who kept a house of entertainment for beggars and thieves."

The mob had now finished their search; and could find nothing about the captive likely to prove any evidence; for as to the clothes, though the mob were very well satisfied with that proof, yet, as the surgeon observed, they could not convict him, because they were not found in his custody; to which Barnabas agreed, and added, that these were *bona waviata*, and belonged to the lord of the manor.

"How," says the surgeon, "do you say these goods belong to the lord of the manor?"—"I do," cried Barnabas. "Then I deny it," says the surgeon: "what can the lord of the manor have to do in the case? Will any one attempt to per-

suade me that what a man finds is not his own?"—"I have heard," (says an old fellow in the corner,) justice Wiseone say, that if every man had his right, whatever is found belongs to the king of London."—"That may be true," says Barnabas, "in some sense; for the law makes a difference between things stolen and things found; for a thing may be stolen that is never found; and a thing may be found that never was stolen. Now goods that are both stolen and found are *waviata;* and they belong to the lord of the manor."—"So the lord of the manor is the receiver of stolen goods," (says the doctor;) at which there was an universal laugh, being first begun by himself.

While the prisoner, by persisting in his innocence, had almost, (as there was no evidence against him,) brought over Barnabas, the surgeon, Tow-wouse, and several others to his side; Betty informed them, that they had overlooked a little piece of gold, which she had carried up to the man in the bed; and which he offered to swear to amongst a million, ay, amongst ten thousand. This immediately turned the scale against the prisoner; and every one now concluded him guilty. It was resolved therefore to keep him secured that night, and early in the morning to carry him before a justice.

CHAPTER XV.

Showing how Mrs. Tow-wouse was a little mollified; and how officious Mr. Barnabas and the surgeon were to prosecute the thief: with a dissertation accounting for their zeal, and that of many other persons not mentioned in this history.

Betty told her mistress, she believed the man in bed was a greater man than they took him for; for, besides the extreme whiteness of his skin, and the softness of his hands, she observed a very great familiarity between the gentleman and him, and added, she was certain they were intimate acquaintance, if not relations.

This somewhat abated the severity of Mrs. Tow-wouse's countenance. She said, "God forbid she should not discharge the duty of a christian, since the poor gentleman was brought

to her house. She had a natural antipathy to vagabonds; but could pity the misfortunes of a Christian as soon as another." Tow-wouse said, "If the traveller be a gentleman, though he hath no money about him now, we shall most likely be paid hereafter; so you may begin to score whenever you will." Mrs. Tow-wouse answered, "Hold your simple tongue, and don't instruct me in my business. I am sure I am sorry for the gentleman's misfortune with all my heart; and I hope the villain who hath used him so barbarously will be hanged. Betty, go see what he wants. God forbid he should want any thing in my house."

Barnabas and the surgeon went up to Joseph, to satisfy themselves concerning the piece of gold. Joseph was with difficulty prevailed upon to show it them; but would by no entreaties be brought to deliver it out of his own possession. He however attested this to be the same which had been taken from him; and Betty was ready to swear to the finding it on the thief.

The only difficulty that remained was, how to produce this gold before the justice; for as to carrying Joseph himself, it seemed impossible; nor was there any great likelihood of obtaining it from him; for he had fastened it with a riband to his arm, and solemnly vowed, that nothing but irresistible force should ever separate them; in which resolution, Mr. Adams, clenching a fist rather less than the knuckle of an ox, declared he would support him.

A dispute arose on this occasion concerning evidence, not very necessary to be related here; after which the surgeon dressed Mr. Joseph's head; still persisting in the imminent danger in which his patient lay; but concluding, with a very important look, "That he began to have some hopes; that he should send him a sanative soporiferous draught, and would see him in the morning" After which Barnabas and he departed, and left Mr. Joseph and Mr. Adams together.

Adams informed Joseph of the occasion of this journey which he was making to London, namely, to publish three volumes of sermons; being encouraged, as he said, by an advertisement lately set forth by the society of booksellers, who proposed to purchase any copies offered to them, at a price to be settled

by two persons; but though he imagined he should get a considerable sum of money on this occasion, which his family were in urgent need of, he protested he would not leave Joseph in his present condition; finally, he told him, "He had nine shillings and three pence half-penny in his pocket, which he was welcome to use as he pleased."

This goodness of Parson Adams brought tears into Joseph's eyes; He declared "he had now a second reason to desire life, that he might show his gratitude to such a friend." Adams bade him be cheerful; "for that he plainly saw the surgeon, besides his ignorance, desired to make a merit of curing him, though the wounds in his head, he perceived, were by no means dangerous; that he was convinced he had no fever, and doubted not but he would be able to travel in a day or two."

These words infused a spirit into Joseph; he said, "He found himself very sore from the bruises, but had no reason to think any of his bones injured, or that he had received any harm in his inside; unless that he felt something very odd in his stomach; but he knew not whether that might not arise from not having eaten one morsel for above twenty-four hours." Being then asked, if he had any inclination to eat, he answered in the affirmative. Then Parson Adams desired him to name what he had the greatest fancy for; "whether a poached egg, or chicken broth:" he answered, "He could eat both very well; but that he seemed to have the greatest appetite for a piece of boiled beef and cabbage."

Adams was pleased with so perfect a confirmation that he had not the least fever; but advised him to a lighter diet that evening. He accordingly ate either a rabbit or a fowl, I never could with any tolerable certainty discover which; after this he was, by Mrs. Tow-wouse's order, conveyed into a better bed, and equipped with one of her husband's shirts.

In the morning early, Barnabas and the surgeon came to the inn, in order to see the thief conveyed before the justice. They had consumed the whole night in debating what measures they should take to produce the piece of gold in evidence against him; for they were extremely zealous in the business, though neither of them were in the least interested in the prosecution; neither of them had ever received any private injury

from the fellow, nor had either of them ever been suspected of loving the public well enough, to give them a sermon or a dose of physic for nothing.

To help our reader, therefore, as much as possible to account for this zeal, we must inform him, that, as this parish was so unfortunate as to have no lawyer in it, there had been a constant contention between the two doctors, spiritual and physical, concerning their abilities in a science, in which, as neither of them professed it, they had equal pretensions to dispute each other's opinions. These disputes were carried on with great contempt on both sides, and had almost divided the parish; Mr. Tow-wouse and one-half of the neighbours inclined to the surgeon, and Mrs. Tow-wouse with the other half to the parson. The surgeon drew his knowledge from those inestimable fountains, called The Attorney's Pocket Companion, and Mr. Jacob's Law Tables; Barnabas trusted entirely to Wood's Institutes. It happened on this occasion, as was pretty frequently the case, that these two learned men differed about the sufficiency of evidence; the doctor being of opinion, that the maid's oath would convict the prisoner without producing the gold; the parson, *è contra, totis viribus*. To display their parts, therefore, before the justice and the parish, was the sole motive, which we can discover, to this zeal, which both of them pretended to have for public justice.

O Vanity! how little is thy force acknowledged, or thy operations discerned! How wantonly dost thou deceive mankind under different disguises! Sometimes thou dost wear the face of pity, sometimes of generosity: nay, thou hast the assurance even to put on those glorious ornaments which belong only to heroic virtue. Thou odious, deformed monster! whom priests have railed at, philosophers despised, and poets ridiculed; is there a wretch so abandoned as to own thee for an acquaintance in public? Yet, how few will refuse to enjoy thee in private? nay, thou art the pursuit of most men through their lives. The greatest villanies are daily practised to please thee; nor is the meanest thief below, or the greatest hero above, thy notice. Thy embraces are often the sole aim and sole reward, of the private robbery and the plundered province. It is to pamper up thee, thou harlot, that we attempt to withdraw

from others what we do not want, or to withhold from them what they do. All our passions are thy slaves. Avarice itself is often no more than thy handmaid, and even Lust thy pimp. The bully Fear, like a coward, flies before thee, and Joy and Grief hide their heads in thy presence.

I know thou wilt think, that whilst I abuse thee I court thee, and that thy love hath inspired me to write this sarcastical panegyric on thee; but thou art deceived: I value thee not of a farthing; nor will it give me any pain, if thou shouldst prevail on the reader to censure this digression as arrant nonsense; for know, to thy confusion, that I have introduced thee for no other purpose than to lengthen out a short chapter; and so I return to my history.

CHAPTER XVI.

The escape of the thief. Mr. Adams's disappointment. The arrival of two very extraordinary personages, and the introduction of Parson Adams to Parson Barnabas.

BARNABAS and the surgeon being returned, as we have said, to the inn, in order to convey the thief before the justice, were greatly concerned to find a small accident had happened, which somewhat disconcerted them; and this was no other than the thief's escape, who had modestly withdrawn himself by night, declining all ostentation, and not choosing, in imitation of some great men, to distinguish himself at the expense of being pointed at.

When the company had retired the evening before, the thief was detained in a room where the constable, and one of the young fellows who took him, were planted as his guard. About the second watch, a general complaint of drought was made both by the prisoner and his keepers. Among whom it was at last agreed, that the constable should remain on duty, and the young fellow call up the tapster; in which disposition the latter apprehended not the least danger, as the constable was well armed, and could besides easily summon him back to his assistance, if the prisoner made the least attempt to gain his liberty.

The young fellow had not long left the room, before it came into the constable's head, that the prisoner might leap on him by surprise, and thereby preventing him of the use of his weapons, especially the long staff in which he chiefly confided, might reduce the success of a struggle to an equal chance. He wisely, therefore, to prevent this inconvenience, slipped out of the room himself, and locked the door, waiting without with his staff in his hand, ready lifted to fell the unhappy prisoner, if by ill fortune he should attempt to break out.

But human life, as hath been discovered by some great man or other, (for I would by no means be understood to affect the honour of making any such discovery,) very much resembles a game at chess; for as in the latter, while a gamester is too attentive to secure himself very strongly on one side the board, he is apt to leave an unguarded opening on the other; so doth it often happen in life; and so did it happen on this occasion; for whilst the cautious constable, with such wonderful sagacity, had possessed himself of the door, he most unhappily forgot the window.

The thief, who played on the other side, no sooner perceived this opening, than he began to move that way; and finding the passage easy, he took with him the young fellow's hat, and without any ceremony stepped into the street and made the best of his way.

The young fellow returning with a double mug of strong beer, was a little surprised to find the constable at the door; but much more so, when, the door being opened, he perceived the prisoner had made his escape, and which way. He threw down the beer, and without uttering any thing to the constable, except a hearty curse or two, he nimbly leaped out of the window, and went again in pursuit of his prey; being very unwilling to lose the reward which he had assured himself of.

The constable hath not been discharged of suspicion on this account; it hath been said, that not being concerned in the taking the thief, he could not have been entitled to any part of the reward, if he had been convicted; that the thief had several guineas in his pocket; that it was very unlikely he should have been guilty of such an oversight; that his pretence for leaving the room was abused; that it was his constant maxim, that a

wise man never refused money on any conditions; that at every election he always had sold his vote to both parties, &c.

But notwithstanding these and many other such allegations, I am sufficiently convinced of his innocence; having been positively assured of it, by those who received their informations from his own mouth; which, in the opinion of some moderns, is the best and indeed only evidence.

All the family were now up, and with many others assembled in the kitchen, where Mr. Tow-wouse was in some tribulation; the surgeon having declared, that by law he was liable to be indicted for the thief's escape, as it was out of his house; he was a little comforted however by Mr. Barnabas's opinion, that as the escape was by night, the indictment would not lie.

Mrs. Tow-wouse delivered herself in the following words; "Sure never was such a fool as my husband! would any other person living have left a man in the custody of such a drunken, drowsy blockhead, as Tom Suckbribe," (which was the constable's name:) "and if he could be indicted without any harm to his wife and children, I should be glad of it." (Then the bell rung in Joseph's room.) "Why, Betty, John, chamberlain, where the devil are you all? Have you no ears, or no conscience, not to 'tend the sick better?—See what the gentleman wants. Why don't you go yourself, Mr. Tow-wouse? But any one may die for you; you have no more feeling than a deal board. If a man lived a fortnight in your house without spending a penny, you would never put him in mind of it. See whether he drinks tea or coffee for breakfast."—"Yes, my dear," cried Tow-wouse. She then asked the doctor and Mr. Barnabas what morning's draught they chose, who answered, they had a pot of cider-and at the fire; which we will leave them merry over, and return to Joseph.

He had rose pretty early this morning; but though his wounds were far from threatening any danger, he was so sore with the bruises, that it was impossible for him to think of undertaking a journey yet; Mr. Adams therefore, whose stock was visibly decreased with the expenses of supper and breakfast, and which could not survive that day's scoring, began to consider how it was possible to recruit it. At last he cried, "He had luckily hit on a sure method, and though it would

oblige him to return himself home together with Joseph, it mattered not much." He then sent for Tow-wouse, and taking him into another room, told him, "He wanted to borrow three guineas, for which he would put ample security into his hands." Tow-wouse, who expected a watch or ring, or something of double the value, answered, "He believed he could furnish him." Upon which Adams, pointing to his saddle-bag, told him with a face and voice full of solemnity, "that there were in that bag no less than nine volumes of manuscript sermons, as well worth a hundred pound as a shilling was worth twelve pence, and that he would deposit one of the volumes in his hands by way of pledge; not doubting but that he would have the honesty to return it on his repayment of the money; for otherwise he must be a very great loser, seeing that every volume would at least bring him ten pounds, as he had been informed by a neighbouring clergyman in the country; "for," said he, "as to my own part, having never yet dealt in printing, I do not pretend to ascertain the exact value of such things."

Tow-wouse, who was a little surprised at the pawn, said, (and not without some truth,) "that he was no judge of the price of such kind of goods; and as for money, he really was very short." Adams answered, "Certainly he would not scruple to lend him three guineas, on what was undoubtedly worth at least ten." The landlord replied, "He did not believe he had so much money in the house, and besides, he was to make up a sum. He was very confident the books were of much higher value, and heartily sorry it did not suit him." He then cried out, "Coming, sir!" though nobody called: and ran down stairs without any fear of breaking his neck.

Poor Adams was extremely dejected at this disappointment, nor knew he what further stratagem to try. He immediately applied to his pipe, his constant friend and comfort in his afflictions; and, leaning over the rails, he devoted himself to meditation, assisted by the inspiring fumes of tobacco.

He had on a nightcap, drawn over his wig, and a short great-coat, which half covered his cassock, — a dress which, added to something comical enough in his countenance, composed a figure likely to attract the eyes of those who were not overgiven to observation.

Whilst he was smoking his pipe in this posture, a coach and six, with a numerous attendance, drove into the inn. There alighted from the coach a young fellow, and a brace of pointers, after which another young fellow leapt from the box, and shook the former by the hand; and both, together with the dogs, were instantly conducted by Mr. Tow-wouse into an apartment; whither as they passed, they entertained themselves with the following short facetious dialogue.

"You are a pretty fellow for a coachman, Jack!" says he from the coach; "you had almost overturned us just now."—"Pox take you!" says the coachman; "if I had only broke your neck, it would have been saving somebody else the trouble; but I should have been sorry for the pointers."—"Why you son of a b—," answered the other, "if nobody could shoot better than you, the pointers would be of no use."—"D—n me," says the coachman, "I will shoot with you five guineas a shot."—"You be hang'd," says the other; "for five guineas you shall shoot at my a—."—"Done," says the coachman; "I'll pepper you better than ever you was peppered by Jenny Bouncer."—"Pepper your grandmother," says the other; "Here's Tow-wouse will let you shoot at him for a shilling a time."—"I know his honour better," cries Tow-wouse; "I never saw a surer shot at a partridge. Every man misses now and then; but if I could shoot half as well as his honour, I would desire no better livelihood than I could get by my gun."—"Pox on you," said the coachman, "you demolish more game now than your head's worth. There's a bitch, Tow-wouse: by G— she never blinked* a bird in her life."—"I have a puppy, not a year old, shall hunt with her for a hundred," cries the other gentleman.—"Done," says the coachman: "but you will be pox'd before you make the bet.—"If you have a mind for a bet," cries the coachman, "I will match my spotted dog with your white bitch for a hundred, play or pay."—"Done," says the other: "and I'll run Baldface against Slouch with you for another."—"No," cries he from the box; "but I'll venture Miss Jenny against Baldface, or Hannibal either."—"Go to the devil," cries he from the coach: "I will

* To blink, is a term used to signify the dog's passing by a bird without pointing at it.

make every bet your own way, to be sure! I will match Hannibal with Slouch for a thousand, if you dare; and I say done first."

They were now arrived; and the reader will be very contented to leave them, and repair to the kitchen; where Barnabas, the surgeon, and an exciseman, were smoking their pipes over some cider-and; and where the servants, who attended the two noble gentlemen we have just seen alight, were now arrived.

"Tom," cries one of the footmen, "there's Parson Adams smoking his pipe in the gallery."—"Yes," says Tom; "I pulled off my hat to him, and the parson spoke to me."

"Is the gentleman a clergyman, then?" says Barnabas, (for his cassock had been tied up when he first arrived.) "Yes, sir," answered the footman; "and one there be but few like."—"Ay," said Barnabas: "if I had known it sooner, I should have desired his company; I would always show a proper respect for the cloth; but what say you, doctor, shall we adjourn into a room, and invite him to take part of a bowl of punch?"

This proposal was immediately agreed to, and executed; and Parson Adams accepting the invitation, much civility passed between the two clergymen, who both declared the great honour they had for the cloth. They had not been long together before they entered into a discourse on small tithes, which continued a full hour, without the doctor or exciseman's having one opportunity to offer a word.

It was then proposed to begin a general conversation, and the exciseman opened on foreign affairs; but a word unluckily dropping from one of them, introduced a dissertation on the hardships suffered by the inferior clergy; which, after a long duration, concluded with bringing the nine volumes of sermons on the carpet.

Barnabas greatly discouraged poor Adams; he said "the age was so wicked, that nobody read sermons; would you think it, Mr. Adams," said he, "I once intended to print a volume of sermons myself, and they had the approbation of two or three bishops; but what do you think a bookseller offered me?"—"Twelve guineas, perhaps," cried Adams. "Not

twelve pence, I assure you," answered Barnabas: "nay, the dog refused me a Concordance in exchange.—At last I offered to give him the printing them, for the sake of dedicating them to that very gentleman, who just now drove his own coach into the inn; and, I assure you, he had the impudence to refuse my offer; by which means I lost a good living, that was afterwards given in exchange for a pointer, to one who — but I will not say any thing against the cloth. So you may guess, Mr. Adams, what you are to expect; for if sermons would have gone down, I believe — I will not be vain; but to be concise with you, three bishops said they were the best that ever were writ: but indeed there are a pretty moderate number printed already, and not all sold yet." — "Pray, sir," said Adams, "to what do you think the numbers may amount?" — "Sir," answered Barnabas, "a bookseller told me, he believed five thousand volumes at least." — "Five thousand!" quoth the surgeon: "What can they be writ upon? I remember when I was a boy, I used to read one Tillotson's sermons; and, I am sure, if a man practised half so much as is in one of those sermons, he will go to heaven."—"Doctor," cried Barnabas, "you have a profane way of talking, for which I must reprove you. A man can never have his duty too frequently inculcated into him. And as for Tillotson, to be sure, he was a good writer, and said things very well; but comparisons are odious; another man may write as well as he—I believe there are some of my sermons," — and then he applied the candle to his pipe —"And I believe there are some of my discourses," cries Adams, "which the bishops would not think totally unworthy of being printed; and I have been informed I might procure a very large sum, (indeed an immense one,) on them." — "I doubt that," answered Barnabas; "however, if you desire to make some money of them, perhaps you may sell them by advertising the manuscript sermons of a clergyman lately deceased, all warranted originals, and never printed. And now I think of it, I should be obliged to you, if there be ever a funeral one among them, to lend it me; for I am this very day to preach a funeral sermon, for which I have not penned a line, though I am to have a double price." Adams answered: "He had but one, which he feared would not serve his purpose,

being sacred to the memory of a magistrate, who had exerted himself very singularly in the preservation of the morality of his neighbours, insomuch that he had neither ale-house nor lewd women in the parish where he lived." — "No," replied Barnabas; "that will not do quite so well; for the deceased, upon whose virtues I am to harangue, was a little too much addicted to liquor, and publicly kept a mistress. — I believe I must take a common sermon, and trust to my memory, to introduce something handsome on him." — "To your invention rather," said the doctor; "your memory will be apter to put you out; for no man living remembers any thing good of him."

With such kind of spiritual discourse, they emptied the bowl of punch, paid their reckoning, and separated: Adams and the doctor went up to Joseph, parson Barnabas departed to celebrate the aforesaid deceased, and the exciseman descended into the cellar to gauge the vessels.

Joseph was now ready to sit down to a loin of mutton, and waited for Mr. Adams, when he and the doctor came in. The doctor having felt his pulse, and examined his wounds, declared him much better, which he imputed to that sanative soporiferous draught, a medicine, "whose virtues," he said, "were never to be sufficiently extolled." And great indeed they must be, if Joseph was so much indebted to them as the doctor imagined; since nothing more than those effluvia, which had escaped the cork, could have contributed to his recovery; for the medicine had stood untouched in the window ever since its arrival.

Joseph passed that day, and the three following, with his friend Adams, in which nothing so remarkable happened, as the swift progress of his recovery. As he had an excellent habit of body, his wounds were now almost healed; and his bruises gave him so little uneasiness, that he pressed Mr. Adams to let him depart; told him he should never be able to return sufficient thanks for all his favours, but begged that he might no longer delay his journey to London.

Adams, notwithstanding the ignorance, as he conceived it, of Mr. Tow-wouse, and the envy, (for such he thought it,) of Mr. Barnabas, had great expectations from his sermons; seeing therefore Joseph in so good a way, he told him he would agree

to his setting out the next morning in the stage-coach, that he believed he should have sufficient after the reckoning paid, to procure him one day's conveyance in it, and afterwards he would be able to get on, on foot, or might be favoured with a lift in some neighbour's waggon, especially as there was then to be a fair in the town whither the coach would carry him, to which numbers from his parish resorted. — And as for himself, he agreed to proceed to the great city.

They were now walking in the inn-yard, when a fat, fair, short person rode in, and alighting from his horse, went directly up to Barnabas, who was smoking his pipe on a bench. The parson and the stranger shook one another very lovingly by the hand, and went into a room together.

The evening now coming on, Joseph retired to his chamber, whither the good Adams accompanied him; and took this opportunity to expatiate on the great mercies God had lately shown him, of which he ought not only to have the deepest inward sense, but likewise to express outward thankfulness for them. They therefore fell both on their knees, and spent a considerable time in prayer and thanksgiving.

They had just finished, when Betty came in and told Mr. Adams, Mr. Barnabas desired to speak to him on some business of consequence below stairs. Joseph desired, if it was likely to detain him long, he would let him know it, that he might go to bed, which Adams promised, and in that case they wished one another good night.

CHAPTER XVII.

A pleasant discourse between the two parsons and the bookseller, which was broke off by an unlucky accident happening in the inn, which produced a dialogue between Mrs. Tow-wouse and her maid of no gentle kind.

As soon as Adams came into the room, Mr. Barnabas introduced him to the stranger, who was, he told him, a bookseller, and would be as likely to deal with him for his sermons as any man whatever. Adams, saluting the stranger, answered Barnabas, that he was very much obliged to him; that nothing could be more convenient, for he had no other business to the

great city, and was heartily desirous of returning with the young man, who was just recovered of his misfortune. He then snapped his fingers, (as was usual with him,) and took two or three turns about the room in an ecstacy. And to induce the bookseller to be as expeditious as possible, as likewise to offer him a better price for his commodity, he assured them their meeting was extremely lucky to himself; for that he had the most pressing occasion for money at that time, his own being almost spent, and having a friend then, in the same inn, who was just recovered from some wounds he had received from robbers, and was in a most indigent condition. — "So that nothing," says he, "could be so opportune, for the supplying both our necessities, as my making an immediate bargain with you."

As soon as he had seated himself, the stranger began in these words: "Sir, I do not care absolutely to deny engaging in what my friend Mr. Barnabas recommends; but sermons are mere drugs. The trade is so vastly stocked with them, that really, unless they come out with the name of Whitefield or Wesley, or some other such great man, as a bishop, or those sort of people, I don't care to touch; unless now it was a sermon preached on the 30th of January; or we could say in the title-page, Published at the earnest request of the congregation, or the inhabitants; but, truly, for a dry piece of sermons, I had rather be excused; especially as my hands are so full at present. However, sir, as Mr. Barnabas mentioned them to me, I will, if you please, take the manuscript with me to town, and send you my opinion of it in a very short time."

"O!" said Adams, "if you desire it, I will read two or three discourses as a specimen." This, Barnabas, who loved sermons no better than a grocer doth figs, immediately objected to, and advised Adams to let the bookseller have his sermons; telling him, "If he gave him a direction, he might be certain of a speedy answer:" adding, he need not scruple trusting them in his possession. "No," said the bookseller, "if it was a play that had been acted twenty nights together, I believe it would be safe."

Adams did not at all relish the last expression; he said, he

was sorry to hear sermons compared to plays. "Not by me, I assure you," cried the bookseller, "though I don't know whether the licensing act may not shortly bring them to the same footing; but I have formerly known a hundred guineas given for a play."—"More shame for those who gave it," cried Barnabas. "Why so?" said the bookseller, "for they got hundreds by it."—"But is there no difference between conveying good or ill instruction to mankind?" said Adams: "Would not an honest mind rather lose money by the one than gain it by the other?"—"If you can find any such, I will not be their hindrance," answered the bookseller; "but I think those persons who get by preaching sermons, are the properest to lose by printing them: for my part, the copy that sells best, will be always the best copy in my opinion; I am no enemy to sermons, but because they don't sell: for I would as soon print one of Whitefield's, as any farce whatever."

"Whoever prints such heterodox stuff ought to be hang'd," says Barnabas. "Sir," said he, turning to Adams, "this fellow's writings, (I know not whether you have seen them,) are levelled at the clergy. He would reduce us to the example of the primitive ages, forsooth! and would insinuate to the people, that a clergyman ought to be always preaching and praying. He pretends to understand the Scripture literally; and would make mankind believe, that the poverty and low estate, which was recommended to the church in its infancy, and was only temporary doctrine adapted to her under persecution, was to be preserved in her flourishing and established state. Sir, the principles of Toland, Woolston, and all the free-thinkers, are not calculated to do half the mischief, as those professed by this fellow and his followers."

"Sir," answered Adams, "if Mr. Whitefield had carried his doctrine no further than you mention, I should have remained, as I once was, his well-wisher. I am myself as great an enemy to the luxury and splendour of the clergy, as he can be. I do not, more than he, by the flourishing state of the church, understand the palaces, equipages, dress, furniture, rich dainties, and vast fortunes, of her ministers. Surely those things, which savour so strongly of this world, become not the servants of one who professed his kingdom was not of it; but

when he began to call nonsense and enthusiasm to his aid, and set up the detestable doctrine of faith against good works, I was his friend no longer; for surely that doctrine was coined in hell; and one would think none but the devil himself could have the confidence to preach it. For can any thing be more derogatory to the honour of God, than for men to imagine that the all-wise Being will hereafter say to the good and virtuous, 'Notwithstanding the purity of thy life, notwithstanding that constant rule of virtue and goodness, in which thou walkedst upon earth, still as thou didst not believe every thing in the true orthodox manner, thy want of faith shall condemn thee?' Or, on the other side, can any doctrine have a more pernicious influence on society, than a persuasion, that it will be a good plea for the villain, at the last day;—'Lord, it is true I never obeyed one of thy commandments, yet punish me not, for I believe them all?'"—"I suppose, sir," said the bookseller, "your sermons are of a different kind."—"Ay, sir," said Adams; "the contrary, I thank Heaven, is inculcated in almost every page, or I should belie my own opinion, which hath always been, that a virtuous and good Turk or Heathen, are more acceptable in the sight of their Creator, than a vicious and wicked Christian, though his faith was as perfectly orthodox as St. Paul's himself."—"I wish you success," says the bookseller, "but must beg to be excused, as my hands are so very full at present; and, indeed, I am afraid you will find a backwardness in the trade to engage in a book which the clergy would be certain to cry down."—"God forbid," says Adams, "any books should be propagated which the clergy would cry down; but if you mean by the clergy some few designing factious men, who have it at heart to establish some favourite schemes at the price of the liberty of mankind, and the very essence of religion, it is not in the power of such persons to decry any book they please; witness that excellent book called, 'A Plain Account of the Nature and End of the Sacrament;' a book written, (if I may venture on the expression,) with the pen of an angel, and calculated to restore the true use of Christianity, and of that sacred institution; for what could tend more to the noble purposes of religion, than frequent cheerful meetings among the members of a society, in which

they should, in the presence of one another, and in the service of the Supreme Being, make promises of being good, friendly, and benevolent to each other? Now, this excellent book was attacked by a party, but unsuccessfully." At these words, Barnabas fell a-ringing with all the violence imaginable; upon which a servant attending, he bid him bring a bill immediately; for that he was in company, for aught he knew, with the devil himself; and he expected to hear the Alcoran, the Leviathan, or Woolston commended, if he staid a few minutes longer." Adams desired, "as he was so much moved at his mentioning a book, which he did without apprehending any possibility of offence, that he would be so kind to propose any objections he had to it, which he would endeavour to answer."—"I propose objections!" said Barnabas, "I never read a syllable in any such wicked book; I never saw it in my life, I assure you."—Adams was going to answer, when a most hideous uproar began in the inn Mrs. Tow-wouse, Mr. Tow-wouse, and Betty, all lifting up their voices together; but Mrs. Tow-wouse's voice, like a bass-viol in a concert, was clearly and distinctly distinguished among the rest, and was heard to articulate the following sounds:—"O you damned villain! is this the return to all the care I have taken of your family? This the reward of my virtue? Is this the manner in which you behave to one who brought you a fortune, and preferred you to so many matches, all your betters? To abuse my bed, my own bed, with my own servant! but I'll maul the slut, I'll tear her nasty eyes out; was ever such a pitiful dog, to take up with such a mean trollop? If she had been a gentlewoman, like myself, it had been some excuse; but a beggarly, saucy, dirty servant maid! Get you out of my house, you whore." To which she added another name, which we do not care to stain our paper with. It was a monosyllable beginning with a b—, and indeed was the same, as if she had pronounced the words, she-dog. Which term we shall, to avoid offence, use on this occasion, though indeed both the mistress and maid uttered the above mentioned b—, a word extremely disgustful to females of the lower sort. Betty had borne all hitherto with patience, and had uttered only lamentations; but the last appellation stung her to the quick. "I am a woman as well

as yourself," she roared out, "and no she-dog; and if I have been a little naughty, I am not the first; if I have been no better than I should be," cries she, sobbing, "that's no reason you should call me out of my name; my be-betters are wo-rse than me."—"Huzzy, huzzy," says Mrs. Tow-wouse, "have you the impudence to answer me? Did I not catch you, you saucy"—and then again repeated the terrible word so odious to female ears. "I can't bear that name," answered Betty: "if I have been wicked, I am to answer for it myself in the other world; but I have done nothing that's unnatural; and I will go out of your house this moment; for I will never be called 'she-dog' by any mistress in England." Mrs. Tow-wouse then armed herself with the spit, but was prevented from executing any dreadful purpose by Mr. Adams, who confined her arms with the strength of a wrist which Hercules would not have been ashamed of. Mr. Tow-wouse being caught, as our lawyers express, it with the manner, and having no defence to make, very prudently withdrew himself; and Betty committed herself to the protection of the hostler, who, though she could not conceive him pleased with what had happened, was in her opinion, rather a gentler beast than her mistress.

Mrs. Tow-wouse, at the intercession of Mr. Adams, and finding the enemy vanished, began to compose herself, and at length recovered the usual serenity of her temper, in which we will leave her, to open to the reader the steps which led to a catastrophe, common enough, and comical enough too perhaps, in modern history, yet often fatal to the repose and well-being of families, and the subject of many tragedies both in life and on the stage.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The history of Betty the chambermaid, and an account of what occasioned the violent scene in the preceding chapter.

BETTY, who was the occasion of all this flurry, had some good qualities. She had good nature, generosity, and compassion, but unfortunately her constitution was composed of those warm ingredients, which, though the purity of courts or nunneries, might have happily controlled them, were by no

means able to endure the ticklish situation of a chambermaid at an inn, who is daily liable to the solicitations of lovers of all complexions; to the dangerous addresses of fine gentlemen of the army, who sometimes are obliged to reside with them a whole year together; and, above all, are exposed to the caresses of footmen, stage-coachmen, and drawers; all of whom employ the whole artillery of kissing, flattering, bribing, and every other weapon which is to be found in the whole armoury of love, against them.

Betty, who was but one-and-twenty, had now lived three years in this dangerous situation, during which she had escaped pretty well. An ensign of foot was the first person who made an impression on her heart; he did indeed raise a flame in her, which required the care of a surgeon to cool.

While she burnt for him, several others burnt for her. Officers of the army, young gentlemen travelling the western circuit, inoffensive squires, and some of graver character, were set afire by her charms!

At length, having perfectly recovered the effects of her first unhappy passion, she seemed to have vowed a state of perpetual chastity. She was long deaf to all the sufferings of her lovers, till one day, at a neighbouring fair, the rhetoric of John the hostler, with a new straw hat, and a pint of wine, made a second conquest over her.

She did not, however, feel any of those flames on this occasion, which had been the consequence of her former amour; nor indeed those other ill effects, which prudent young women very justly apprehend from too absolute an indulgence to the pressing endearments of their lovers. This latter, perhaps, was a little owing to her not being entirely constant to John, with whom she permitted Tom Whipwell the stage-coachman, and now and then a handsome young traveller, to share her favours.

Mr. Tow-wouse had for some time cast the languishing eyes of affection on this young maiden. He had laid hold on every opportunity of saying tender things to her, squeezing her by the hand, and sometimes kissing her lips: for as the violence of his passion had considerably abated to Mrs. Tow-wouse, so, like water which is stopped from its usual current

in one place, it naturally sought a vent in another. Mrs. Tow-wouse is thought to have perceived this abatement, and probably it added very little to the natural sweetness of her temper; for though she was as true to her husband as the dial to the sun, she was rather more desirous of being shone on, as being more capable of feeling his warmth.

Ever since Joseph's arrival, Betty had conceived an extraordinary liking to him, which discovered itself more and more, as he grew better and better; till that fatal evening, when, as she was warming his bed, her passion grew to such a height, and so perfectly mastered both her modesty and her reason, that, after many fruitless hints and sly insinuations, she at last threw down the warming-pan, and, embracing him with great eagerness, swore he was the handsomest creature she had ever seen.

Joseph in great confusion leapt from her, and told her, he was sorry to see a young woman cast off all regard to modesty; but she had gone too far to recede, and grew so very indecent that Joseph was obliged, contrary to his inclination, to use some violence to her; and, taking her in his arms, he shut her out of the room, and locked the door.

How ought man to rejoice, that his chastity is always in his own power; that if he hath sufficient strength of mind, he hath always a competent strength of body to defend himself, and cannot, like a poor weak woman, be ravished against his will!

Betty was in the most violent agitation at this disappointment. Rage and lust pulled her heart, as with two strings, two different ways; one moment she thought of stabbing Joseph; the next, of taking him in her arms, and devouring him with kisses; but the latter passion was far more prevalent. Then she thought of revenging his refusal on herself; but whilst she was engaged in this meditation, happily death presented himself to her in so many shapes of drowning, hanging, poisoning, &c. that her distracted mind could resolve on none. In this perturbation of spirit, it accidentally occurred to her memory, that her master's bed was not made; she therefore went directly to his room: where he happened at that time to be engaged at his bureau. As soon as she saw him, she attempted to retire; but he called her back, and taking her by the hand,

squeezed her so tenderly, at the same time whispering so many soft things into her ears, and then pressed her so closely with kisses, that the vanquished fair one, whose passions were already raised, and which were not so whimsically capricious that one man only could lay them, though, perhaps, she would have rather preferred that one; the vanquished fair one quietly submitted, I say, to her master's will, who had just attained the accomplishment of his bliss, when Mrs. Tow-wouse unexpectedly entered the room, and caused all that confusion which we have before seen, and which is not necessary, at present to take any farther notice of; since without the assistance of a single hint from us, every reader of any speculation, or experience, though not married himself, may easily conjecture, that it concluded with the discharge of Betty, the submission of Mr. Tow-wouse, with some things to be performed on his side by way of gratitude for his wife's goodness in being reconciled to him, with many hearty promises never to offend any more in the like manner; and lastly, his quietly and contentedly bearing to be reminded of his trangressions, as a kind of penance, once or twice a day, during the residue of his life.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

Of divisions in authors.

THERE are certain mysteries or secrets in all trades, from the highest to the lowest; from that of prime ministering, to this of authoring, which are seldom discovered, unless to members of the same calling. Among those used by us, gentlemen of the latter occupation, I take this of dividing our works into Books and Chapters, to be none of the least considerable. Now, for want of being truly acquainted with this secret, common readers imagine, that by this art of dividing, we mean only to swell our works to a much larger bulk than they would otherwise be extended to. These several places therefore in our paper, which are filled with our books and chapters, are understood as so much buckram stays, and stay-tape in a

tailor's bill, serving only to make up the sum total, commonly found at the bottom of our first page, and of his last.

But in reality the case is otherwise, and in this, as well as in all other instances, we consult the advantage of our reader, not our own; and indeed many notable uses arise to him from this method: for, first, those little spaces between our chapters may be looked upon as an inn or resting-place where he may stop and take a glass, or any other refreshment, as it pleases him. Nay, our fine readers will, perhaps, be scarce able to travel farther than through one of them in a day. As to those vacant pages which are placed between our books, they are to be regarded as those stages, where, in long journeys, the traveller stays some time to repose himself, and consider of what he hath seen in the parts he hath already passed through: a consideration which I take the liberty to recommend a little to the reader; for however swift his capacity may be, I would not advise him to travel through these pages too fast: for if he doth, he may probably miss the seeing some curious productions of nature which will be observed by the slower and more accurate reader. A volume without any such places of rest, resembles the opening of wilds or seas, which tires the eye and fatigues the spirit when entered upon.

Secondly, what are the contents prefixed to every chapter, but so many inscriptions over the gates of inns, (to continue some metaphor,) informing the reader what entertainment he is to expect, which, if he like not, he may travel on to the next: for, in biography, as we are not tied down to an exact concatenation equally with other historians; so a chapter or two, (for instance, this I am now writing,) may be often passed over without any injury to the whole. And in these inscriptions I have been as faithful as possible, not imitating the celebrated Montaigne, who promises you one thing and gives you another: nor some title-page authors, who promise a great deal and produce nothing at all.

There are, besides these more obvious benefits, several others which our readers enjoy from this art of dividing: though perhaps most of them too mysterious to be presently understood by any who are not initiated into the science of authoring. To mention therefore but one which is most obvious, it prevents

spoiling the beauty of a book by turning down its leaves, a method otherwise necessary to those readers who, (though they read with great improvement and advantage,) are apt, when they return to their study, after half an hour's absence, to forget where they left off.

These divisions have the sanction of great antiquity. Homer not only divided his great work into twenty-four books, (in compliment perhaps to the twenty-four letters, to which he had very particular obligations,) but, according to the opinion of some very sagacious critics, hawked them all separately, delivering only one book at a time, (probably by subscription.) He was the first inventor of the art which hath so long lain dormant, of publishing by numbers; an art now brought to such perfection, that even dictionaries are divided and exhibited piece-meal to the public; nay, one bookseller hath, (to encourage learning and ease the public,) contrived to give them a dictionary in this manner, for only fifteen shillings more than it would have cost entire.

Virgil hath given us his poem in twelve books, an argument of his modesty; for by that, doubtless, he would insinuate that he pretends to no more than half the merit of the Greeks; for the same reason, our Milton went originally no farther than ten; till being puffed up by the praise of his friends, he put himself on the same footing with the Roman poet.

I shall not however enter so deep into this matter as some very learned critics have done; who have, with infinite labour and acute discernment, discovered what books are proper for embellishment, and what require simplicity only, particularly with regard to similes, which I think are now generally agreed to become any book but the first.

I will dismiss this chapter with the following observation; that it becomes an author generally to divide a book, as it does a butcher to joint his meat, for such assistance is of great help to both the reader and the carver. And now, having indulged myself a little, I will endeavour to indulge the curiosity of my reader, who is no doubt impatient to know what he will find in the subsequent chapters of this book.

CHAPTER II.

A surprising instance of Mr. Adams's short memory, with the unfortunate consequences which it brought on Joseph.

Mr. Adams and Joseph were now ready to depart different ways, when an accident determined the former to return with his friend, which Tow-wouse, Barnabas, and the bookseller had not been able to do. This accident was, that those sermons, which the parson was travelling to London to publish, were, O my good reader! left behind; what he had mistaken for them in the saddlebags being no other than three shirts, a pair of shoes, and some other necessaries, which Mrs. Adams, who thought her husband would want shirts more than sermons on his journey, had carefully provided him.

This discovery was now luckily owing to the presence of Joseph at the opening the saddlebags; who having heard his friend say he carried with him nine volumes of sermons, and not being of that sect of philosophers who can reduce all the matter of the world into a nut-shell, seeing there was no room for them in the bags, where the parson had said they were deposited, had the curiosity to cry out, "Bless me sir, where are your sermons?" The parson answered, "There, there, child: there they are, under my shirts." Now it happened that he had taken forth his last shirt, and the vehicle remained visibly empty. "Sure, sir," says Joseph, "there is nothing in the bags." Upon which Adams starting, and testifying some surprise, cried, "Hey! fie, fie upon it! they are not here, sure enough. Ay, they are certainly left behind!"

Joseph was greatly concerned at the uneasiness which he apprehended his friend must feel from this disappointment; he begged him to pursue his journey, and promised he would himself return with the books to him with the utmost expedition. "No, thank you, child," answered Adams, "it shall not be so. What would it avail me, to tarry in the great city, unless I had my discourses with me, which are, *ut ita dicam*, the sole cause, the *aitia monotate* of my peregrination? No, child, as this accident hath happened, I am resolved to return back to my cure, together with you; which indeed my inclination sufficiently leads me to. This disappointment may perhaps be

intended for my good." He concluded with a verse out of Theocritus, which signifies no more than, That sometimes it rains, and sometimes the sun shines.

Joseph bowed with obedience and thankfulness for the inclination which the parson expressed of returning with him; and now the bill was called for, which, on examination, amounted within a shilling to the sum Mr. Adams had in his pocket. Perhaps the reader may wonder how he was able to produce a sufficient sum for so many days; that he may not be surprised therefore, it cannot be unnecessary to acquaint him that he had borrowed a guinea of a servant belonging to the coach and six, who had been formerly one of his parishioners, and whose master, the owner of the coach, then lived within three miles of him; for so good was the credit of Mr. Adams, that even Mr. Peter, the lady Booby's steward, would have lent him a guinea with very little security.

Mr. Adams discharged the bill, and they were both setting out, having agreed to ride and tie; a method of travelling much used by persons who have but one horse between them, and is thus performed. The two travellers set out together, one on horseback, the other on foot; now, as it generally happens that he on horseback out-goes him on foot, the custom is, that when he arrives at the distance agreed on, he is to dismount, tie the horse to some gate, tree, post, or other thing, and then proceed on foot; when the other comes up to the horse, unties him, mounts, and gallops on, till, having passed by his fellow-traveller, he likewise arrives at the place of tying. And this is that method of travelling so much in use among our prudent ancestors, who knew that horses had mouths as well as legs, and that they could not use the latter without being at the expense of suffering the beasts themselves to use the former. This was the method in use in those days, when, instead of a coach and six, a member of parliament's lady used to mount a pillion behind her husband: and a grave serjeant at law condescended to amble to Westminster on an easy pad, with his clerk kicking his heels behind him.

Adams was now gone some minutes, having insisted on Joseph's beginning the journey on horseback, and Joseph had his foot in the stirrup, when the hostler presented him a bill

for the horse's board during his residence at the inn. Joseph said Mr. Adams had paid all; but this matter being referred to Mr. Tow-wouse, was by him decided in favor of the hostler, and indeed with truth and justice; for this was a fresh instance of that shortness of memory which did not arise from want of parts, but that continual hurry in which Parson Adams was always involved.

Joseph was now reduced to a dilemma which extremely puzzled him. The sum due for horse-meat was twelve shillings, (for Adams, who had borrowed the beast of his clerk, had ordered him to be fed as well as they could feed him,) and the cash in his pocket amounted to sixpence, (for Adams had divided the last shilling with him.) Now, though there have been some ingenious persons who have contrived to pay twelve shillings with sixpence, Joseph was not one of them. He had never contracted a debt in his life, and was consequently the less ready at an expedient to extricate himself. Tow-wouse was willing to give him credit till next time, to which Mrs. Tow-wouse would probably have consented, (for such was Joseph's beauty, that it had made some impression even on that piece of flint which that good woman wore in her bosom by way of heart.) Joseph would have found therefore, very likely, the passage free, had he not, when he honestly discovered the nakedness of his pockets, pulled out that little piece of gold which we have mentioned before. This caused Mrs. Tow-wouse's eyes to water; she told Joseph, she did not conceive a man could want money whilst he had gold in his pocket. Joseph answered, he had such a value for that little piece of gold, that he would not part with it for a hundred times the riches which the greatest esquire in the country was worth. "A pretty way, indeed," said Mrs. Tow-wouse, "to run in debt, and then refuse to part with your money, because you have a value for it. I never knew any piece of gold of more value than as many shillings as it would change for." — "Not to preserve my life from starving, nor to redeem it from a robber, would I part with this dear piece!" answered Joseph. "What," says Mrs. Tow-wouse, "I suppose it was given to you by some vile trollop, some miss or other; if it had been the present of a virtuous woman, you would not have had such

a value for it. My husband is a fool if he parts the horse without being paid for him."—"No, no, I can't part with the horse, indeed, till I have the money," cried Tow-wouse. A resolution highly commended by a lawyer then in the yard, who declared Mr. Tow-wouse might justify the detainer.

As we cannot therefore at present get Mr. Joseph out of the inn, we shall leave him in it, and carry our reader on after Parson Adams, who, his mind being perfectly at ease, fell into a contemplation on a passage in Æschylus, which entertained him for three miles together, without suffering him once to reflect on his fellow-traveller.

At length, having spun out his thread, and being now at the summit of a hill, he cast his eyes backwards, and wondered that he could not see any sign of Joseph. As he left him ready to mount the horse, he could not apprehend any mischief had happened, neither could he suspect that he missed his way, it being so broad and plain; the only reason which presented itself to him was, that he had met with an acquaintance who had prevailed with him to delay some time in discourse.

He therefore resolved to proceed slowly forwards, not doubting but that he should be shortly overtaken; and soon came to a large water, which, filling the whole road, he saw no method of passing unless by wading through, which he accordingly did up to his middle; but was no sooner got to the other side than he perceived, if he had looked over the hedge, he would have found a foot-path capable of conducting him without wetting his shoes.

His surprise at Joseph's not coming up grew now very troublesome: he began to fear he knew not what; and as he determined to move no farther, and, if he did not shortly overtake him, to return back, he wished to find a house of public entertainment, where he might dry his clothes, and refresh himself with a pint; but seeing no such, (for no other reason than because he did not cast his eyes a hundred yards forwards,) he sat himself down on a stile, and pulled out his Æschylus.

A fellow passing presently by, Adams asked him if he could direct him to an alehouse. The fellow, who had just left it, and perceived the house and sign to be within sight, thinking he had jeered him, and being of a morose temper, bade him

"follow his nose and be d—n'd." Adams told him he was a saucy jackanapes; upon which the fellow turned about angrily; but perceiving Adams clench his fist, he thought proper to go on without taking any further notice.

A horseman following immediately after, and being asked the same question, answered, "Friend, there is one within a stone's throw; I believe you may see it before you." Adams, lifting up his eyes, cried, "I protest, and so there is;" and thanking his informer, proceeded directly to it.

CHAPTER III.

The opinion of two lawyers concerning the same gentleman, with Mr. Adams's inquiry into the religion of his host.

He had just entered the house, had called for his pint, and seated himself, when two horsemen came to the door, and fastening their horses to the rails, alighted. They said there was a violent shower of rain coming on, which they intended to weather there, and went into a little room by themselves, not perceiving Mr. Adams.

One of these immediately asked the other, "If he had seen a more comical adventure in a great while?" Upon which the other said, "He doubted whether, by law, the landlord could justify detaining the horse for his corn and hay." But the former answered, "Undoubtedly he can; it is an adjudged case, and I have known it tried."

Adams, who, though he was, as the reader may suspect, a little inclined to forgetfulness, never wanted more than a hint to remind him, overhearing their discourse, immediately suggested to himself that this was his own horse, and that he had forgot to pay for him, which, upon inquiry, he was certified of by the gentleman; who added, that the horse was likely to have more rest than food, unless he was paid for.

The poor parson resolved to return presently to the inn, though he knew no more than Joseph how to procure his horse his liberty; he was, however, prevailed on to stay under covert, till the shower, which was now very violent, was over.

The three travellers then sat down together over a mug of

good beer; when Adams, who had observed a gentleman's house as he passed along the road, inquired to whom it belonged; one of the horsemen had no sooner mentioned the owner's name, than the other began to revile him in the most opprobrious terms. The English language scarce affords a single reproachful word, which he did not vent on this occasion. He charged him likewise with many particular facts. He said, — "He no more regarded a field of wheat when he was hunting, than he did the highway; that he had injured several poor farmers by trampling their corn under his horse's heels; and if any of them begged him with the utmost submission to refrain, his horsewhip was always ready to do them justice." He said, "That he was the greatest tyrant to the neighbours in every other instance, and would not suffer a farmer to keep a gun, though he might justify it by law; and in his own family so cruel a master, that he never kept a servant a twelvemonth. In his capacity as a justice," continued he, "he behaves so partially, that he commits or acquits just as he is in the humour, without any regard to truth or evidence; the devil may carry any one before him for me; I would rather be tried before some judges, than be a prosecutor before him: if I had an estate in the neighbourhood, I would sell it for half the value rather than live near him."

Adams shook his head, and said, "He was sorry such men were suffered to proceed with impunity, and that riches could set any man above the law." The reviler, a little after, retiring into the yard, the gentleman who has first mentioned his name to Adams began to assure him, "that his companion was a prejudiced person. It is true," says he, "perhaps, that he may have sometimes pursued his game over a field of corn, but he hath always made the party ample satisfaction; that so far from tyrannizing over his neighbours, or taking away their guns, he himself knew several farmers not qualified, who not only kept guns, but killed game with them; that he was the best of masters to his servants, and several of them had grown old in his service; that he was the best justice of peace in the kingdom, and, to his certain knowledge, had decided many difficult points, which were referred to him, with the greatest equity, and the highest wisdom; and he verily believed several

persons would give a year's purchase more for an estate near him, than under the wings of any other great man." He had just finished his encomium, when his companion returned, and acquainted him the storm was over. Upon which they presently mounted their horses and departed.

Adams, who was in the utmost anxiety at those different characters of the same person, asked his host if he knew the gentleman; for he began to imagine they had by mistake been speaking of two several gentlemen. "No, no, master," answered the host, (a shrewd, cunning fellow,) "I know the gentleman very well of whom they have been speaking, as I do the gentlemen who spoke of him. As for riding over other men's corn, to my knowledge he hath not been on horseback these two years. I never heard he did any injury of that kind; and as to making reparation, he is not so free of his money as that comes to, neither. Nor did I ever hear of his taking away any man's gun; nay, I know several who have guns in their houses; but as for killing game with them, no man is stricter; and I believe he would ruin any who did. You heard one of the gentlemen say, he was the worst master in the world, and the other that he is the best; but for my own part, I know all his servants, and never heard from any of them, that he was either one or the other."—"Ay! ay!" says Adams; "and how doth he behave as a justice, pray?"—"Faith, friend," answered the host, "I question whether he is in the commission; the only cause I have heard he hath decided a great while, was one between those very two persons who just went out of this house; and I am sure he determined that justly, for I heard the whole matter."—"Which did he decide it in favour of?" quoth Adams. "I think I need not answer that question," cried the host, "after the different characters you have heard of him.—It is not my business to contradict gentlemen, while they are drinking in my house; but I knew neither of them spoke a syllable of truth." "God forbid!" said Adams, "that men should arrive at such a pitch of wickedness to belie the character of their neighbour from a little private affection, or, what is infinitely worse, a private spite. I rather believe we have mistaken them, and they mean two other persons; for there are many houses on the road."—

"Why, pr'ythee, friend," cries the host, "dost thou pretend never to have told a lie in thy life?"—"Never a malicious one, I am certain," answered Adams, "nor with a design to injure the reputation of any man living."—"Pugh! malicious! no, no," replied the host, "not malicious with a design to hang a man, or bring him into trouble! but surely, out of love to one's self, one must speak better of a friend than an enemy."—"Out of love to yourself, you should confine yourself to truth," says Adams, "for by doing otherwise you injure the noblest part of yourself, your immortal soul. I can hardly believe any man such an idiot to risk the loss of that by any trifling gain, and the greatest gain in this world is but dirt in comparison of what shall be revealed hereafter." Upon which the host, taking up the cup, with a smile, drank a health to hereafter; adding, he was for something present.—"Why," says Adams, very gravely, "do not you believe in another world?" To which the host answered, "Yes; he was no atheist."—"And you believe you have an immortal soul?" cries Adams.—He answered, "God forbid he should not."—"And heaven and hell?" said the parson. The host then bid him, "not to profane; for those were things not to be mentioned nor thought of but in church." Adams asked him, "why he went to church, if what he learned there had no influence on his conduct in life?"—"I go to church," answered the host, "to say my prayers and behave godly."—"And dost not thou," cried Adams, "believe what thou hearest at church?"—"Most part of it, master," returned the host. "And dost not thou then tremble," cries Adams, "at the thought of eternal punishment?"—"As for that, master," said he, "I never once thought about it; but what signifies talking about matters so far off? The mug is out, shall I draw another?"

Whilst he was going for that purpose, a stage-coach drove up to the door. The coachman coming into the house, was asked by the mistress, what passengers he had in his coach: "A parcel of squinny-gut b—s," says he: "I have a good mind to overturn them: you won't prevail upon them to drink any thing, I assure you." Adams asked him, "if he had not seen a young man on horse-back on the road," describing

Joseph. "Ay," said the coachman, "a gentlewoman in my coach that is his acquaintance redeemed him and his horse: he would have been here before this time, had not the storm driven him to shelter." "God bless her," said Adams in a rapture: nor could he delay walking out to satisfy himself who this charitable woman was; but what was his surprise when he saw his old acquaintance madam Slipslop? Hers indeed was not so great, because she had been informed by Joseph that he was on the road. Very civil were the salutations on both sides; and Mrs. Slipslop rebuked the hostess for denying the gentleman to be there when she asked for him; but indeed the poor woman had not erred designedly; for Mrs. Slipslop asked for a clergyman, and she had unhappily mistaken Adams for a person travelling to a neighbouring fair with the thimble and button, or some other such operation; for he marched in a swingeing great but short white coat with black buttons, a short wig and a hat, which, so far from having a black hat-band, had nothing black about it.

Joseph was now come up, and Mrs. Slipslop would have had him quit his horse to the parson, and come himself into the coach; but he absolutely refused, saying, he thanked Heaven he was well enough recovered to be very able to ride; and added, he hoped he knew his duty better than to ride in a coach, while Mr. Adams was on horseback.

Mrs. Slipslop would have persisted longer, had not a lady in the coach put a short end to the dispute, by refusing to suffer a fellow in a livery to ride in the same coach with herself; so it was at length agreed that Adams should fill the vacant place in the coach, and Joseph should proceed on horseback.

They had not proceeded far before Mrs Slipslop, addressing herself to the parson, spoke thus: "There hath been a strange alteration in our family, Mr. Adams, since Sir Thomas's death." —"A strange alteration indeed!" says Adams, "as I gather from some hints which have dropped from Joseph."—"Ay," says she, "I could never have believed it; but the longer one lives in the world, the more one sees. So Joseph hath given you hints."—"But of what nature, will always remain a perfect secret with me," cries the parson: "he forced me to promise, before he would communicate any thing. I am indeed

concerned to find her ladyship behave in so unbecoming a manner. I always thought her in the main a good lady, and should never have suspected her of thoughts so unworthy a Christian, and with a young lad her own servant." — "These things are no secrets to me, I assure you," cries Slipslop, "and I believe they will be none any where shortly: for ever since the boy's departure, she hath behaved more like a mad woman than any thing else." — "Truly, I am heartily concerned," said Adams, "for she was a good sort of a lady. Indeed, I have often wished she had attended a little more constantly at the service, but she hath done a great deal of good in the parish." — "O, Mr. Adams," says Slipslop, "people that don't see at all, often know nothing. Many things have been given away in our family, I do assure you, without her knowledge. I have heard you say in the pulpit we ought not to brag; but indeed I can't avoid saying, if she had kept the keys herself, the poor would have wanted many a cordial which I have let them have. As for my late master, he was as worthy a man as ever lived, and would have done infinite good if he had not been controlled; but he loved a quiet life, Heavens rest his soul! I am confidous he is there, and enjoys a quiet life, which some folks would not allow him here." Adams answered, "He had never heard this before, and was mistaken if she herself," (for he remembered she used to commend her mistress and blame her master,) "had not formerly been of another opinion." — "I don't know," replied she, "what I might once think; but now I am confidous matters are as I tell you; the world will shortly see who hath been deceived; for my part I say nothing, but that it is wondersome how some people can carry all things with a grave face."

Thus Mr. Adams and she discoursed, till they came opposite to a great house, which stood at some distance from the road: a lady in the coach spying it, cried, "Yonder lives the unfortunate Leonora, if one can justly call a woman unfortunate whom we must own at the same time guilty, and the author of her own calamity." This was abundantly sufficient to awaken the curiosity of Mr. Adams, as indeed it did that of the whole company, who jointly solicited the lady to acquaint them with

Leonora's history, since it seemed, by what she had said, to contain something remarkable.

The lady, who was perfectly well-bred, did not require many entreaties, and having only wished their entertainment might make amends for the company's attention, she began in the following manner.

CHAPTER IV.

The history of Leonora, or the unfortunate jilt.

LEONORA was the daughter of a gentleman of fortune; she was tall and well shaped, with a sprightliness in her countenance, which often attracts beyond more regular features joined with an insipid air: nor is this kind of beauty less apt to deceive than allure; the good-humour which it indicates being often mistaken for good-nature, and the vivacity for true understanding.

Leonora, who was now at the age of eighteen, lived with an aunt of hers in a town in the north of England. She was an extreme lover of gayety; and very rarely missed a ball, or any other public assembly; where she had frequent opportunities of satisfying a greedy appetite of vanity, with the preference which was given her by the men to almost every other woman present.

Among many young fellows who were particular in their gallantries towards her, Horatio soon distinguished himself in her eyes beyond all his competitors; she danced with more than ordinary gayety when he happened to be her partner; neither the fairness of the evening, nor the music of the nightingale, could lengthen her walk like his company. She affected no longer to understand the civilities of others; whilst she inclined so attentive an ear to every compliment of Horatio, that she often smiled even when it was too delicate for her comprehension.

"Pray, madam," says Adams, "who was this squire Horatio?"

Horatio, says the lady, was a young gentleman of a good family, bred to the law, and had been some few years called to the degree of a barrister. His face and person were such as the generality allowed handsome; but he had a dignity in his air very rarely to be seen. His temper was of the saturnine

complexion, and without the least taint of moroseness. He had wit and humour, with an inclination to satire, which he indulged rather too much.

This gentleman, who had contracted the most violent passion for Leonora, was the last person who perceived the probability of its success. The whole town had made the match for him, before he himself had drawn a confidence from her actions sufficient to mention his passion to her; for it was his opinion, (and perhaps he was there in the right,) that it is highly impolitic to talk seriously of love to a woman, before you have made such a progress in her affections, that she herself expects and desires to hear it.

But whatever diffidence the fears of a lover may create, which are apt to magnify every favour conferred on a rival, and to see the little advances towards themselves through the other end of the perspective; it was impossible that Horatio's passion should so blind his disappointment as to prevent his conceiving hopes from the behaviour of Leonora, whose fondness for him was now as visible to an indifferent person in their company, as his for her.

"I never knew any of these forward sluts come to good," (says the lady who refused Joseph's entrance into the coach,) "nor shall I wonder at any thing she doth in the sequel."

The lady proceeded in her story thus: It was in the midst of a gay conversation in the walks one evening, when Horatio whispered Leonora, that he was desirous to take a turn or two with her in private; for that he had something to communicate to her of great consequence. "Are you sure it is of consequence?" said she, smiling. "I hope," answered he, "you will think so too, since the whole future happiness of my life must depend on the event."

Leonora, who very much suspected what was coming, would have deferred it till another time; but Horatio, who had more than half conquered the difficulty of speaking by the first motion, was so very importunate, that she at last yielded, and, leaving the rest of the company, they turned aside into an unfrequented walk.

They had retired far out of the sight of the company, both maintaining a strict silence. At last Horatio made a full stop,

and taking Leonora, who stood pale and trembling, gently by the hand, he fetched a deep sigh, and then, looking on her eyes with all the tenderness imaginable, he cried out in a faltering accent; "O Leonora! is it necessary for me to declare to you on what the future happiness of my life must be founded? Must I say, there is something belonging to you which is a bar to my happiness, and which unless you will part with, I must be miserable!"—"What can that be?" replied Leonora. "No wonder," said he, "you are surprised that I should make an objection to any thing which is yours; yet sure you may guess, since it is the only one which the riches of the world, if they were mine, should purchase of me. Oh, it is that which you must part with to bestow all the rest! Can Leonora, or rather will she doubt longer? Let me, then, whisper it in her ears. — It is your name, madam. It is by parting with that, by your condescending to be forever mine, which must at once prevent me from being the most miserable, and will render me the happiest of mankind."

Leonora, covered with blushes, and with as angry a look as she could possibly put on, told him, "that had she suspected what his declaration would have been, he should not have decoyed her from her company, that he had so surprised and frightened her, that she begged him to convey her back as quick as possible;" which he, trembling very near as much as herself, did. "More fool he," cried Slipslop: "it is a sign he knew very little of our sect."—"Truly, madam," said Adams, "I think you are in the right: I should have insisted to know a piece of her mind, when I had carried matters so far." But Mrs. Graveairs desired the lady to omit all such fulsome stuff in her story, for that it made her sick.

Well, then, madam, to be as concise as possible, said the lady, many weeks had not passed after this interview, before Horatio and Leonora were what they call on a good footing together. All ceremonies except the last were now over; the writings were now drawn, and every thing was in the utmost forwardness preparative to the putting Horatio in possession of all his wishes. I will, if you please, repeat you a letter from each of them, which I have got by heart, and which will give you no small idea of their passion on both sides.

Mrs. Graveairs objected to hearing these letters; but being put to the vote, it was carried against her by all the rest in the coach; Parson Adams contending for it with the utmost vehemence.

HORATIO TO LEONORA.

"How vain, most adorable creature, is the pursuit of pleasure in the absence of an object to which the mind is entirely devoted, unless it have some relation to that object! I was last night condemned to the society of men of wit and learning, which, however agreeable it might have formerly been to me, now only gave me a suspicion that they imputed my absence in conversation to the true cause. For which reason, when your engagements forbid me the ecstatic happiness of seeing you, I am always desirous to be alone: since my sentiments for Leonora are so delicate, that I cannot bear the apprehension of another's prying into those delightful endearments with which the warm imagination of a lover will sometimes indulge him, and which I suspect my eyes then betrayed. To fear this discovery of our thoughts, may perhaps appear too ridiculous a nicety to minds not susceptible of all the tenderness of this delicate passion. And surely we shall suspect there are few such, when we consider that it requires every human virtue to exert itself in its full extent; since the beloved, whose happiness it ultimately respects, may give us charming opportunities of being brave in her defence, generous to her wants, compassionate to her afflictions, and grateful to her kindness; and in the same manner of exercising every other virtue, which he who would not do to any degree, and that with the utmost rapture, can never deserve the name of a lover. It is therefore with a view to the delicate modesty of your mind that I cultivate it so purely in my own: and it is that which will sufficiently suggest to you the uneasiness I bear from those liberties, which men, to whom the world allow politeness, will sometimes give themselves on these occasions.

"Can I tell you with what eagerness I expect the arrival of that blessed day, when I shall experience the falsehood of a common assertion, that the greatest human happiness consists in hope? A doctrine which no person had ever stronger reason to believe than myself, at present, since none ever tasted such

bliss as fires my bosom with the thoughts of spending my future days with such a companion, and that every action of my life will have the glorious satisfaction of conducing to your happiness."

LEONORA TO HORATIO.*

"The refinement of your mind has been so evidently proved by every word and action ever since I had first the pleasure of knowing you, that I thought it impossible my good opinion of Horatio could have been heightened to any additional proof of merit. This very thought was my amusement when I received your last letter, which, when I opened, I confess I was surprised to find the delicate sentiments expressed there, so far exceeding what I thought could come even from you, (although I know all the generous principles human nature is capable of, are centered in your breast) that words cannot paint what I feel on the reflection that my happiness shall be the ultimate end of all your actions.

"Oh, Horatio! what a life must that be, where the meanest domestic cares are sweetened by the pleasing consideration, that the man on earth who best deserves, and to whom you are most inclined to give your affections, is to reap either profit or pleasure from all you do? In such a case, toils must be turned into diversions, and nothing but the unavoidable inconveniences of life can make us remember that we are mortal.

"If the solitary turn of your thoughts, and the desire of keeping them undiscovered, makes even the conversation of men of wit and learning tedious to you, what anxious hours must I spend, who am condemned by custom to the conversation of women, whose natural curiosity leads them to pry into all my thoughts, and whose envy can never suffer Horatio's heart to be possessed by any one, without forcing them into malicious designs against the person who is so happy as to possess it?

But, indeed, if ever envy can possibly have any excuse, or even alleviation, it is in this case, where the good is so great, that it must be equally natural to all to wish for it for themselves; nor am I ashamed to own it: and to your merit, Horatio, I am obliged: that prevents my being in that most

* This letter was written by a young lady on reading the former

uneasy of all the situations I can figure in my imagination, of being led by inclination to love the person whom my own judgment forces me to condemn."

Matters were in so great forwardness between this fond couple, that the day was fixed for their marriage, and was now within a fortnight, when the sessions chanced to be held for that county in a town about twenty miles distance from that which is the scene of our story. It seems, it is usual for the young gentlemen of the bar to repair to these sessions, not so much for the sake of profit, as to show their parts, and learn the law of the justices of peace; for which purpose one of the wisest and gravest of all the justices is appointed speaker, or chairman as they modestly call it, and he reads them a lecture, and instructs them in the true knowledge of the law.

"You are here guilty of a little mistake," says Adams, "which if you please I will correct: I have attended at one of these quarter-sessions, where I observed the counsel taught the justices instead of learning any thing of them."

It is not very material, said the lady. Hither repaired Horatio, who, as he hoped by his profession to advance his fortune, which was not at present very large, for the sake of his dear Leonora, he resolved to spare no pains, nor lose any opportunity of improving or advancing himself in it.

The same afternoon in which he left the town, as Leonora stood at her window, a coach and six passed by, which she declared to be the completest, genteelest, prettiest equipage she ever saw; adding these remarkable words, "O, I am in love with that equipage;" which, though her friend Florella at that time did not greatly regard, she hath since remembered.

In the evening an assembly was held, which Leonora honoured with her company: but intended to pay her Horatio the compliment of refusing to dance in his absence.

O, why have not women as good resolution to maintain their vows, as they have often good inclinations in making them!

The gentleman who owned the coach and six came to the assembly. His clothes were as remarkably fine as his equipage could be. He soon attracted the eyes of the company; all the smarts, all the silk waistcoats with silver and gold edgings, were eclipsed in an instant.

"Madam," said Adams, "if it be not impertinent, I should be glad to know how this gentleman was drest."

Sir, answered the lady, I have been told he had on a cut velvet coat of a cinnamon colour, lined with a pink satin, embroidered all over with gold; his waistcoat, which was cloth of silver, was embroidered with gold likewise. I cannot be particular as to the rest of his dress; but it was all in the French fashion, for Bellarmine, (that was his name,) was just arrived from Paris.

This fine figure did not more entirely engage the eyes of every lady in the assembly, than Leonora did his. He had scarce beheld her, but he stood motionless, and fixed as a statue, or at least would have done so if good-breeding had permitted him. However, he carried it so far, before he had power to correct himself, that every person in the room easily discovered where his admiration was settled. The other ladies began to single out their former partners, all perceiving who would be Bellarmine's choice; which they, however, endeavoured by all possible means to prevent: many of them saying to Leonora, "O madam! I suppose we shan't have the pleasure of seeing you dance to-night;" and then crying out in Bellarmine's hearing, "O! Leonora will not dance I assure you, her partner is not here." One maliciously attempted to prevent her, by sending a disagreeable fellow to ask her, that so she might be obliged to dance with him or sit down; but this scheme proved abortive.

Leonora saw herself admired by the fine stranger, and envied by every woman present. Her little heart began to flutter within her, and her head was agitated with a convulsive motion: she seemed as if she would speak to several of her acquaintance, but had nothing to say: for as she could not mention her present triumph, so she could not disengage her thoughts one moment from the contemplation of it. She had never tasted any thing like this happiness. She had before known what it was to torment a single woman; but to be hated and secretly cursed by a whole assembly, was a joy reserved for this blessed moment. As this vast profusion of ecstacy had confounded her understanding, so there was nothing so foolish as her behaviour: she played a thousand childish tricks, dis-

torted her person into several shapes, and her face into several laughs, without any reason. In a word, her carriage was as absurd as her desires, which were to affect an insensibility of the stranger's admiration, and at the same time a triumph, from that admiration, over every woman in the room.

In this temper of mind, Bellarmine, having inquired who she was, advanced to her, and with a low bow begged the honour of dancing with her, which she, with as low a curtsey, immediately granted. She danced with him all night, and enjoyed perhaps the highest pleasure that she was capable of feeling.

At these words, Adams fetched a deep groan, which frightened the ladies, who told him, "they hoped he was not ill." He answered, "He groaned only for the folly of Leonora."

Leonora retired, (continued the lady,) about six in the morning, but not to rest; she tumbled and tossed in her bed, with very short intervals of sleep, and those entirely filled with dreams of the equipage and fine clothes she had seen, and the balls, operas, and ridottos, which had been the subject of their conversation.

In the afternoon, Bellarmine, in the dear coach and six, came to wait on her. He was indeed charmed with her person, and was, on inquiry, as well pleased with the circumstances of her father, (for he himself, notwithstanding all his finery, was not quite so rich as a Crœsus or an Attalus.) "Attalus," says Mr. Adams, "but pray how came you acquainted with these names?" The lady smiled at the question, and proceeded. He was so pleased, I say, that he resolved to make his addresses to her directly. He did so accordingly, and that with so much warmth and briskness, that he quickly baffled her weak repulses, and obliged the lady to refer him to her father, who, she knew, would quickly declare in favour of a coach and six.

Thus, what Horatio had by sighs and tears, love and tenderness, been so long obtaining, the French-English Bellarmine with gayety and gallantry possessed himself of in an instant. In other words, what modesty had employed a full year in raising, impudence demolished in twenty-four hours.

Here Adams groaned a second time; but the ladies, who began to smoke him, took no notice.

From the opening of the assembly till the end of Bellarmine's visit, Leonora had scarce once thought of Horatio; but he now began, though an unwelcome guest, to enter into her mind. She wished she had seen the charming Bellarmine and his charming equipage, before matters had gone so far. "Yet why," says she, "should I wish to have seen him before; or what signifies it that I have seen him now? Is not Horatio my lover, almost my husband? Is he not as handsome, nay handsomer, than Bellarmine? Ay, but Bellarmine is the genteeller and the finer man; yes, that he must be allowed. Yes, yes, he is that certainly. But did not I, no longer ago than yesterday, love Horatio more than all the world? Ay, but yesterday I had not seen Bellarmine. But doth not Horatio doat on me, and may he not in despair break his heart if I abandon him? Well, and hath not Bellarmine a heart to break too? Yes, but I promised Horatio first; but that was poor Bellarmine's misfortune; if I had seen him first, I should certainly have preferred him. Did not the dear creature prefer me to every woman in the assembly, when every she was laying out for him? When was it in Horatio's power to give me such an instance of affection? Can he give me an equipage, or any of those things which Bellarmine will make me mistress of? How vast is the difference between being the wife of a poor counsellor, and the wife of one of Bellarmine's fortune! If I marry Horatio, I shall triumph over no more than one rival; but by marrying Bellarmine, I shall be the envy of all my acquaintance.

"What happiness! But can I suffer Horatio to die? for he hath sworn he cannot survive my loss; but perhaps he may not die: if he should, can I prevent it? Must I sacrifice myself to him? besides, Bellarmine may be as miserable for me too." She was thus arguing with herself, when some young ladies called her to the walks, and a little relieved her anxiety for the present.

The next morning Bellarmine breakfasted with her in presence of her aunt, whom he sufficiently informed of his passion for Leonora. He was no sooner withdrawn than the old lady began to advise her niece on this occasion. "You see, child," says she, "what fortune hath thrown in your way: and I hope

you will not withstand your own preferment." Leonora, sighing, begged her not to mention any such thing when she knew her engagements to Horatio. "Engagements to a fig," cried the aunt; "you should thank Heaven on your knees, that you have it yet in your power to break them. Will any woman hesitate a moment, whether she shall ride in a coach or walk on foot all the days of her life? But Bellarmine drives six, and Horatio not even a pair."—"Yes, but madam, what will the world say?" answered Leonora: "will not they condemn me?"—"The world is always on the side of prudence," cries the aunt, "and would surely condemn you if you sacrificed your interest to any motive whatever. O! I know the world very well; and you show your ignorance, my dear, by your objection. O, my conscience! the world is wiser. I have lived longer in it than you; and I assure you there is not any thing worth our regard besides money; nor did I ever know one person who married from other considerations, who did not afterwards heartily repent it. Besides, if we examine the two men, can you prefer a sneaking fellow, who has been bred at the university, to a fine gentleman just come from his travels? All the world must allow Bellarmine to be a fine gentleman, positively a fine gentleman, and a handsome man."—"Perhaps, madam, I should not doubt if I knew how to be handsomely off with the other."—"O! leave that to me," says the aunt. "You know your father hath not been acquainted with the affair. Indeed, for my part I thought it might do well enough, not dreaming of an offer; but I'll disengage you: leave me to give the fellow an answer. I warrant you shall have no farther trouble."

Leonora was at length satisfied with her aunt's reasoning; and Bellarmine supping with her that evening, it was agreed he should the next morning go to her father and propose the match, which she consented should be consummated on his return.

The aunt retired soon after supper, and the lovers being left together, Bellarmine began in the following manner: "Yes," madam; this coat, I assure you, was made at Paris, and I defy the best English tailor even to imitate it. There is not one of them can cut, madam; they can't cut. If you observe

how this skirt is turned, and this sleeve; a clumsy English rascal can do nothing like it. Pray how do you like my liveries?" Leonora answered, "she thought them very pretty."—"All French," says he, "I assure you, except the great-coats; I never trust any thing more than a great-coat to an Englishman. You know one must encourage our own people what one can, especially as before I had a place, I was in the country interest, he, he, he! But for myself, I would see the dirty island at the bottom of the sea, rather than wear a single rag of English work about me; and I am sure, after you have made one tour to Paris, you will be of the same opinion, with regard to your own clothes. You can't conceive what an addition a French dress would be to your beauty; I positively assure you, at the first opera I saw since I came over, I mistook the English ladies for chambermaids, he, he, he!"

With such sort of polite discourse did the gay Bellarmine entertain his beloved Leonora, when the door opened on a sudden, and Horatio entered the room. Here 'tis impossible to express the surprise of Leonora.

"Poor woman," says Mrs. Slipslop, "what a terrible quandary she must be in!"—"Not at all," says Mrs. Graveairs; "such sluts can never be confounded." "She must have then more than Corinthian assurance," says Adams; "ay, more than Lais herself."

A long silence, continued the lady, prevailed in the whole company. If the familiar entrance of Horatio struck the greatest astonishment into Bellarmine, the unexpected presence of Bellarmine no less surprised Horatio. At length Leonora, collecting all the spirit she was mistress of, addressed herself to the latter, and pretended to wonder at the reason of so late a visit. "I should, indeed," answered he, "have made some apology for disturbing you at this hour, had not my finding you in company assured me I do not break in upon your repose." Bellarmine rose from his chair, traversed the room in a minuet step, and hummed an opera tune; while Horatio, advancing to Leonora, asked her, in a whisper, if that gentleman was not a relation of hers; to which she answered with a smile, or rather sneer, "No, he is no relation yet;" adding, "she could not guess the meaning of his question." Horatio

told her softly "It did not arise from jealousy."—"Jealousy! I assure you, it would be very strange in a common acquaintance to give himself any of those airs." These words a little surprised Horatio; but before he had time to answer, Bellarmine danced up to the lady, and told her, "he feared he interrupted some business between her and the gentleman."—"I can have no business," said she, "with the gentleman, nor any other, which need be any secret to you."

"You'll pardon me," said Horatio, "if I desire to know who this gentleman is, who is to be entrusted with all our secrets."—"You'll know soon enough," cries Leonora; "but I can't guess what secrets can ever pass between us of such mighty consequence."—"No, madam!" cries Horatio; "I'm sure you would not have me understand you in earnest."—"'Tis indifferent to me," says she, "how you understand me; but I think so unseasonable a visit is difficult to be understood at all, at least when people find one engaged: though one's servants do not deny one, one may expect a well-bred person should soon take the hint."—"Madam," said Horatio, "I did not imagine any engagement with a stranger, as it seems this gentleman is, would have made my visit impertinent, or that any such ceremonies were to be preserved between persons in our situation."—"Sure you are in a dream," says she, "or would persuade me that I am in one. I know no pretensions a common acquaintance can have to lay aside the ceremonies of good-breeding."—"Sure," says he, "I am in a dream; for it is impossible I should be really esteemed a common acquaintance by Leonora, after what has passed between us!"—"Passed between us! Do you intend to affront me before this gentleman?"—"D—n me, affront the lady!" says Bellarmine, cocking his hat, and strutting up to Horatio: "does any man dare affront this lady before me, d—n me?"—"Harkee, sir," says Horatio, "I would advise you to lay aside that fierce air: for I am mightily deceived if this lady has not a violent desire to get your worship a good drubbing."—"Sir," said Bellarmine, "I have the honour to be her protector; and d—n me, if I understand your meaning."—"Sir," answered Horatio, "she is rather your protectress: but give yourself no more airs, for you see I am prepared for

you," (shaking his whip at him.) "Oh! *serviteur tres humble,*" says Bellarmine: "*Je vous entend parfaitment bien.*" At which time the aunt, who had heard of Horatio's visit, entered the room, and soon satisfied all his doubts. She convinced him that he was never more awake in his life, and that nothing more extraordinary had happened in his three days' absence, than a small alteration in the affections of Leonora; who now burst into tears, and wondered what reason she had given him to use her in so barbarous a manner. Horatio desired Bellarmine to withdraw with him; but the ladies prevented it, by laying violent hands on the latter; upon which the former took his leave without any great ceremony, and departed, leaving the lady with his rival, to consult for his safety, which Leonora feared her indiscretion might have endangered; but the aunt comforted her with assurances, that Horatio would not venture his person against so accomplished a cavalier as Bellarmine, and that, being a lawyer, he would seek revenge in his own way, and the most they had to apprehend from him was an action.

They at length, therefore, agreed to permit Bellarmine to retire to his lodgings, having first settled all matters relating to the journey which he was to undertake in the morning, and their preparations for the nuptials at his return.

But alas! as wise men have observed, the seat of valour is not the countenance; and many a grave and plain man will, on a just provocation, betake himself to that mischievous metal, cold iron; while men of a fiercer brow, and sometimes with that emblem of courage, a cockade, will more prudently decline it.

Leonora was awakened in the morning, from a visionary coach and six, with the dismal account that Bellarmine was run through the body by Horatio; that he lay languishing at an inn, and the surgeons had declared the wound mortal. She immediately leaped out of the bed, danced about the room in a frantic manner, tore her hair, and beat her breast in all the agonies of despair; in which sad condition her aunt, who likewise arose at the news, found her. The good old lady applied her utmost art to comfort her niece. She told her, "while there was life there was hope; but that if he should die, her

affliction would be of no service to Bellarmine, and would only expose herself, which might probably keep her some time without any future offer; that as matters had happened, her wisest way would be to think no more of Bellarmine, but to endeavour to regain the affections of Horatio."—"Speak not to me," cried the disconsolate Leonora: "is it not owing to me that poor Bellarmine has lost his life? Have not these cursed charms," (at which words she looked steadfastly in the glass,) "been the ruin of the most charming man of this age? Can I ever bear to contemplate my own face again?" (with her eyes still fixed on the glass.) "Am I not the murderess of the finest gentleman? No other woman in the town could have made any impression on him."—"Never think of things past," cries the aunt, "think of regaining the affections of Horatio."—"What reason," said the niece, "have I to hope he would forgive me? No, I have lost him, as well as the other, and it was your wicked advice which was the occasion of all; you seduced me, contrary to my inclinations, to abandon poor Horatio," (at which words she burst into tears:) "you prevailed upon me, whether I would or no, to give up my affections for him: had it not been for you, Bellarmine never would have entered into my thoughts: had not his addresses been backed by your persuasions, they never would have made any impression on me; I should have defied all the fortune and equipage in the world; but it was you, it was you, who got the better of my youth and simplicity, and forced me to lose my dear Horatio for ever."

The aunt was almost borne down with this torrent of words; she, however, rallied all the strength she could, and drawing her mouth up in a purse, began: "I am not surprised, niece, at this ingratitude. Those who advise young women for their interest, must always expect such a return: I am convinced my brother will thank me for breaking off your match with Horatio at any rate."—"That may not be in your power yet," answered Leonora, "though it is very ungrateful in you to desire or attempt it, after the presents you have received from him." (For indeed true it is, that many presents, and some pretty valuable ones, had passed from Horatio to the old lady; but as true it is, that Bellarmine, when he

breakfasted with her and her niece, had complimented her with a brilliant from his finger, of much greater value than all she had touched of the other.)

The aunt's gall was on float to reply, when a servant brought a letter into the room; which Leonora, hearing it came from Bellarmine, with great eagerness opened, and read as follows:

"Most divine creature,

"The wound which I fear you have heard I received from my rival, is not like to be so fatal as those shot into my heart, which have been fired from your eyes, *tout brilliant.* Those are the only cannons by which I am to fall; for my surgeon gives me hopes of being soon able to attend your *ruelle;* till when, unless you do me an honour which I have scarce the *hardiesse* to think of, your absence will be the greatest anguish which can be felt by, Madam,

"*Avec toute le respecte* in the world,

"Your most obedient, most absolute *devoté,*

"BELLARMINE."

As soon as Leonora perceived such hopes of Bellarmine's recovery, and that the gossip Fame had, according to custom, so enlarged his danger, she presently abandoned all further thoughts of Horatio, and was soon reconciled to her aunt, who received her again into favour, with a more christian forgiveness than we generally meet with. Indeed, it is possible she might be a little alarmed at the hints which her niece had given her concerning the presents. She might apprehend such rumours, should they get abroad, might injure a reputation, which, by frequenting church twice a day, and preserving the utmost rigour and strictness in her countenance and behaviour for many years, she had established.

Leonora's passion returned now for Bellarmine with greater force, after its small relaxation, than ever. She proposed to her aunt, to make him a visit in his confinement, which the old lady, with great and commendable prudence, advised her to decline: "For," says she, "should any accident intervene to prevent your intended match, too forward a behaviour with this lover may injure you in the eyes of others. Every woman till she is married, ought to consider of, and provide against,

the possibility of the affair's breaking off." Leonora said, "she should be indifferent to whatever might happen in such a case; for she had now so absolutely placed her affections on this dear man," (so she called him,) "that, if it was her misfortune to lose him, she should for ever abandon all thoughts of mankind." She therefore resolved to visit him, notwithstanding all the prudent advice of her aunt to the contrary, and that very afternoon executed her resolution.

The lady was proceeding in her story, when the coach drove into the inn where the company were to dine, sorely to the dissatisfaction of Mr. Adams, whose ears were the most hungry part about him; he being, as the reader may perhaps guess, of an insatiable curiosity, and heartily desirous of hearing the end of this amour, though he professed he could scarce wish success to a lady of so inconstant a disposition.

CHAPTER V.

A dreadful quarrel which happened at the inn where the company dined, with its bloody consequences to Mr. Adams.

As soon as the passengers had alighted from the coach, Mr. Adams, as was his custom, made directly to the kitchen, where he found Joseph sitting by the fire, and the hostess anointing his leg; for the horse which Mr. Adams had borrowed of his clerk, had so violent a propensity to kneeling, that one would have thought it had been his trade, as well as his master's: nor would he always give any notice of such his intention; he was often found on his knees, when the rider least expected it. This foible, however, was of no great inconvenience to the parson, who was accustomed to it; and, as his legs almost touched the ground when he bestrode the beast, had but a little way to fall, and threw himself forward on such occasions with so much dexterity, that he never received any mischief; the horse and he frequently rolling many paces distance, and afterwards both getting up, and meeting as good friends as ever.

Poor Joseph, who had not been used to such kind of cattle, though an excellent horseman, did not so happily disengage himself; but falling with his leg under the beast, received a

violent contusion, to which the good woman was, as we have said, applying a warm hand, with some camphorated spirits, just at the time when the parson entered the kitchen.

He had scarce expressed his concern for Joseph's misfortune, before the host likewise entered. He was by no means of Mr. Tow-wouse's gentle disposition; and was, indeed, perfect master of his house, and every thing in it, but his guests.

This surly fellow, who always proportioned his respect to the appearance of a traveller, from "God bless your honour," down to plain "Coming presently," observing his wife on her knees to a footman, cried out, without considering his circumstances, "What a pox is the woman about? why don't you mind the company in the coach? Go and ask them what they will have for dinner?"—"My dear," says she, "you know they can have nothing but what is at the fire, which will be ready presently; and really the poor young man's leg is very much bruised." At which words she fell to chafing more violently than before: the bell then happening to ring, he damn'd his wife, and bid her go in to the company, and not stand rubbing there all day; for he did not believe the young fellow's leg was so bad as he pretended; and if it was, within twenty miles he would find a surgeon to cut it off. Upon these words, Adams fetching two strides across the room, and snapping his fingers over his head, muttered aloud, He would excommunicate such a wretch for a farthing; for he believed the devil had more humanity. These words occasioned a dialogue between Adams and the host, in which there were two or three sharp replies, till Joseph bade the latter know how to behave himself to his betters. At which the host, (having first strictly surveyed Adams,) scornfully repeating the word betters, flew into a rage, and telling Joseph, he was as able to walk out of his house, as he had been to walk into it, offered to lay violent hands on him: which perceiving, Adams dealt him so sound a compliment over his face with his fist, that the blood immediately gushed out of his nose in a stream. The host being unwilling to be out in courtesy, especially by a person of Adams's figure, returned the favour with so much gratitude, that the parson's nostrils began to look a little redder than usual.

Upon which he again assailed his antagonist, and with another stroke laid him sprawling on the floor.

The hostess, who was a better wife than so surly a husband deserved, seeing her husband all bloody and stretched along, hastened presently to his assistance, or rather to revenge the blow, which, to all appearance, was the last he would ever receive; when, lo! a pan full of hog's blood, which unluckily stood on the dresser, presented itself first to her hands. She seized it in her fury, and, without any reflection, discharged it into the parson's face; and with so good an aim, that much the greater part first saluted his countenance, and trickled thence in so large a current down to his beard, and all over his garments, that a more horrible spectacle was hardly to be seen, or even imagined. All which was perceived by Mrs. Slipslop, who entered the kitchen at that instant. This good gentlewoman, not being of a temper so extremely cool and patient, as perhaps was required to ask many questions on this occasion, flew with great impetuosity at the hostess's cap, which, together with some of her hair, she plucked from her head in a moment, giving her, at the same time, several hearty cuffs in the face; which, by frequent practice on the inferior servants, she had learned an excellent knack of delivering with a good grace. Poor Joseph could hardly rise from his chair; the parson was employed in wiping the blood from his eyes, which had entirely blinded him; and the landlord was but just beginning to stir; whilst Mrs. Slipslop, holding down the landlady's face with her left hand, made so dexterous a use of her right, that the poor woman began to roar, in a key which alarmed all the company in the inn.

There happened to be in the inn, at this time, besides the ladies who arrived in the stage-coach, the two gentlemen who were present at Mr. Tow-wouse's, when Joseph was detained for his horse's meat, and whom we have before mentioned to have stopped at the alehouse with Adams. There was likewise a gentleman just returned from his travels to Italy; all whom the horrid outcry of murder presently brought into the kitchen, where the several combatants were found in the postures already described.

It was now no difficulty to put an end to the fray, the con-

querors being satisfied with the vengeance they had taken, and the conquered having no appetite to renew the fight. The principal figure, and which engaged the eyes of all, was Adams, who was all over covered with blood, which the whole company concluded to be his own; and consequently imagined him no longer for this world. But the host, who had now recovered from his blow, and was risen from the ground, soon delivered them from this apprehension, by damning his wife for wasting the hog's puddings, and telling her, all would have been very well, if she had not intermeddled, like a b— as she was; adding, he was very glad the gentlewoman had paid her, though not half what she deserved. The poor woman had indeed fared much the worst; having, besides the unmerciful cuffs received, lost a quantity of hair, which Mrs. Slipslop in triumph held in her left hand.

The traveller, addressing himself to Mrs. Graveairs, desired her not to be frightened; for here had been only a little boxing, which he said to their *disgracia* the English were *accustomata* to: adding, it must be, however, a sight somewhat strange to him, who was just come from Italy; the Italians not being addicted to the *cuffardo*, but *bastonza*, says he. He then went up to Adams, and telling him he looked like the Ghost of Othello, bid him not shake his gory locks at him, for he could not say he did it. Adams very innocently answered, "Sir, I am far from accusing you." He then returned to the lady and cried, "I find the bloody gentleman is *uno insipido del nullo senso*. *Dammata di me*, if I have seen such a *spectaculo* in my way from Viterbo."

One of the gentlemen having learned from the host the occasion of this bustle; and being assured by him, that Adams had struck the first blow, whispered in his ear, "He'd warrant he would recover."—"Recover! master," said the host, smiling; "yes, yes, I am not afraid of dying with a blow or two neither; I am not such a chicken as that."—"Pugh!" said the gentleman, "I mean you will recover damages in that action, which, undoubtedly, you intend to bring, as soon as a writ can be returned from London; for you look like a man of too much spirit and courage to suffer any one to beat you without bringing your action against him: he must be a scan-

dalous fellow indeed, who would put up with a drubbing whilst the law is open to revenge it; besides, he hath drawn blood from you, and spoiled your coat; and the jury will give damages for that too. An excellent new coat, upon my word; and now not worth a shilling! I don't care," continued he, "to intermeddle in these cases; but you have a right to my evidence; and if I am sworn I must speak the truth. I saw you sprawling on the floor, and the blood gushing from your nostrils. You may take your own opinion; but was I in your circumstances, every drop of my blood should convey an ounce of gold into my pocket: remember I don't advise you to go to law; but if your jury were christians, they must give swingeing damages. That's all."—"Master," cried the host, scratching his head, "I have no stomach to law, I thank you. I have seen enough of that in the parish, where two of my neighbours have been at law about a house, till they have both lawed themselves into a jail." At which word he turned about, and began to inquire about his hogs' puddings; nor would it probably have been a sufficient excuse for his wife, that she spilt them in his defence, had not some awe of the company, especially of the Italian traveller, who was a person of great dignity, withheld his rage.

Whilst one of the above-mentioned gentlemen was employed, as we have seen him, on the behalf of the landlord, the other was no less hearty on the side of Mr. Adams, whom he advised to bring his action immediately. He said, the assault of the wife was in law the assault of the husband, for they were but one person; and he was liable to pay damages, which he said must be considerable, where so bloody a disposition appeared. Adams answered, if it was true that they were but one person, he had assaulted the wife; for he was sorry to own he had struck the husband the first blow. "I am sorry you own it too," cries the gentleman: "for it could not possibly appear to the court; for here was no evidence present, but the lame man in the chair, whom I suppose to be your friend; and would consequently say nothing but what made for you."—"How, sir," says Adams, "do you take me for a villain, who would prosecute revenge in cold blood, and use unjustifiable means to obtain it? If you knew me, and my order, I should think you

affronted both." At the word order, the gentleman stared, (for he was too bloody to be of any modern order of knights;) and turning hastily about, said, "Every man knew his own business."

Matters being now composed, the company retired to their several apartments; the two gentlemen congratulating each other on the success of their good offices, in procuring a perfect reconciliation between the contending parties; and the traveller went to his repast, crying, "As the Italian poet says,

"*Je voi* very well, *que tuta e pace*,
So send up dinner, good Boniface."

The coachman began now to grow importunate with his passengers, whose entrance into the coach was retarded by Miss Graveairs insisting, against the remonstrance of all the rest, that she would not admit a footman into the coach; for poor Joseph was too lame to mount a horse. A young lady, who was, as it seems, an earl's grand-daughter, begged it, with almost tears in her eyes. Mr. Adams prayed, and Mrs. Slipslop scolded; but all to no purpose. She said, "She would not demean herself to ride with a footman: that there were wagons on the road: that if the master of the coach desired it, she would pay for two places; but would suffer no such fellow to come in."—"Madam," says Slipslop, "I am sure no one can refuse another coming into a stage-coach."—"I don't know, madam," says the lady: "I am not much used to stage-conches; I seldom travel in them."—"That may be, madam," replied Slipslop; "very good people do; and some people's betters, for aught I know." Miss Graveairs said, "Some folks might sometimes give their tongues a liberty, to some people that were their betters, which did not become them; for her part, she was not used to converse with servants." Slipslop returned, "Some people kept no servants to converse with; for her part, she thanked Heaven she lived in a family where there were a great many; and had more under her own command, than any paltry little gentlewoman in the kingdom." Miss Graveairs cried, "She believed her mistress would not encourage such sauciness to her betters."—"My betters," says Slipslop, "who is my betters, pray?"—"I am your betters," answered Miss Graveairs, "and I'll acquaint your mistress."

—At which Mrs. Slipslop laughed aloud, and told her, "Her lady was one of the great gentry; and such little paltry gentlewomen, as some folks, who travelled in stage-coaches, would not easily come at her."

This smart dialogue between some people and some folks, was going on at the coach-door, when a solemn person riding into the inn, and seeing Miss Graveairs, immediately accosted her with "Dear child, how do you do?" She presently answered, "O! papa, I am glad you have overtaken me."—"So am I," answered he; "for one of our coaches is just at hand: and there being room for you in it, you shall go no farther in the stage, unless you desire it."—"How can you imagine I should desire it?" says she; so bidding Slipslop ride with her fellow, if she pleased, she took her father by the hand, who was just alighted, and walked with him into a room.

Adams instantly asked the coachman, in a whisper, "If he knew who the gentleman was?" The coachman answered, "He was now a gentleman, and kept his horse and man; but times are altered, master," said he; "I remember when he was no better born than myself."—"Ay! ay!" says Adams. "My father drove the squire's coach," answered he, "when that very man rode postilion; but he is now his steward; and a great gentleman." Adams then snapped his fingers and cried, "He thought she was some such trollop."

Adams made haste to acquaint Mrs. Slipslop with this good news, as he imagined it; but it found a reception different from what he expected. The prudent gentlewoman, who despised the anger of Miss Graveairs, whilst she conceived her the daughter of a gentleman of small fortune; now she heard her alliance with the upper servants of a great family in her neighbourhood, began to fear her interest with the mistress. She wished she had not carried the dispute so far, and began to think of endeavouring to reconcile herself to the young lady before she left the inn; when, luckily, the scene at London, which the reader can scarce have forgotten, presented itself to her mind; and comforted her with such assurance, that she no longer apprehended any enemy with her mistress.

Every thing being now adjusted, the company entered the coach; which was just on its departure, when one lady recol-

lected she had left her fan, a second her gloves, a third a snuff-box, and a fourth a smelling-bottle behind her; to find all which occasioned some delay, and much swearing to the coachman.

As soon as the coach had left the inn, the women all together fell to the character of Miss Graveairs; whom one of them declared she had suspected to be some low creature, from the beginning of their journey; and another affirmed, had not even the looks of a gentlewoman: a third warranted she was no better than she should be; and turning to the lady who had related the story in the coach, said, "Did you ever hear, madam, any thing so prudish as her remarks? Well, deliver me from the censoriousness of such a prude." The fourth added, "O madam! all these creatures are censorious; but for my part, I wonder where the wretch was bred; indeed, I must own I have seldom conversed with these mean kind of people; so that it may appear stranger to me; but to refuse the general desire of a whole company had something in it so astonishing, that, for my part, I own I should hardly believe it, if my own ears had not been witness to it."—"Yes, and so handsome a young fellow," cries Slipslop; "the woman must have no compulsion in her: I believe she is more of a Turk than a Christian; I am certain if she had any christian women's blood in her veins, the sight of such a young fellow must have warmed it. Indeed, there are some wretched, miserable old objects, that turn one's stomach; I should not wonder if she had refused such a one; I am as nice as herself; and should have cared no more than herself for the company of stinking old fellows; but, hold up thy head, Joseph, thou art none of those; and she who hath not compulsion for thee, is a Myhummetman, and I will maintain it." This conversation made Joseph uneasy, as well as the ladies; who, perceiving the spirits which Mrs. Slipslop was in, (for indeed she was not a cup too low,) began to fear the consequence; one of them therefore desired the lady to conclude the story. "Ay, madam," said Slipslop, "I beg your ladyship to give us that story you commensated in the morning;" which request that well-bred woman immediately complied with.

CHAPTER VI.

Conclusion of the unfortunate jilt.

LEONORA having once broke through the bounds which custom and modesty impose on her sex, soon gave an unbridled indulgence to her passion. Her visits to Bellarmine were more constant, as well as longer, than his surgeon's: in a word, she became absolutely his nurse; made his water-gruel, administered him his medicines, and, notwithstanding the prudent advice of her aunt to the contrary, almost entirely resided in her wounded lover's apartment.

The ladies of the town began to take her conduct under consideration: it was the chief topic of discourse at their tea-tables, and was very severely censured by the most part; especially by Lindamira, a lady whose discreet and starch carriage, together with a constant attendance at church three times a-day, had utterly defeated many malicious attacks on her own reputation; for such was the envy that Lindamira's virtue had attracted, that, notwithstanding her own strict behaviour and strict inquiry into the lives of others, she had not been able to escape being the mark of some arrows herself, which, however, did her no injury; a blessing, perhaps, owed by her to the clergy, who were her chief male companions, and with two or three of whom she had been barbarously and unjustly calumniated.

"Not so unjustly neither, perhaps," says Slipslop; "for the clergy are men, as well as other folks."

The extreme delicacy of Lindamira's virtue was cruelly hurt by those freedoms which Leonora allowed herself: she said, "It was an affront to her sex; that she did not imagine it consistent with any woman's honour to speak to the creature, or to be seen in her company; and that, for her part, she should always refuse to dance at an assembly with her, for fear of contamination by taking her by the hand."

But to return to my story: as soon as Bellarmine was recovered, which was somewhat within a month from his receiving the wound, he set out, according to agreement, for Leonora's father's, in order to propose the match, and settle all matters with him touching settlements, and the like.

A little before his arrival, the old gentleman had received an intimation of the affair by the following letter, which I can repeat *verbatim*, and which, they say, was written neither by Leonora nor her aunt, though it was in a woman's hand. The letter was in these words:

"SIR,

"I AM sorry to acquaint you, that your daughter Leonora hath acted one of the basest, as well as most simple parts, with a young gentleman to whom she had engaged herself, and whom she hath, (pardon the word,) jilted for another of inferior fortune, notwithstanding his superior figure. You may take what measures you please on this occasion: I have performed what I thought my duty; as I have, though unknown to you, a very great respect for your family."

The old gentleman did not give himself the trouble to answer this kind epistle; nor did he take any notice of it, after he had read it, till he saw Bellarmine. He was, to say the truth, one of those fathers who look on children as an unhappy consequence of their youthful pleasures; which, as he would have been delighted not to have had attended them, so was he no less pleased with an opportunity to rid himself of the incumbrance. He passed, in the world's language, as an exceeding good father; being not only so rapacious as to rob and plunder all mankind to the utmost of his power, but even to deny himself the conveniences, and almost necessaries, of life; which his neighbours attributed to a desire of raising immense fortunes for his children: but in fact it was not so: he heaped up money for its own sake only, and looked on his children as his rivals, who were to enjoy his beloved mistress when he was incapable of possessing her, and which he would have been much more charmed with the power of carrying along with him: nor had his children any other security of being his heirs, than that the law would constitute them such without a will, and that he had not affection enough for any one living, to take the trouble of writing one.

To this gentleman came Bellarmine, on the errand I have mentioned. His person, his equipage, his family, and his

estate, seemed to the father to make him an advantageous match for his daughter: he therefore very readily accepted his proposals: but when Bellarmine imagined the principal affair concluded, and began to open the incidental matters of fortune, the old gentleman presently changed his countenance, saying, "He resolved never to marry his daughter on a Smithfield match; that whoever had love for her to take her, would, when he died, find her share of his fortune in his coffers; but he had seen such examples of undutifulness happen from the too early generosity of parents, that he had made a vow never to part with a shilling whilst he lived." He commended the saying of Solomon, "He that spareth the rod, spoileth the child;" but added, "He might have likewise asserted, That he that spareth the purse, saveth the child." He then ran into a discourse on the extravagance of the youth of the age; whence he launched into a dissertation on horses; and came at length to commend those Bellarmine drove. That fine gentleman, who at another season would have been well enough pleased to dwell a little on that subject, was now very eager to resume the circumstance of fortune. He said, "He had a very high value for the young lady, and would receive her with less than he would any other whatever; but that even his love to her made some regard to worldly matters necessary; for it would be a most distracting sight for him to see her, when he had the honour to be her husband, in less than a coach and six." The old gentleman answered, "Four will do; four will do;" and then took a turn from horses to extravagance, and from extravagance to horses, till he came round to the equipage again; whither he was no sooner arrived, than Bellarmine brought him back to the point; but all to no purpose; he made his escape from that subject in a minute; till at last the lover declared, "That, in the present situation of his affairs, it was impossible for him, though he loved Leonora more than *tout le monde*, to marry her without any fortune." To which the father answered, "He was sorry then his daughter must lose so valuable a match: that if he had an inclination, at present it was not in his power to advance a shilling: that he had had great losses, and been at great expenses on projects;

which though he had great expectation from them, had yet produced him nothing: that he did not know what might happen hereafter, as on the birth of a son, or such accident; but he would make no promise, nor enter into any article, for he would not break his vow for all the daughters in the world."

In short, ladies, to keep you no longer in suspense, Bellarmine having tried every argument and persuasion which he could invent, and finding them all ineffectual, at length took his leave, but not in order to return to Leonora; he proceeded directly to his own seat, whence, after a few days' stay, he returned to Paris, to the great delight of the French and the honour of the English nation.

But as soon as he arrived at his home, he presently despatched a messenger with the following epistle to Leonora:

"Adorable and *charmante*,

"I AM sorry to have the honour to tell you I am not the *heureux* person destined for your divine arms. Your papa hath told me so, with a *politesse* not often seen on this side Paris. You may, perhaps, guess his manner of refusing me. *Ah, mon Dieu!* You will certainly believe me, madam, incapable myself of delivering this *triste* message, which I intend to try the French air to cure the consequences of. *A jamais! Cœur! Angel! Au diable!* If your papa obliges you to a marriage, I hope we shall see you at Paris; till when, the wind that flows from thence will be the warmest *dans le monde*, for it will consist almost entirely of my sighs. *Adieu, ma princesse! Ah l'amour!*

'BELLARMINE."

I shall not attempt, ladies, to describe Leonora's condition, when she received this letter. It is a picture of horror, which I should have as little pleasure in drawing, as you in beholding. She immediately left the place, where she was the subject of conversation and ridicule, and retired to that house I showed you, when I began the story; where she hath ever since led a disconsolate life, and deserves, perhaps, pity for her misfortunes, more than our censure for a behaviour to which the

artifices of her aunt, very probably, contributed, and to which, very young women are often rendered too liable by that blameable levity in the education of our sex.

"If I was inclined to pity her," said a young lady in the coach, "it would be for the loss of Horatio; for I cannot discern any misfortune in her missing such a husband as Bellarmine."

"Why, I must own," says Slipslop, "the gentleman was a little false-hearted; but howsumever, it was hard to have two lovers, and get never a husband at all. But pray, madam, what became of *Our-asho*?"

He remains, said the lady, still unmarried, and hath applied himself so strictly to his business, that he hath raised, I hear, a very considerable fortune. And what is remarkable, they say he never hears the name of Leonora without a sigh, nor hath ever uttered one syllable to charge her with her ill conduct towards him.

CHAPTER VII.

A very short chapter, in which Parson Adams went a great way.

The lady having finished her story, received the thanks of the company, and now Joseph putting his head out of the coach, cried out, "Never believe me, if yonder be not our Parson Adams walking along without his horse."—"On my word, and so he is," says Slipslop: "and as sure as twopence he hath left him behind at the inn." Indeed, true it is, the parson had exhibited a fresh instance of his absence of mind; for he was so pleased with having got Joseph into the coach, that he never once thought of the beast in the stable; and finding his legs as nimble as he desired, he sallied out, brandishing a crab-stick, and had kept on before the coach, mending and slackening his pace occasionally; so that he had never been much more or less than a quarter of a mile distant from it.

Mrs. Slipslop desired the coachman to overtake him, which he attempted, but in vain; for the faster he drove, the faster ran the parson, often crying out, "Ay, ay, catch me if you can!" till at length the coachman swore he would as soon

attempt to drive after a greyhound; and giving the parson two or three hearty curses, he cried, "Softly, softly, boys," to his horses, which the civil beasts immediately obeyed.

But we will be more courteous to our reader than he was to Mrs Slipslop: and leaving the coach and its company to pursue their journey, we will carry our reader on after Parson Adams, who stretched forwards without once looking behind him: till, having left the coach full three miles in his rear, he came to a place where, by keeping the extremest track to the right, it was just barely possible for a human creature to miss his way. This track however did he keep, as indeed he had a wonderful capacity at these kinds of bare possibilities; and travelling in it about three miles over the plain, he arrived at the summit of a hill, whence, looking a great way backwards, and perceiving no coach in sight, he sat himself down on the turf, and pulling out his Æschylus, determined to wait here for its arrival.

He had not sat long here, before a gun going off very near, a little startled him; he looked up, and saw a gentleman within a hundred paces taking up a partridge, which he had just shot.

Adams stood up, and presented a figure to the gentleman, which would have moved laughter in many; for his cassock had just again fallen down below his great-coat; that is to say, it reached his knees, whereas the skirts of his great-coat descended no lower than half way down his thighs: but the gentleman's mirth gave way to his surprise at beholding such a personage in such a place.

Adams, advancing to the gentleman, told him he hoped he had good sport; to which the other answered, "very little." —"I see, sir," says Adams, "you have smote one partridge;" to which the sportsman made no reply, but proceeded to charge his piece.

Whilst the gun was charging, Adams remained in silence, which he at last broke, by observing, that it was a delightful evening. The gentleman, who had at first sight conceived a very distasteful opinion of the parson, began on perceiving a book in his hand, and smoking likewise the information of the cassock, to change his thoughts, and made a small advance to

conversation on his side, by saying, "Sir, I suppose you are not one of these parts?"

Adams immediately told him, "No; that he was a traveller, and invited by the beauty of the evening and the place to repose a little, and amuse himself with reading."—"I may as well repose myself too," said the sportsman, "for I have been out this whole afternoon, and the devil a bird have I seen till I came hither."

"Perhaps then the game is not very plenty hereabouts," cries Adams. "No, sir," said the gentleman: "the soldiers, who are quartered in the neighbourhood, have killed it all."—"It is very probable," cries Adams; "for shooting is their profession."—"Ay, shooting the game," answered the other; "but I don't see they are so forward to shoot our enemies. I don't like that affair of Carthagena; if I had been there, I believe I should have done otherguess things, d—n me: what's a man's life when his country demands it? a man who won't sacrifice his life for his country, deserves to be hang'd, d—n me." Which words he spoke with so violent a gesture, so loud a voice, so strong an accent, and so fierce a countenance, that he might have frightened a captain of train-bands at the head of his company; but Mr. Adams was not greatly subject to fear: he told him intrepidly, that he very much approved his virtue, but disliked his swearing, and begged him not to addict himself to so bad a custom, without which he said he might fight as bravely as Achilles did. Indeed he was charmed with this discourse: he told the gentleman, he would willingly have gone many miles to have met a man of his generous way of thinking: that if he pleased to sit down, he should be greatly delighted to commune with him; for though he was a clergyman, he would himself be ready, if thereto called, to lay down his life for his country.

The gentleman sat down, and Adams by him; and then the latter began, as in the following chapter, a discourse which we have placed by itself, as it is not only the most curious in this but perhaps in any other book.

CHAPTER VIII.

A notable dissertation by Mr. Abraham Adams; wherein that gentleman appears in a political light.

"I DO assure you, sir," (says he, taking the gentleman by the hand,) "I am heartily glad to meet with a man of your kidney; for though I am a poor parson, I will be bold to say I am an honest man, and would not do an ill thing to be made a bishop; nay, though it hath not fallen in my way to offer so noble a sacrifice, I have not been without opportunities of suffering for the sake of my conscience, I thank Heaven for them; for I have had relations, though I say it, who made some figure in the world; particularly a nephew, who was a shopkeeper and an alderman of a corporation. He was a good lad, and was under my care when a boy; and I believe would do what I bade him to his dying day. Indeed, it looks like extreme vanity in me, to affect being a man of such consequence as to have so great an interest in an alderman; but others have thought so, too, as manifestly appeared by the rector, whose curate I formerly was, sending for me on the approach of an election, and telling me, if I expected to continue in his cure, that I must bring my nephew to vote for one Colonel Courtly, a gentleman whom I had never heard tidings of till that instant. I told the rector I had no power over my nephew's vote, (God forgive me for such prevarication,) that I supposed he would give it according to his conscience; that I would by no means endeavour to influence him to give it otherwise. He told me it was in vain to equivocate; that he knew I had already spoke to him in favour of Esquire Fickle, my neighbour; and, indeed, it was true I had; for it was at a season when the church was in danger, and when all good men expected they knew not what would happen to us all. I then answered boldly, If he thought I had given my promise, he affronted me in proposing any breach of it. Not to be too prolix; I persevered, and so did my nephew, in the esquire's interest, who was chose chiefly through his means; and so I lost my curacy. Well, sir; but do you think the esquire ever mentioned a word of the church; *Ne verbum quidem ut ita dicam;*

within two years he got a place, and hath ever since lived in London; where, I have been informed, (but God forbid I should believe that,) that he never so much as goeth to church. I remained, sir, a considerable time without any cure, and lived a full month on one funeral sermon, which I preached on the indisposition of a clergyman: but this by-the-bye. At last, when Mr. Fickle got his place, Colonel Courtly stood again; and who should make interest for him but Mr. Fickle himself! that very identical Mr. Fickle who had formerly told me the colonel was an enemy to both the church and state, had the confidence to solicit my nephew for him; and the colonel himself offered me to make me chaplain to his regiment, which I refused in favour of Sir Oliver Hearty, who told us he would sacrifice every thing to his country; and I believe he would, except his hunting, which he stuck so close to, that in five years together he went but twice up to parliament; and one of those times, I have been told, never was within sight of the house. However, he was a worthy man, and the best friend I ever had; for, by his interest with a bishop, he got me replaced into my curacy, and gave me eight pounds out of his own pocket to buy me a gown and cassock, and furnish my house. He had our interest while he lived, which was not many years. On his death I had fresh applications made to me; for all the world knew the interest I had with my good nephew, who now was a leading man in the corporation: and Sir Thomas Booby, buying the estate which had been Sir Oliver's, proposed himself a candidate. He was then a young gentleman just come from his travels; and it did me good to hear him discourse on affairs, which, for my part, I knew nothing of. If I had been master of a thousand votes, he should have had them all. I engaged my nephew in his interest, and he was elected; and a very fine parliament man he was. They tell me he made speeches of an hour long; and, I have been told, very fine ones; but he never could persuade the parliament to be of his opinion. *Non omnia possumus omnes.* He promised me a living, poor man; and I believe I should have had it, but an accident happened, which was, that my lady had promised it before, unknown to him. This, indeed, I never heard till

afterwards; for my nephew, who died about a month before the incumbent, always told me I might be assured of it. Since that time, Sir Thomas, poor man, had always so much business, that he never could find leisure to see me. I believe it was partly my lady's fault too, who did not think my dress good enough for the gentry at her table. However, I must do him the justice to say, he never was ungrateful; and I have always found his kitchen, and his cellar too, open to me: many a time after service on a Sunday—for I preach at four churches —have I recruited my spirits with a glass of his ale. Since my nephew's death, the corporation is in other hands, and I am not a man of that consequence I was formerly. I have now no longer any talents to lay out in the service of my country: and to whom nothing is given, of him can nothing be required. However, on all proper seasons, such as the approach of an election, I throw a suitable dash or two into my sermons; which I have the pleasure to hear is not disagreeable to Sir Thomas, and the other honest gentlemen my neighbours, who have all promised me these five years to procure an ordination for a son of mine, who is now near thirty, hath an infinite stock of learning, and is, I thank Heaven, of an unexceptionable life; though, as he was never at a university, the bishop refuses to ordain him. Too much care cannot indeed be taken in admitting any to the sacred office; though I hope he will never act so as to be a disgrace to any order; but will serve his God and his country to the utmost of his power, as I have endeavoured to do before him; nay, and will lay down his life whenever called to that purpose. I am sure I have educated him in those principles; so that I have acquitted my duty, and shall have nothing to answer for on that account. But I do not distrust him, for he is a good boy; and if Providence should throw it in his way to be of as much consequence in a public light as his father once was, I can answer for him he will use his talents as honestly as I have done."

CHAPTER IX.

In which the gentleman descants on bravery and heroic virtue, till an unlucky accident puts an end to the discourse.

THE gentleman highly commended Mr. Adams for his good resolutions, and told him, "He hoped his son would tread in his steps;" adding, "that if he would not die for his country, he would not be worthy to live in it. I'd make no more of shooting a man that would not die for his country, than—"

"Sir," said he, "I have disinherited a nephew, who is in the army, because he would not exchange his commission, and go to the West Indies. I believe the rascal is a coward, though he pretends to be in love forsooth. I would have all such fellows hang'd, sir; I would have them hang'd." Adams answered, "That would be too severe: that men did not make themselves; and if fear had too much ascendance in the mind, the man was rather to be pitied than abhorred; that reason and time might teach him to subdue it." He said, "A man might be a coward at one time and brave at another. Homer," says he, "who so well understood and copied nature, hath taught us this lesson; for Paris fights and Hector runs away. Nay, we have a mighty instance of this in the history of latter ages, no longer ago than the 705th year of Rome, when the great Pompey, who had won so many battles, and been honoured with so many triumphs, and of whose valour several authors, especially Cicero and Paterculus, have formed such eulogiums; this very Pompey left the battle of Pharsalia before he had lost it, and retreated to his tent, where he sat like the most pusillanimous rascal in a fit of despair, and yielded a victory, which was to determine the empire of the world, to Cæsar. I am not much travelled in the history of modern times, that is to say, these last thousand years: but those who are, can, I make no question, furnish you with parallel instances." He concluded, therefore, that had he taken any such hasty resolutions against his nephew, he hoped he would consider better and retract them. The gentleman answered with great warmth, and talked much of courage and his country, till, perceiving it grew late, he asked Adams, "What place he intended for that

night?" He told him, "He waited there for the stage-coach." —"The stage-coach! sir," said the gentleman; "they are all past by long ago. You may see the last yourself almost three miles before us."—"I protest, and so they are," cries Adams: "then I must make haste and follow them." The gentleman told him, "He would hardly be able to overtake them; and that if he did not know his way, he would be in danger of losing himself on the downs; for it would be presently dark; and he might ramble about all night, and perhaps find himself farther from his journey's end in the morning than he was now." He advised him, therefore, to accompany him to his house, which was very little out of his way, assuring him, that he would find some country fellow in his parish, who would conduct him for sixpence to the city, where he was going. Adams accepted this proposal, and on they travelled, the gentleman renewing his discourse on courage, and the infamy of not being ready at all times to sacrifice our lives to our country. Night overtook them much about the same time as they arrived near some bushes; whence, on a sudden, they heard the most violent shrieks imaginable in a female voice. Adams offered to snatch the gun out of his companion's hand. "What are you doing?" said he. "Doing!" says Adams; "I am hastening to the assistance of the poor creature whom some villains are murdering."—"You are not mad enough, I hope," says the gentleman, trembling: "Do you consider this gun is only charged with shot, and that the robbers are most probably furnished with pistols loaded with bullets? This is no business of ours; let us make as much haste as possible out of the way, or we may fall into their hands ourselves." The shrieks now increasing, Adams made no answer, but snapt his fingers, and brandishing his crabstick made directly to the place whence the voice issued; and the man of courage made as much expedition towards his own home, whither he escaped in a very short time without once looking behind him; where we will leave him to contemplate his own bravery, and to censure the want of it in others; and return to the good Adams, who, on coming up to the place whence the noise proceeded, found a woman struggling with a man, who had thrown her on the ground, and had almost overpowered her. The great abilities

of Mr. Adams were not necessary to have formed a right judgment of this affair on the first sight. He did not therefore want the entreaties of the poor wretch to assist her; but lifting up his crabstick, he immediately levelled a blow at that part of the ravisher's head, where, according to the opinion of the ancients, the brains of some persons are deposited, and which he had undoubtedly let forth, had not Nature, (who, as wise men have observed, equips all creatures with what is most expedient for them,) taken a provident care, (as she always doth with those she intends for encounters,) to make this part of the head three times as thick as those of ordinary men, who are designed to exercise talents which are vulgarly called rational, and for whom, as brains are necessary, she is obliged to leave some room for them in the cavity of the skull; whereas, those ingredients being entirely useless to persons of the heroic calling, she hath an opportunity of thickening the bone, so as to make it less subject to any impression, or liable to be cracked or broken; and indeed, in some who are predestined to the command of armies and empires, she is supposed sometimes to make that part perfectly solid.

As a game cock, when engaged in amorous toying with a hen, if by perchance he espies another cock at hand, immediately quits his female, and opposes himself to his rival; so did the ravisher, on the information of the crabstick, immediately leap from the woman, and hasten to assail the man. He had no weapons but what nature had furnished him with. However, he clenched his fist, and presently darted it at that part of Adam's breast where the heart is lodged. Adams staggered at the violence of the blow, when, throwing away his staff, he likewise clenched that fist which we have before commemorated, and would have discharged it full in the breast of his antagonist, had he not dexterously caught it with his left hand, at the same time darting his head, (which some modern heroes of the lower class, use, like the battering-ram of the ancients, for a weapon of offence; another reason to admire the cunningness of Nature, in composing it of those impenetrable materials:) dashing his head, I say, into the stomach of Adams, he tumbled him on his back; and not having any regard to the laws of heroism, which would have restrained him from any further

attack on his enemy till he was again on his legs, he threw himself upon him, and laying hold on the ground with his left hand, he with his right, belaboured the body of Adams till he was weary, and indeed till he concluded, (to use the language of fighting,) "that he had done his business;" or, in the language of poetry, that he had sent him to the shades below; in plain English, "that he was dead."

But Adams, who was no chicken, and could bear a drubbing as well as any boxing champion in the universe, lay still only to watch his opportunity; and now perceiving his antagonist to pant with his labours, he exerted his utmost force at once, and with such success, that he overturned him, and became his superior; when fixing one of his knees in his breast, he cried out in an exulting voice, "It is my turn now;" and after a few minutes' constant application, he gave him so dexterous a blow just under his chin, that the fellow no longer retained any motion, and Adams began to fear he had struck him once too often; for he often asserted, "he should be concerned to have the blood of even the wicked upon him."

Adams got up and called aloud to the young woman, "Be of good cheer, damsel," said he; "you are no longer in danger of your ravisher, who I am terribly afraid lies dead at my feet: but God forgive me what I have done in defence of innocence." The poor wretch, who had been some time in recovering strength enough to rise, and had afterwards, during the engagement, stood trembling, being disabled by fear even from running away, hearing her champion was victorious, came up to him, but not without apprehensions even of her deliverer; which, however, she was soon relieved from, by his courteous behaviour, and gentle words. They were both standing by the body, which lay motionless on the ground, and which Adams wished to see stir much more than the woman did, when he earnestly begged her to tell him by what misfortune she came, at such a time of night, into so lonely a place. She acquainted him, "She was travelling towards London, and had accidentally met with the person from whom he had delivered her, who told her he was likewise on his journey to the same place, and would keep her company; an offer which, suspecting no harm, she had accepted: that he told her they were at

distance from an inn where she might take up her lodging that evening, and he would show her a nearer way to it than by following the road: that if she had suspected him, (which she did not, he spoke so kindly to her,) "being alone on these downs in the dark, she had no human means to avoid him: that therefore she put her whole trust in Providence, and walked on, expecting every moment to arrive at the inn; when on a sudden, being come to those bushes, he desired her to stop, and after some rude kisses, which she resisted, and some entreaties, which she rejected, he laid violent hands on her, and was attempting to execute his wicked will, when, she thanked G—, he timely came up and prevented him." Adams encouraged her for saying she had put her whole trust in Providence, and told her, "He doubted not but Providence had sent him to her deliverance, as a reward for that trust. He wished indeed he had not deprived the wicked wretch of life, but G—'s will be done. He said he hoped the goodness of his intention would excuse him, in the next world, and he trusted in her evidence to acquit him in this." He was then silent, and began to consider with himself whether it would be properer to make his escape, or to deliver himself into the hands of justice; which meditation ended as the reader will see in the next chapter.

CHAPTER X.

Giving an account of the strange catastrophe of the preceding adventure, which drew poor Adams into fresh calamities; and who the woman was who owed the preservation of her chastity to his victorious arm.

THE silence of Adams, added to the darkness of the night and loneliness of the place, struck dreadful apprehensions into the poor woman's mind: she began to fear as great an enemy in her deliverer, as he had delivered her from; and as she had not light enough to discover the age of Adams, and the benevolence visible in his countenance, she suspected he had used her as some very honest men have used their country; and had rescued her out of the hands of one rifler, in order to rifle her himself. Such were the suspicions she drew from his silence; but indeed they were ill grounded. He stood over his van-

quished enemy, wisely weighing in his mind the objections which might be made to either of the two methods of proceeding, mentioned in the last chapter, his judgment sometimes inclining to the one, and sometimes to the other; for both seemed to him so equally advisable, and so equally dangerous, that probably he would have ended his days, at least two or three of them, on that very spot, before he had taken any resolution: At length he lifted up his eyes, and spied a light at a distance, to which he instantly addressed himself with *Heus tu, Traveller, heus tu!* He presently heard several voices, and perceived the light approaching toward him. The persons who attended the light began some to laugh, others to sing, and others to hollo, at which the woman testified some fear, (for she had concealed her suspicions of the parson himself;) but Adams said, "Be of good cheer, damsel, and repose thy trust in the same Providence which hath hitherto protected thee, and never will forsake the innocent." These people, who now approached, were no other, reader, than a set of young fellows, who came to these bushes in pursuit of a diversion which they call bird-batting. This, if thou art ignorant of it, (as perhaps if thou hast never travelled beyond Kensington, Islington, Hackney, or the Borough, thou mayest be,) I will inform thee, is performed by holding a large clap-net before a lantern, and at the same time beating the bushes; for the birds, when they are disturbed from their place of rest, or roost, immediately make to the light, and so are enticed within the net. Adams immediately told them what had happened, and desired them to hold the lantern to the face of the man on the ground, for he feared he had smote him fatally. But indeed his fears were frivolous; for the fellow, though he had been stunned by the last blow he received, had long since recovered his senses, and finding himself quit of Adams, had listened attentively to the discourse between him and the young woman; for whose departure he had patiently waited, that he might likewise withdraw himself, having no longer hopes of succeeding in his desires, which were moreover almost as well cooled by Mr. Adams, as they could have been by the young woman herself, had he obtained his utmost wish. This fellow, who had a readiness at improving any accident, thought he

might now play a better part than that of a dead man; and accordingly, the moment the candle was held to his face, he leapt up, and laying hold on Adams, cried out, "No, villain, I am not dead, though you and your wicked whore might well think me so, after the barbarous cruelties you have exercised on me. Gentlemen," said he, "you are luckily come to the assistance of a poor traveller, who would otherwise have been robbed and murdered by this vile man and woman, who led me hither out of my way from the high-road, and both falling on me have used me as you see." Adams was going to answer, when one of the young fellows cried, "D—n them, let's carry them both before the justice." The poor woman began to tremble, and Adams lifted up his voice, but in vain. Three or four of them laid hands on him; and one holding the lantern to his face, they all agreed he had the most villanous countenance they ever beheld; and an attorney's clerk, who was of the company, declared, he was sure he had remembered him at the bar. As to the woman, her hair was dishevelled in the struggle, and her nose had bled; so that they could not perceive whether she was handsome or ugly, but they said her fright plainly discovered her guilt. And searching her pockets, as they did those of Adams, for money, which the fellow said he had lost, they found in her pocket a purse with some gold in it, which abundantly convinced them, especially as the fellow offered to swear to it. Mr. Adams was found to have no more than one half-penny about him. This the clerk said "was a great presumption that he was an old offender, by cunningly giving all the booty to the woman." To which all the rest readily assented.

This accident promising them better sport than what they had proposed, they quitted their intention of catching birds, and unanimously resolved to proceed to the justice with the offenders. Being informed what a desperate fellow Adams was, they tied his hands behind him; and having hid their nets among the bushes, and the lantern being carried before them, they placed the two prisoners in their front, and then began their march: Adams not only submitting patiently to his own fate, but comforting and encouraging his companion under her sufferings.

Whilst they were on their way, the clerk informed the rest that this adventure would prove a very beneficial one; for that they would be all entitled to their proportions of 80*l.* for apprehending the robbers. This occasioned a contention concerning the parts which they had severally borne in taking them: one insisting he ought to have the greatest share, for he had first laid his hands on Adams; another claiming a superior part for having first held the lantern to the man's face on the ground, by which, he said, "the whole was discovered." The clerk claimed four-fifths of the reward, for having proposed to search the prisoners; and likewise the carrying them before the justice; he said, "indeed, in strict justice, he ought to have the whole." These claims, however, they at last consented to refer to a future decision, but seemed all to agree that the clerk was entitled to a moiety. They then debated what money should be allotted to the young fellow who had been employed only in holding the nets. He very modestly said, "That he did not apprehend any large proportion would fall to his share, but hoped they would allow him something; he desired them to consider, that they had assigned their nets to his care, which prevented him from being as forward as any in laying hold of the robbers," (for so those innocent people were called;) "that if he had not occupied the nets, some other must;" concluding however, "that he should be contented with the smallest share imaginable, and should think that rather their bounty than his merit." But they were all unanimous in excluding him from any part whatever, the clerk particularly swearing, "If they gave him a shilling, they might do what they pleased with the rest; for he would not concern himself with the affair." This contention was so hot, and so totally engaged the attention of all the parties, that a dexterous nimble thief, had he been in Mr. Adams's situation, would have taken care to have given the justice no trouble that evening. Indeed it required not the art of a Shepherd to escape, especially as the darkness of the night would have so much befriended him; but Adams trusted rather to his innocence than his heels, and without thinking of flight, which was easy, or resistance, (which was impossible, as there were six lusty young fellows, besides the villain himself, present,) he walked

with perfect resignation the way they thought proper to conduct him.

Adams frequently vented himself in ejaculation during their journey. At last poor Joseph Andrews occurring to his mind, he could not refrain sighing forth his name, which being heard by his companion in affliction, she cried with some vehemence, "Sure I should know that voice; you cannot certainly, sir, be Mr. Abraham Adams?"—"Indeed, damsel," says he, "that is my name; there is something also in your voice, which persuades me I have heard it before."—"La! sir," says she, "Don't you remember poor Fanny?"—"How, Fanny!" answered Adams: "indeed, I very well remember you; what can have brought you hither?"—"I have told you, sir," replied she, "I was travelling towards London; but I thought you mentioned Joseph Andrews; pray what is become of him?"—"I left him, child, this afternoon," said Adams, "in the stage-coach, in his way towards our parish, whither he is going to see you."—"To see me! La, sir," answered Fanny, "sure you jeer me; what should he be going to see me for?"—"Can you ask that?" replied Adams. "I hope, Fanny, you are not inconstant; I assure you he deserves much better of you."—"La! Mr. Adams," said she, "what is Mr. Joseph to me? I am sure I never had any thing to say to him, but as one fellow-servant might to another."—"I am sorry to hear this," said Adams; "a virtuous passion for a young man, is what no woman need be ashamed of. You either do not tell me the truth, or you are false to a very worthy man." Adams then told her what had happened at the inn, to which she listened very attentively; and a sigh often escaped from her, notwithstanding her utmost endeavours to the contrary; nor could she prevent herself from asking a thousand questions, which would have assured any one but Adams, who never saw farther into people than they desired to let him, of the truth of a passion she endeavoured to conceal. Indeed, the fact was, that this poor girl having heard of Joseph's misfortune, by some of the servants belonging to the coach, which we have formerly mentioned to have stopt at the inn while the poor youth was confined to his bed, that instant abandoned the cow she was milking, and taking with her a little bundle of clothes under

her arm, and all the money she was worth in her own purse, without consulting any one, immediately set forward in pursuit of one, whom, notwithstanding her shyness to the parson, she loved with inexpressible violence, though with the purest and most delicate passion. This shyness, therefore, as we trust it will recommend her character to all our female readers, and not greatly surprise such of our males as are well acquainted with the younger part of the other sex, we shall not give ourselves any trouble to vindicate.

CHAPTER XI.

What happened to them while before the justice. A chapter very full of learning.

THEIR fellow-travellers were so engaged in the hot dispute, concerning the division of the reward for apprehending these innocent people, that they attended very little to their discourse. They were now arrived at the justice's house, and had sent one of his servants in to acquaint his worship, that they had taken two robbers, and brought them before him. The justice, who was just returned from a fox-chase, and had not yet finished his dinner, ordered them to carry the prisoners into the stable, whither they were attended by all the servants in the house, and all the people in the neighbourhood, who flocked together to see them, with as much curiosity as if there was something uncommon to be seen, or that a rogue did not look like other people.

The justice now being in the height of his mirth and his cups, bethought himself of the prisoners; and telling his company, he believed they should have good sport in their examination, he ordered them into his presence. They had no sooner entered the room, than he began to revile them, saying, "That robberies on the highway were now grown so frequent, that people could not sleep safely in their beds, and assured them they both should be made examples of at the ensuing assizes." After he had gone on some time in this manner, he was reminded by his clerk, "That it would be proper to take the depositions of the witnesses against them." Which he bid him do, and he would light his pipe in the mean time. Whilst the clerk was

employed in writing down the deposition of the fellow who had pretended to be robbed, the justice employed himself in cracking jests on poor Fanny, in which he was seconded by all the company at table. One asked, "Whether she was to be indicted for a highwayman?" Another whispered in her ear, "If she had not provided herself a great belly, he was at her service." A third said, "He warranted she was a relation of Turpin." To which one of the company, a great wit, shaking his head, and then his sides, answered, "He believed she was nearer related to Turpis;" at which there was a universal laugh. They were proceeding thus with the poor girl, when somebody, smoking the cassock peeping forth from under the great-coat of Adams, cried out, "What have we here, a parson?"—"How, sirrah," says the justice, "do you go robbing in the dress of a clergyman? let me tell you, your habit will not entitle you to the benefit of the clergy."—"Yes," said the witty fellow, "he will have one benefit of clergy; he will be exalted above the heads of the people;" at which there was a second laugh. And now the witty spark, seeing his jokes take, began to rise in spirits; and turning to Adams, challenged him to cap verses, and provoking him by giving the first blow, he repeated,

"Molle meren levibus cord est vilebile telis."

Upon which Adams, with a look full of ineffable contempt, told him, "He deserved scourging for his pronunciation." The witty fellow answered, "What do you deserve, doctor, for not being able to answer the first time? Why, I'll give one, you blockhead, with an S.

"Si licetiot fulvum spectatur in ignibus haurum."

"What, can'st not with an M neither? thou art a pretty fellow for a parson. Why did'st not steal some of the parson's Latin as well as his gown?" Another at the table then answered, "If he had, you would have been too hard for him; I remember you at the college, a very devil at this sport; I have seen you catch a fresh-man; for nobody that knew you would engage with you."—"I have forgot those things now," cried the wit. "I believe I could have done pretty well formerly. Let's see, what did I end with—an M again—ay—

"Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum."

I could have done it once." — "Ah! evil betide you, and so you can now," said the other; "nobody in this country will undertake you." Adams could hold no longer; "Friend," said he, "I have a boy not above eight years old, who would instruct thee that the last verse runs thus:

Ut sunt Divorum, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum."

"I'll hold thee a guinea of that," said the wit, throwing the money on the table. "And I'll go your halves," cries the other. "Done," answered Adams; but upon applying to his pocket he was forced to retract, and own he had no money about him; which set them all a laughing, and confirmed the triumph of his adversary, which was not moderate; any more than the approbation he met with from the whole company, who told Adams, he must go a little longer to school, before he attempted to attack that gentleman in Latin.

The clerk having finished the depositions, as well of the fellow himself, as of those who apprehended the prisoners, delivered them to the justice, who having sworn the several witnesses, without reading a syllable, ordered his clerk to make the mittimus.

Adams then said, "He hoped he should not be condemned unheard." — "No, no," cries the justice, "you will be asked what you have to say for yourself, when you come on your trial: we are not trying you now; I shall only commit you to jail: if you can prove your innocence at 'size, you will be found ignoramus, and so no harm done." — "Is it no punishment, sir, for an innocent man to lie several months in jail!" cries Adams: "I beg you would at least hear me before you sign the mittimus."—"What signifies all you can say?" says the justice: "is it not here in black and white against you? I must tell you, you are a very impertinent fellow, to take up so much of my time. So make haste with his mittimus."

The clerk now acquainted the justice, that among other suspicious things, as a penknife, &c., found in Adams's pocket, they had discovered a book written, as he apprehended, in ciphers; for no one could read a word in it. "Ay," says the justice, "the fellow may be more than a common robber, he may be in a plot against the government—produce the book."

Upon which the poor manuscript of Æschylus, which Adams had transcribed with his own hand, was brought forth; and the justice, looking at it, shook his head, and, turning to the prisoner, asked the meaning of those ciphers. "Ciphers!" answered Adams; "it is a manuscript of Æschylus."—"Who? who?" said the justice. Adams repeated, "Æschylus."—"That is an outlandish name," cried the clerk. "A fictitious name, rather, I believe," said the justice. One of the company declared it looked very much like Greek. "Greek?" said the justice; "why, 'tis all writing."—"No," says the other, "I don't positively say it is so; for it is a very long time since I have seen any Greek." "There's one," says he, turning to the parson of the parish, who was present, "will tell us immediately." The parson, taking up the book, and putting on his spectacles and gravity together, muttered some words to himself, and then pronounced aloud—"Ay, indeed, it is a Greek manuscript; a very fine piece of antiquity. I make no doubt but it was stolen from the same clergyman from whom the rogue took the cassock."—"What did the rascal mean by his Æschylus?" says the justice. "Pooh!" answered the doctor, with a contemptuous grin, "do you think that fellow knows any thing of this book? Æschylus! ho, ho! I see now what it is—a manuscript of one of the fathers. I know a nobleman, who would give a great deal of money for such a piece of antiquity. Ay, ay, question and answer. The beginning is the catechism in Greek. Ay, ay, *Polloki toi:* What's your name?"—"Ay, what's your name?" says the justice to Adams; who answered, "It is Æschylus, and I will maintain it."—"O! it is," says the justice; "make Mr. Æschylus his mittimus. I will teach you to banter me with a false name."

One of the company, having looked steadfastly at Adams, asked him, "If he did not know Lady Booby?" Upon which, Adams, presently calling him to mind, answered, in a rapture, "O, squire! are you there? I believe you will inform his worship I am innocent."—"I can, indeed, say," replied the squire, "that I am very much surprised to see you in this situation;" and then, addressing himself to the justice, he said, "Sir, I assure you Mr. Adams is a clergyman, as he appears,

and a gentleman of a very good character. I wish you would inquire a little farther into this affair; for I am convinced of his innocence."—"Nay,' says the justice, "if he is a gentleman, and you are sure he is innocent, I don't desire to commit him, not I: I will commit the woman by herself, and take your bail for the gentleman: look into the book, clerk, and see how it is to take bail—come—and make the mittimus for the woman as fast as you can."—"Sir," cries Adams, "I assure you she is as innocent as myself."—"Perhaps," said the squire, "there may be some mistake: pray let us hear Mr. Adams's relation."—"With all my heart," answered the justice; "and give the gentleman a glass, to wet his whistle, before he begins. I know how to behave myself to a gentleman, as well as another. Nobody can say I have committed a gentleman since I have been in the commission." Adams then began the narrative, in which, though he was very prolix, he was uninterrupted, unless by several hums and hahs of the justice, and his desire to repeat those parts which seemed to him most material. When he had finished, the justice, who, on what the squire had said, believed every syllable of his story, on his bare affirmation, notwithstanding the depositions on oath to the contrary, began to let loose several rogues and rascals against the witness, whom he ordered to stand forth, but in vain; the said witness, long since finding what turn matters were like to take, had privily withdrawn, without attending the issue. The justice now flew into a violent passion, and was hardly prevailed with not to commit the innocent fellows, who had been imposed on as well as himself. He swore, "They had best find out the fellow who was guilty of perjury, and bring him before him within two days, or he would bind them all over to their good behaviour." They all promised to use their best endeavours to that purpose, and were dismissed. Then the justice insisted that Mr. Adams should sit down and take a glass with him; and the parson of the parish delivered him back the manuscript without saying a word; nor would Adams, who plainly discerned his ignorance, expose it. As for Fanny, she was, at her own request, recommended to the care of a maid servant of the house, who helped her to new dress and clean herself.

The company in the parlour had not been long seated, before they were alarmed with a horrible uproar from without, where the persons who had apprehended Adams and Fanny had been regaling, according to the custom of the house, with the justice's strong beer. These were all fallen together by the ears, and were cuffing each other without any mercy. The justice himself sallied out, and with the dignity of his presence soon put an end to the fray. On his return into the parlour, he reported, "That the occasion of the quarrel, was no other than a dispute, to whom, if Adams had been convicted, the greater share of the reward for apprehending him had belonged." All the company laughed at this, except Adams, who, taking his pipe from his mouth, fetched a deep groan, and said, "He was concerned to see so litigious a temper in men. That he remembered a story something like it in one of the parishes where his cure lay: — There was," continued he, "a competition between three young fellows for the place of the clerk, which I disposed of, to the best of my abilities, according to merit; that is, I gave it to him who had the happiest knack at setting a psalm. The clerk was no sooner established in his place, than a contention began between the two disappointed candidates concerning their excellence; each contending, on whom, had they two been the only competitors, my election would have fallen. This dispute frequently disturbed the congregation, and introduced a discord into the psalmody, till I was forced to silence them both. But, alas! the litigious spirit could not be stifled; and being no longer able to vent itself in singing, it now broke forth in fighting. It produced many battles, (for they were very near a match,) and I believe would have ended fatally, had not the death of the clerk given me an opportunity to promote one of them to his place; which presently put an end to the dispute, and entirely reconciled the contending parties." Adams then proceeded to make some philosophical observations on the folly of growing warm in disputes in which neither party is interested. He then applied himself vigorously to smoking; and a long silence ensued, which was at length broke by the justice, who began to sing forth his own praises, and to value himself exceedingly on his nice discernment in the cause which had lately been

before him. He was quickly interrupted by Mr. Adams, between whom and his worship a dispute now arose, whether he ought not, in strictness of law, to have committed him, the said Adams; in which the latter maintained he ought to have been committed, and the justice as vehemently held he ought not. This had most probably produced a quarrel, (for both were very violent and positive in their opinions,) had not Fanny accidentally heard that a young fellow was going from the justice's house to the very inn where the stage-coach in which Joseph was, put up. Upon this news, she immediately sent for the parson out of the parlour. Adams, when he found her resolute to go, (though she would not own the reason, but pretended she could not bear to see the faces of those who had suspected her of such a crime,) was as fully determined to go with her; he accordingly took leave of the justice and company; and so ended a dispute in which the law seemed shamefully to intend to set a magistrate and a divine together by the ears.

CHAPTER XII.

A very delightful adventure, as well to the persons concerned as to the good-natured reader.

ADAMS, Fanny, and the guide, set out together about one in the morning, the moon being then just risen. They had not gone above a mile, before a most violent storm of rain obliged them to take shelter in an inn, or rather ale-house; where Adams immediately procured himself a good fire, a toast and ale, and a pipe, and began to smoke with great content, utterly forgetting every thing that had happened.

Fanny sat likewise down by the fire; but was much more impatient at the storm. She presently engaged the eyes of the host, his wife, the maid of the house, and the young fellow who was their guide; they all conceived they had never seen any thing half so handsome; and, indeed, reader, if thou art of an amorous hue, I advise thee to skip over the next paragraph; which, to render our history perfect, we are obliged to set down, humbly hoping that we may escape the fate of Pygmalion; for if it should happen to us, or to thee, to be struck

with this picture, we should be, perhaps, in as helpless a condition as Narcissus, and might say to ourselves *quod petis est nusquam*. Or, if the finest features in it should set lady ——'s image before our eyes, we should be still in as bad a situation, and might say to our desires, *Cœlum ipsum petimus stultitia.*

Fanny was now in the nineteenth year of her age; she was tall and delicately shaped; but not one of those slender young women, who seem rather intended to hang up in the hall of an anatomist than for any other purpose. On the contrary, she was so plump, that she seemed bursting through her tight stays, especially in the part which confined her swelling breasts. Nor did her hips want the assistance of a hoop to extend them. The exact shape of her arms denoted the form of those limbs which she concealed; and though they were a little reddened by her labour, yet if her sleeve slipt above her elbow, or her handkerchief discovered any part of her neck, a whiteness appeared which the finest Italian paint would be unable to reach. Her hair was of a chesnut brown, and nature had been extremely lavish to her of it, which she had cut, and on Sundays used to curl down her neck in the modern fashion. Her forehead was high, her eyebrows arched, and rather full than otherwise. Her eyes black and sparkling; her nose just inclining to the Roman; her lips red and moist, and her under lip, according to the opinion of the ladies, too pouting. Her teeth were white, but not exactly even. The small-pox had left one only mark on her chin, which was so large, it might have been mistaken for a dimple, had not her left cheek produced one so near a neighbour to it, that the former served only for a foil to the latter. Her complexion was fair, a little injured by the sun, but overspread with such a bloom, that the finest ladies would have exchanged all their white for it: add to these a countenance in which, though she was extremely bashful, a sensibility appeared, almost incredible; and a sweetness, whenever she smiled, beyond either imitation or description. To conclude all, she had a natural gentility, superior to the acquisition of art, and which surprised all who beheld her.

This lovely creature was sitting by the fire with Adams, when her attention was suddenly engaged by a voice from an inner room, which sung the following song:

THE SONG.

Say, Chloe, where must the swain stray,
  Who is by thy beauties undone?
To wash their remembrance away,
  To what distant Lethe must he run?
The wretch who is sentenc'd to die
  May escape and leave justice behind;
From his country perhaps he may fly;
  But O! can he fly from his mind?

O rapture unthought of before!
  To be thus of Chloe possest;
Nor she, nor no tyrant's hard power,
  Her image can tear from my breast,
But felt not Narcissus more joy,
  With his eyes he beheld his lov'd charms?
Yet what he beheld, the fond boy
  More eagerly wish'd in his arms.

How can it thy dear image be,
  Which fills this my bosom with wo?
Can aught bear resemblance to thee
  Which grief and not joy can bestow?
This counterfeit snatch from my heart,
  Ye Pow'rs, tho' with torment I rave,
Tho' mortal will prove the fell smart:
  I then shall find rest in my grave.

Ah see the dear nymph o'er the plain
  Come smiling and tripping along!
A thousand Loves dance in her train!
  The Graces around her all throng.
To meet her soft Zephyrus flies,
  And wafts all the sweets from the flow'rs;
Ah rogue! whilst he kisses her eyes,
  More sweets from her breath he devours.

My soul, whilst I gaze, is on fire:
  But her looks were so tender and kind,
My hope almost reach'd my desire,
  And left lame Despair far behind.
Transported with madness, I flew,
  And eagerly seiz'd on my bliss;
Her bosom but half she withdrew,
  But half she refus'd the fond kiss.

Advances like these made me bold,
I whisper'd her, —— Love, we're alone. —
The rest let immortals unfold,
No language can tell but their own.
Ah Chloe, expiring I cried,
How long I thy cruelty bore!
Ah Strephon, she blushing replied,
You ne'er was so pressing before.

Adams had been ruminating all this time on a passage in Æschylus, without attending in the least to the voice, though one of the most melodious that ever was heard; when, casting his eyes on Fanny, he cried out, "Bless us, you look extremely pale!"—"Pale! Mr. Adams," says she; "O Jesus!" and fell backwards in her chair. Adams jumped up, flung his Æschylus into the fire, and fell a roaring to the people of the house for help. He soon summoned every one into the room, and the songster among the rest; but, O reader! when this nightingale, who was no other than Joseph Andrews himself, saw his beloved Fanny in the situation we have described her, can'st thou conceive the agitations of his mind? If thou can'st not, waive that meditation to behold his happiness, when, clasping her in his arms, he found life and blood returning into her cheeks; when he saw her open her beloved eyes, and heard her with the softest accent whisper, "Are you Joseph Andrews?" —"Art thou my Fanny?" he answered eagerly; and pulling her to his heart, he imprinted numberless kisses on her lips, without considering who were present.

If prudes are offended at the lusciousness of this picture, they may take their eyes off from it, and survey Parson Adams dancing about the room in a rapture of joy. Some philosophers may perhaps doubt, whether he was not the happiest of the three; for the goodness of his heart enjoyed the blessings which were exulting in the breasts of both the other two, together with his own. But we shall leave such disquisitions, as too deep for us, to those who are building some favourite hypothesis, which they will refuse no metaphysical rubbish to erect and support; for our part, we give it clearly on the side of Joseph, whose happiness was not only greater than the parson's, but of longer duration; for as soon as the first tumults of Adams's raptures were over, he cast his eyes towards the

fire, where Æschylus lay expiring; and immediately rescued the poor remains, to wit, the sheepskin covering, of his dear friend, which was the work of his own hands, and had been his inseparable companion for upwards of thirty years.

Fanny had no sooner perfectly recovered herself, than she began to restrain the impetuosity of her transports; and reflecting on what she had done and suffered in the presence of so many, she was immediately covered with confusion; and pushing Joseph gently from her, she begged him to be quiet; nor would admit either of kiss or embrace any longer. Then seeing Mrs. Slipslop, she curt'sied, and offered to advance to her; but that high woman would not return her curt'sies; but casting her eyes another way, immediately withdrew into another room, muttering as she went, she wondered who the creature was.

CHAPTER XIII.

A dissertation concerning high people and low people, with Mrs. Slipslop's departure in no very good temper of mind, and the evil plight in which she left Adams and his company.

It will doubtless seem extremely odd to many readers, that Mrs. Slipslop, who had lived several years in the same house with Fanny, should, in a short separation, utterly forget her. And indeed the truth is, that she remembered her very well. As we would not willingly, therefore, that any thing should appear unnatural in this our history, we will endeavour to explain the reasons of her conduct; nor do we doubt being able to satisfy the most curious reader, that Mrs. Slipslop did not in the least deviate from the common road in this behaviour; and indeed, had she done otherwise, she must have descended below herself, and would have very justly been liable to censure.

Be it known, then, that the human species are divided into two sorts of people, to wit, high people and low people. As by high people I would not be understood to mean persons literally born higher in their dimensions than the rest of the species, nor metaphorically those of exalted characters or abilities; so by low people, I cannot be construed to intend the reverse. High people signify no other than people of

fashion, and low people those of no fashion. Now this word fashion hath by long use lost its original meaning, from which at present it gives us a very different idea, for I am deceived, if by persons of fashion we do not generally include a conception of birth and accomplishments superior to the herd of mankind; whereas in reality, nothing more was originally meant by a person of fashion, than a person who drest himself in the fashion of the times; and the word really and truly signifies no more at this day. Now the world being thus divided into people of fashion and people of no fashion, a fierce contention arose between them: nor would those of one party, to avoid suspicion, be seen publicly to speak to those of the other, though they often held a very good correspondence in private. In this contention, it is difficult to say which party succeeded; for whilst the people of fashion seized several places to their own use, such as courts, assemblies, operas, balls, &c.; the people of no fashion, besides one royal place, called His Majesty's Bear-garden, have been in constant possession of all hops, fairs, revels, &c. Two places have been agreed to be divided between them, namely, the church and the playhouse: where they segregate themselves from each other in a remarkable manner: for as the people of fashion exalt themselves at church over the heads of the people of no fashion; so in the playhouse they abase themselves in the same degree under their feet. This distinction I have never met with any one able to account for: it is sufficient, that so far from looking on each other as brethren in the christian language, they seem scarce to regard each other as of the same species. This the terms, "Strange persons, people one does not know, the creatures, wretches, beasts, brutes," and many other appellations, evidently demonstrate; which Mrs. Slipslop having often heard her mistress use, thought she had also a right to use in her turn; and perhaps she was not mistaken; for these two parties, especially those bordering nearly on each other, to wit, the lowest of the high, and the highest of the low, often change their parties according to place and time; for those who are people of fashion in one place, are often people of no fashion in another. And with regard to time, it may not be unpleasant to survey the picture of dependence like a kind of

ladder: as for instance; early in the morning arises the postilion, or some other boy, which great families, no more than great ships, are without, and falls to brushing the clothes and cleaning the shoes of John the footman; who being drest himself, applies his hands to the same labour for Mr. Second-hand, the squire's gentleman; the gentleman in the like manner, a little later in the day, attends the squire; the squire is no sooner equipped, than he attends the levee of my lord; which is no sooner over, than my lord himself is seen at the levee of the favourite, who, after the hour of homage is at an end, appears himself to pay homage to the levee of his sovereign. Nor is there, perhaps, in this whole ladder of dependence, any one step at a greater distance from the other than the first from the second; so that to a philosopher the question might only seem, whether you would choose to be a great man at six in the morning, or at two in the afternoon. And yet there are scarce two of these who do not think the least familiarity with the persons below them a condescension, and if they were to go one step farther, a degradation.

And now, reader, I hope thou wilt pardon this long digression, which seemed to me necessary to vindicate the great character of Mrs. Slipslop, from what low people, who have never seen high people, might think an absurdity; but we who know them, must have daily found very high persons know us in one place and not in another, to-day and not to-morrow; all which it is difficult to account for, otherwise than I have here endeavoured; and perhaps, if the gods, according to the opinion of some, made men only to laugh at them, there is no part of our behaviour which answers the end of our creation better than this.

But to return to our history: Adams, who knew no more of this, than the cat which sat on the table, imagining Mrs. Slipslop's memory had been much worse than it really was, followed her into the next room, crying out, "Madam Slipslop, here is one of your old acquaintance; do but see what a fine woman she is grown since she left Lady Booby's service."—"I think I reflect something of her," answered she, with great dignity, "but I can't remember all the inferior servants in our family." She then proceeded to satisfy Adams's curiosity, by

telling him, "when she arrived at the inn, she found a chaise ready for her; that her lady being expected very shortly in the country, she was obliged to make the utmost haste; and in commiseration of Joseph's lameness, she had taken him with her;" and lastly, "that the excessive virulence of the storm had driven them into the house where he found them." After which, she acquainted Adams with his having left his horse, and expressed some wonder at his having strayed so far out of his way, and at meeting him, as she said, "in the company of that wench, who she feared was no better than she should be."

The horse was no sooner put into Adams's head, but he was immediately driven out by this reflection on the character of Fanny. He protested, "He believed there was not a chaster damsel in the universe. I heartly wish, I heartily wish," cried he, (snapping his fingers,) "that all her betters were as good." He then proceeded to inform her of the accident of their meeting; but when he came to mention the circumstance of delivering her from the rape, she said, "She thought him properer for the army than the clergy; that it did not become a clergyman to lay violent hands on any one; that he should have rather prayed that she might be strengthened." Adams said, "He was very far from being ashamed of what he had done:" she replied, "Want of shame was not the currycuristic of a clergyman." This dialogue might have probably grown warmer, had not Joseph opportunely entered the room, to ask leave of Madam Slipslop to introduce Fanny; but she positively refused to admit any such trollops; and told him, "She would have been burnt before she would have suffered him to get into a chaise with her, if she had once suspected him of having his sluts way-laid on the road for him;" adding, "that Mr. Adams acted a very pretty part, and she did not doubt but to see him a bishop." He made the best bow he could, and cried out, "I thank you, madam, for that right-reverend appellation, which I shall take all honest means to deserve."—"Very honest means," returned she with a sneer, "to bring people together." At these words Adams took two or three strides across the room, when the coachman came to inform Mrs. Slipslop, "That the storm was over, and the moon shone very bright." She then sent for Joseph, who was sitting with-

out with his Fanny, and would have had him gone with her; but he peremptorily refused to leave Fanny behind; which threw the good woman into a violent rage. She said, "She would inform her lady what doings were carrying on, and did not doubt but she would rid the parish of all such people;" and concluded a long speech full of bitterness and very hard words, with some reflections on the clergy, not decent to repeat; at last, finding Joseph unmoveable, she flung herself into the chaise, casting a look at Fanny as she went, not unlike that which Cleopatra gives Octavia in the play. To say the truth, she was most disagreeably disappointed by the presence of Fanny; she had, from her first seeing Joseph at the inn, conceived hopes of something which might have been accomplished at an alehouse as well as a palace. Indeed it is probable Mr. Adams had rescued more than Fanny from the danger of a rape that evening.

When the chaise had carried off the enraged Slipslop, Adams, Joseph, and Fanny, assembled over the fire; where they had a great deal of innocent chat, pretty enough: but as possibly it would not be very entertaining to the reader, we shall hasten to the morning; only observing that none of them went to bed that night. Adams, when he had smoked three pipes, took a comfortable nap in a great chair, and left the lovers, whose eyes were too well employed to permit any desire of shutting them, to enjoy by themselves, during some hours, a happiness of which none of my readers, who have never been in love, are capable of the least conception, though we had as many tongues as Homer desired to describe it with, and which all true lovers will represent to their own minds, without the least assistance from us.

Let it suffice then to say, that Fanny, after a thousand entreaties, at last gave up her whole soul to Joseph; and almost fainting in his arms, with a sigh infinitely softer and sweeter too than any Arabian breeze, she whispered to his lips, which were then close to hers, "O, Joseph, you have won me; I will be yours forever." Joseph having thanked her on his knees, and embraced her with an eagerness which she now almost returned, leapt up in rapture, and awakened the parson, earnestly begging him, "that he would that instant join their hands

together." Adams rebuked him for his request, and told him, "he would by no means consent to any thing contrary to the forms of the church; that he had no license, nor indeed would he advise him to obtain one; that the church had prescribed a form, namely, the publication of banns, with which all good Christians ought to comply, and to the omission of which he attributed the many miseries which befel great folks in marriage;" concluding, "As many as are joined together otherwise than G—'s word doth allow, are not joined together by G—, neither is their matrimony lawful." Fanny agreed with the parson, saying to Joseph, with a blush, "she assured him she would not consent to any such thing, and that she wondered at his offering it." In which resolution she was comforted and commended by Adams; and Joseph was obliged to wait patiently till after the third publication of the banns, which however he obtained the consent of Fanny, in the presence of Adams, to put in at their arrival.

The sun had been now risen some hours, when Joseph, finding his leg surprisingly recovered, proposed to walk forwards; but when they were all ready to set out, an accident a little retarded them. This was no other than the reckoning, which amounted to seven shillings: no great sum, if we consider the immense quantity of ale which Mr. Adams poured in. Indeed, they had no objection to the reasonableness of the bill, but many to the probability of paying it; for the fellow who had taken poor Fanny's purse, had unluckily forgot to return it. So that the account stood thus:

	l.	*s.*	*d.*
Mr. Adams and company, Dr. . .	0	7	0
In Mr. Adams's pocket	0	0	6½
In Mr. Joseph's	0	0	0
In Mrs. Fanny's	0	0	0
Balance.	0	6	5½

They stood silent some few minutes, staring at each other, when Adams whipt out on his toes, and asked the hostess, "if there was no clergyman in that parish?" She answered,

"There was."—"Is he wealthy?" replied he; to which she likewise answered in the affirmative. Adams then snapping his fingers, returned overjoyed to his companions, crying out, "Heureka, Heureka;" which not being understood, he told them in plain English, "They need give themselves no trouble; for he had a brother in the parish who would defray the reckoning, and that he would just step to his house and fetch the money, and return to them instantly."

CHAPTER XIV.

An interview between Parson Adams and Parson Trulliber.

Parson Adams came to the house of Parson Trulliber, whom he found stript into his waistcoat with an apron on, and a pail in his hand, just come from serving his hogs; for Mr. Trulliber was a parson on Sundays, but all the other six days might more properly be called a farmer. He occupied a small piece of land of his own, besides which he rented a considerable deal more. His wife milked his cows, managed his dairy, and followed the markets with butter and eggs. The hogs fell chiefly to his care, which he carefully waited on at home, and attended to fairs; on which occasion he was liable to many jokes, his own size being with much ale rendered little inferior to that of the beasts he sold. He was indeed one of the largest men you should see, and could have acted the part of Sir John Falstaff without stuffing. Add to this, that the rotundity of his belly was considerably increased by the shortness of his stature, his shadow ascending very near as far in height, when he lay on his back, as when he stood on his legs. His voice was loud and hoarse, and his accent extremely broad. To complete the whole, he had a stateliness in his gait, when he walked, not unlike that of a goose, only he stalked slower.

Mr. Trulliber being informed that somebody wanted to speak with him, immediately slipped off his apron, and clothed himself in an old night-gown, being the dress in which he always saw his company at home. His wife, who informed him of Mr. Adam's arrival, had made a small mistake; for she had told her husband, "She believed here was a man come for some of

his hogs." This supposition made Mr. Trulliber hasten with the utmost expedition to attend his guest. He no sooner saw Parson Adams, than, not in the least doubting the cause of his errand to be what his wife had imagined, he told him, "he was come in very good time; that he expected a dealer that very afternoon; and added, they were all pure and fat, and upwards of twenty score a-piece." Adams answered, "He believed he did not know him."—"Yes, yes," cried Trulliber, "I have seen you often at fair; why, we have dealt before now, mun, I warrant you. Yes, yes," cries he, "I remember thy face very well, but won't mention a word more till you have seen them, though I have never sold thee a flitch of such bacon as is now in the stye." Upon which he laid violent hands on Adams, and dragged him into the hog-stye, which was indeed, but two steps from his parlour window. They were no sooner arrived there, than he cried out, "Do but handle them; step in, friend; art welcome to handle them, whether dost buy or no?" At which words, opening the gate, he pushed Adams into a pig-stye, insisting on it that he should handle them before he would talk one word with him.

Adams, whose natural compliance was beyond any artificial, was obliged to comply before he was suffered to explain himself; and, laying hold on one of their tails, the unruly beast gave such a sudden spring, that he threw poor Adams all along in the mire. Trulliber, instead of assisting him to get up, burst into a fit of laughter, and, entering the stye, said to Adams, with some contempt, "Why dost not know how to handle a hog?" and was going to lay hold of one himself; but Adams, who thought he had carried his complaisance far enough, was no sooner on his legs, than he escaped out of the reach of the animals, and cried out, "*Nil habeo cum porcis:* I am a clergyman, sir, and am not come to buy hogs." Trulliber answered, "He was sorry for the mistake; but that he must blame his wife;" adding, "she was a fool, and always committed blunders." He then desired him to walk in and clean himself; that he would only fasten up the stye and follow him. Adams desired leave to dry his great-coat, wig, and hat by the fire, which Trulliber granted. Mrs. Trulliber would have brought him a basin of water to wash his face; but her

husband bid her be quiet like a fool as she was, or she would commit more blunders, and then directed Adams to the pump. While Adams was thus employed, Trulliber, conceiving no great respect for the appearance of his guest, fastened the parlour door, and now conducted him into the kitchen; telling him he believed a cup of drink would do him no harm, and whispered his wife to draw a little of the worst ale. After a short silence, Adams said, "I fancy, sir, you already perceive me to be a clergyman." "Ay, ay," cries Trulliber, grinning, "I perceive you have some cassock; I will not venture to caale it a whole one." Adams answered, "It was indeed none of the best; but he had the misfortune to tear it, about ten years ago, in passing over a style." Mrs. Trulliber, returning with the drink, told her husband, "She fancied the gentleman was a traveller, and that he would be glad to eat a bit." Trulliber bid her hold her impertinent tongue; and asked her, "If parsons used to travel without horses?" adding, "He supposed the gentleman had none, by his having no boots on."—"Yes, sir, yes," says Adams; "I have a horse, but I have left him behind me."—"I am glad to hear you have one," says Trulliber; "for I assure you I don't love to see clergymen on foot; it is not seemly, nor suiting the dignity of the cloth." Here Trulliber made a long oration on the dignity of the cloth, (or rather gown,) not much worth relating, till his wife had spread the table, and set a mess of porridge on it, for his breakfast. He then said to Adams, "I don't know, friend, how you came to caale on me; however, as you are here, if you think proper to eat a morsel, you may." Adams accepted the invitation, and the two parsons sat down together, Mrs. Trulliber waiting behind her husband's chair, as was, it seems, her custom. Trulliber ate heartily, but scarce put any thing in his mouth without finding fault with his wife's cookery. All which the poor woman bore patiently. Indeed, she was so absolute an admirer of her husband's greatness and importance, of which she had frequent hints from his own mouth, that she almost carried her adoration to an opinion of his infallibility. To say the truth, the parson had exercised her more ways than one; and the pious woman had so well edified by her husband's sermons, that she had resolved to receive the bad things of

this world together with the good. She had, indeed, been at first a little contentious; but he had long since got the better; partly by her love for this; partly by her fear of that; partly by her religion; partly by the respect he paid himself; and partly by that which he received from the parish. She had, in short, absolutely submitted, and now worshipped her husband, as Sarah did Abraham, calling him (not lord, but) master. Whilst they were at table, her husband gave her a fresh example of his greatness; for as she had just delivered a cup of ale to Adams, he snatched it out of his hand, and crying out, "I caal'd vurst," swallowed down the ale. Adams denied it; it was referred to the wife, who, though her conscience was on the side of Adams, durst not give it against her husband. Upon which, he said, "No, sir, no; I should not have been so rude to have taken it from you, if you had caal'd vurst; but I'd have you know I'm a better man than to suffer the best he in the kingdom to drink before me, in my own house, when I caale vurst."

As soon as their breakfast was ended, Adams began in the following manner: "I think, sir, it is high time to inform you of the business of my embassy. I am a traveller, and am passing this way in company with two young people, a lad and a damsel, my parishioners, towards my own cure; we stopt at a house of hospitality in the parish, where they directed me to you, as having the cure."—"Though I am but a curate," says Trulliber, "I believe I am as warm as the vicar himself, or perhaps the rector of the next parish too: I believe I could buy them both."—"Sir," cries Adams, "I rejoice thereat. Now, sir, my business is, that we are, by various accidents, stript of our money, and are not able to pay our reckoning, being seven shillings. I therefore request you to assist me with the loan of those seven shillings, and also seven shillings more, which, peradventure, I shall return to you: but if not, I am convinced you will joyfully embrace such an opportunity of laying up a treasure in a better place than any this world affords."

Suppose a stranger, who entered the chambers of a lawyer, being imagined a client, when the lawyer was preparing his palm for the fee, should pull out a writ against him. Suppose

an apothecary, at the door of a chariot containing some greater doctor of eminent skill, should, instead of directions to a patient, present him with a potion for himself. Suppose a minister should, instead of a good round sum, treat my lord ——, or Sir ——, or Esq. —— with a good broom-stick. Suppose a civil companion, or a led captain, should, instead of virtue, and beauty, and parts, and admiration; thunder vice, and infamy, and ugliness, and folly, and contempt, in his patron's ears. Suppose when a tradesman first carries in his bill, the man of fashion should pay it; or suppose, if he did so, the tradesman should abate what he had overcharged, on the supposition of waiting. In short, — suppose what you will, you never can nor will suppose any thing equal to the astonishment which seized on Trulliber, as soon as Adams had ended his speech. A while he rolled his eyes in silence; sometimes surveying Adams, then his wife; then casting them on the ground, then lifting them up to heaven. At last he burst forth in the following accents: "Sir, I believe I know where to lay up my little treasure as well as another. I thank G—, if I am not so warm as some, I am content; that is a blessing greater than riches; and he to whom that is given, need ask no more. To be content with a little, is greater than to possess the world; which a man may possess without being so. Lay up my treasure! what matters it where a man's treasure is, whose heart is in the scriptures? there is the treasure of a Christian." At these words the water ran from Adams's eyes; and catching Trulliber by the hand in a rapture, "Brother," says he, "heavens bless the accident by which I came to see you! I would have walked many a mile to have communed with you; and, believe me, I will shortly pay you a second visit; but my friends, I fancy, by this time wonder at my stay; so let me have the money immediately." Trulliber then put on a stern look, and cried out, "Thou dost not intend to rob me?" At which the wife, bursting into tears, fell on her knees, and roared out, "O, dear sir! for heaven's sake don't rob my master: we are but poor people."—"Get up for a fool, as thou art, and go about thy business," said Trulliber: "dost think the man will venture his life? he is a beggar, and no robber." —"Very true, indeed," answered Adams. "I wish, with all

my heart, the tithing-man was here," cries Trulliber: "I would have thee punished as a vagabond for thy impudence. Fourteen shillings, indeed! I won't give thee a farthing. I believe thou art no more a clergyman than the woman there, (pointing to his wife;) but if thou art, dost deserve to have thy gown stript over thy shoulders, for running about the country in such a manner."—"I forgive your suspicions," says Adams; "but suppose I am not a clergyman, I am nevertheless thy brother; and thou, as a Christian, much more as a clergyman, art obliged to relieve my distress."—"Dost preach to me?" replied Trulliber: "dost pretend to instruct me in my duty?" —"Isacks, a good story," cries Mrs. Trulliber, "to preach to my master."—"Silence, woman," cries Trulliber, "I would have thee know, friend," (addressing himself to Adams,) "I shall not learn my duty from such as thee. I know what charity is, better than to give to vagabonds."—"Besides, if we were inclined, the poor's rate obliges us to give so much charity," cries the wife. "Pugh! thou art a fool. Poor's rate! Hold thy nonsense," answered Trulliber; and then turning to Adams, he told him, "He would give him nothing." —"I am sorry," answered Adams, "that you do know what charity is, since you practise it no better: I must tell you, if you trust to your knowledge for your justification, you will find yourself deceived, though you should add faith to it, without good works."—"Fellow," cries Trulliber, "dost thou speak against faith in my house? Get out of my doors: I will no longer remain under the same roof with a wretch who speaks wantonly of faith and the scriptures."—"Name not the scriptures," says Adams. "How! not name the scriptures! Do you disbelieve the scriptures?" cries Trulliber. "No, but you do," answered Adams, "if I may reason from your practice; for their commands are so explicit, and their rewards and punishments so immense, that it is impossible a man should steadfastly believe without obeying. Now, there is no command more express, no duty more frequently enjoined, than charity. Whoever, therefore, is void of charity, I make no scruple of pronouncing that he is no Christian."—"I would not advise thee," says Trulliber, "to say that I am no Christian: I won't take it of you; for I believe I am as good a man as thyself;"

(and indeed though he was now rather too corpulent for athletic exercise, he had, in his youth, been one of the best boxers and cudgel-players in the county.) His wife, seeing him clench his fist, interposed, and begged him not to fight, but show himself a true Christian, and take the law of him. As nothing could provoke Adams to strike, but an absolute assault on himself or his friend, he smiled at the angry look and gestures of Trulliber; and telling him, he was sorry to see such men in orders, departed without further ceremony.

CHAPTER XV.

An adventure, the consequence of a new instance which Parson Adams gave of his forgetfulness.

When he came back to the inn, he found Joseph and Fanny sitting together. They were so far from thinking his absence long, as he had feared they would, that they never once missed or thought of him. Indeed, I have been often assured by both, that they spent these hours in a most delightful conversation; but as I never could prevail on either to relate it, so I cannot communicate it to the reader.

Adams acquainted the lovers with the ill success of his enterprise. They were all greatly confounded, none being able to propose any method of departing, till Joseph at last advised calling in the hostess, and desiring her to trust them; which Fanny said she despaired of her doing, as she was one of the sourest-faced women she had ever beheld.

But she was agreeably disappointed; for the hostess was no sooner asked the question, than she readily agreed; and with a curtesy and smile, wished them a good journey. However, lest Fanny's skill in physiognomy should be called into question, we will venture to assign one reason which might probably incline her to this confidence and good-humour. When Adams said he was going to visit his brother, he had unwittingly imposed on Joseph and Fanny; who both believed he meant his natural brother, and not his brother in divinity; and had so informed the hostess, on her inquiry after him. Now

Mr. Trulliber had, by his professions of piety, by his gravity, austerity, reserve, and the opinion of his great wealth, so great an authority in his parish, that they all lived in the utmost fear and apprehension of him. It was therefore no wonder that the hostess, who knew it was in his option whether she should ever sell another mug of drink, did not dare to affront his supposed brother, by denying him credit.

They were now just on their departure, when Adams recollected he had left his great-coat and hat at Mr. Trulliber's. As he was not desirous of renewing his visit, the hostess herself, having no servant at home, offered to fetch them.

This was an unfortunate expedient; for the hostess was soon undeceived in the opinion she had entertained of Adams, whom Trulliber abused in the grossest terms, especially when he heard he had had the assurance to pretend to be his near relation.

At her return, therefore, she entirely changed her note. She said, "Folks might be ashamed of travelling about, and pretending to be what they were not. That taxes were high, and for her part she was obliged to pay for what she had; she could not therefore possibly, nor would she, trust any body; no, not her own father. That money was never scarcer, and she wanted to make up a sum. That she expected, therefore, they should pay their reckoning before they left the house."

Adams was now greatly perplexed; but as he knew that he could easily have borrowed such a sum in his own parish, and as he knew he would have lent it himself to any mortal in distress, so he took fresh courage, and sallied out all round the parish, but to no purpose; he returned as pennyless as he went, groaning and lamenting that it was possible, in a country professing Christianity, for a wretch to starve in the midst of his fellow-creatures who abounded.

Whilst he was gone, the hostess, who staid as a sort of guard with Joseph and Fanny, entertained them with the goodness of Parson Trulliber. And, indeed, he had not only a very good character as to other qualities in the neighbourhood, but was reputed a man of great charity; for though he never gave a farthing, he had always that word in his mouth.

Adams was no sooner returned the second time, than the storm grew exceeding high, the hostess declaring, among other things, that if they offered to stir without paying her, she would soon overtake them with a warrant.

Plato and Aristotle, or somebody else, hath said, *that when the most exquisite cunning fails, chance often hits the mark, and that by means the least expected.* Virgil expresses this very boldly,—

> Turne, quod optanti divum promittere nemo
> Auderet, volvenda dies, en! attulit ultro.

I would quote more great men if I could; but my memory not permitting me, I will proceed to exemplify these observations by the following instance.

There chanced, (for Adams had not cunning enough to contrive it,) to be at that time in the alehouse a fellow, who had been formerly a drummer in an Irish regiment, and now travelled the country as a pedlar. This man having attentively listened to the discourse of the hostess, at last took Adams aside, and asked him what the sum was for which they were detained. As soon as he was informed, he sighed, and said, "He was sorry it was so much; for that he had no more than six shillings and sixpence in his pocket, which he would lend them with all his heart." Adams gave a caper, and cried out, "It would do; for that he had sixpence himself." And thus these poor people, who could not engage the compassion of riches and piety, were at length delivered out of their distress by the charity of a poor pedlar.

I shall refer it to my reader to make what observations he pleases on this incident: it is sufficient for me to inform him, that, after Adams and his companions had returned him a thousand thanks, and told him where he might call to be repaid, they all sallied out of the house without any compliments from their hostess, or indeed without paying her any; Adams declaring he would take particular care never to call there again; and she, on her side, assuring them she wanted no such guests.

CHAPTER XVI.

A very curious adventure, in which Mr. Adams gave a much greater instance of the honest simplicity of his heart, than of his experience in the ways of this world.

Our travellers had walked about two miles from that inn; which they had more reason to have mistaken for a castle, than Don Quixote ever had any of those in which he sojourned, seeing they had met with such difficulty in escaping out of its walls; when they came to a parish, and beheld a sign of invitation hanging out. A gentleman sat smoking a pipe at the door; of whom Adams inquired the road, and received so courteous and obliging an answer, accompanied with so smiling a countenance, that the good parson, whose heart was naturally disposed to love and affection, began to ask several other questions; particularly the name of the parish, and who was the owner of a large house whose front they then had in prospect. The gentleman answered as obligingly as before; and as to the house, acquainted him it was his own. He then proceeded in the following manner: "Sir, I presume by your habit you are a clergyman; and as you are travelling on foot, I suppose a glass of good beer will not be disagreeable to you; and I can recommend my landlord's within, as some of the best in all this country. What say you, will you halt a little and let us take a pipe together? there is no better tobacco in the kingdom." This proposal was not displeasing to Adams, who had allayed his thirst that day with no better liquor than what Mrs. Trulliber's cellar had produced; and which was indeed, little superior, either in riches or flavour, to that which distilled from those grains her generous husband bestowed on his hogs. Having therefore abundantly thanked the gentleman for his kind invitation, and bid Joseph and Fanny follow him, he entered the alehouse, where a large loaf and cheese, and a pitcher of beer, which truly answered the character given of it, being set before them, the three travellers fell to eating, with appetites infinitely more voracious than are to be found at the most exquisite eating-houses in the parish of St. James's.

The gentleman expressed great delight in the hearty and

cheerful behaviour of Adams; and particularly in the familiarity with which he conversed with Joseph and Fanny, whom he often called his children; a term he explained to mean no more than his parishioners; saying, "He looked on all those whom God had intrusted to his care, to stand to him in that relation." The gentleman, shaking him by the hand, highly applauded these sentiments. "They are, indeed," says he, "the true principles of a christian divine; and I heartily wish they were universal; but on the contrary, I am sorry to say the parson of our parish, instead of esteeming his poor parishioners as a part of his family, seems rather to consider them as not of the same species with himself. He seldom speaks to any, unless some few of the richest of us; nay, indeed, he will not move his hat to the others. I often laugh, when I behold him on Sundays strutting along the church-yard, like a turkey-cock, through rows of his parishioners; who bow to him with as much submission, and are as unregarded as a set of servile courtiers by the proudest prince in Christendom. But if such temporal pride is ridiculous, surely the spiritual is odious and detestable; if such a puffed-up empty human bladder, strutting in princely robes, justly moves one's derision, surely in the habit of a priest it must raise our scorn."

"Doubtless," answered Adams, "your opinion is right; but I hope such examples are rare. The clergy whom I have the honour to know maintain a different behaviour; and you will allow me, sir, that the readiness which too many of the laity show to contemn the order, may be one reason of their avoiding too much humility."—"Very true, indeed," says the gentleman; "I find, sir, you are a man of excellent sense, and am happy in this opportunity of knowing you; perhaps our accidental meeting may not be disadvantageous to you neither. At present, I shall only say to you, that the incumbent of this living is old and infirm; and that it is in my gift. Doctor, give me your hand; and assure yourself of it at his decease." Adams told him, "He was never more confounded in his life, than at his utter incapacity to make any return to such noble and unmerited generosity."—"A mere trifle, sir," cries the gentleman, "scarce worth your acceptance; a little more than three hundred a-year. I wish it was double the value, for your

sake." Adams bowed, and cried, from the emotions of gratitude; when the other asked him, "If he was married, or had any children, besides those in the spiritual sense he had mentioned."—"Sir," replied the parson, "I have a wife and six at your service."—"That is unlucky," says the gentleman; "for I would otherwise have taken you into my own house as my chaplain; however, I have another in the parish, (for the parsonage-house is not good enough,) which I will furnish for you. Pray, does your wife understand a dairy?"—"I can't profess she does," says Adams. "I am sorry for it," quoth the gentleman; "I would have given you half a dozen cows, and very good grounds to have maintained them."—"Sir," said Adams, in an extacy, "you are too liberal; indeed you are."—"Not at all," cries the gentleman; "I esteem riches only as they give me an opportunity of doing good; and I never saw one whom I had a greater inclination to serve." At which words he shook him heartily by the hand, and told him, he had sufficient room in his house to entertain him and his friends. Adams begged he might give him no such trouble; that they could be very well accommodated in the house where they were; forgetting they had not a sixpenny piece among them. The gentleman would not be denied; and informing himself how far they were travelling, he said, it was too long a journey to take on foot, and begged they would favour him, by suffering him to lend them a servant and horses; adding withal, that if they would do him the pleasure of their company only two days, he would furnish them with his coach and six. Adams turning to Joseph, said, "How lucky is this gentleman's goodness to you, who I am afraid would be scarce able to hold out on your lame leg;" and then addressing the person who made him these liberal promises, after much bowing, he cried out, "Blessed be the hour which first introduced me to a man of your charity; you are indeed a Christian of the true primitive kind, and an honour to the country wherein you live. I would willingly have taken a pilgrimage to the Holy Land to have beheld you; for the advantages which we draw from your goodness, give me little pleasure, in comparison of what I enjoy for your own sake, when I consider the treasures you are by these means laying up for yourself in a country that passeth

not away. We will therefore, most generous sir, accept your goodness, as well, the entertainment you have so kindly offered us at your house this evening, as the accommodation of your horses to-morrow morning." He then began to search for his hat, as did Joseph for his; and both they and Fanny were in order of departure, when the gentleman stopping short, and seeming to meditate by himself for the space of a minute, exclaimed thus: "Sure never any thing was so unlucky; I had forgot my house-keeper was gone abroad, and hath lock'd up all my rooms; indeed, I would break them open for you, but shall not be able to furnish you with a bed; for she has likewise put away all my linen. I am glad it entered into my head, before I had given you the trouble of walking there; besides, I believe you will find better accommodations here than you expected. Landlord, you can provide good beds for these people, can't you?"—"Yes, and please your worship," cries the host, "and such as no lord or justice of the peace in the kingdom need be ashamed to lie in."—"I am heartily sorry," says the gentleman, "for this disappointment. I am resolved I will never suffer her to carry away the keys again."—"Pray, sir, let it not make you uneasy," cries Adams; "we shall do very well here; and the loan of your horses is a favour we shall be incapable of making any return to."—"Ay!" said the squire, "the horses shall attend you here, at what hour in the morning you please." And now, after many civilities too tedious to enumerate, many squeezes by the hand, with most affectionate looks and smiles at each other, and after appointing the horses at seven the next morning, the gentleman took his leave of them and departed to his own house. Adams and his companions returned to the table, where the parson smoked another pipe, and then they all retired to rest.

Mr. Adams rose very early, and called Joseph out of his bed, between whom a very fierce dispute ensued, whether Fanny should ride behind Joseph, or behind the gentleman's servant; Joseph insisting on it, that he was perfectly recovered, and was as capable of taking care of Fanny as any other person could be. But Adams would not agree to it, and declared he would not trust her behind him; for that he was weaker than he imagined himself to be.

This dispute continued a long time, and had begun to be very hot, when a servant arrived from their good friend, to acquaint them, that he was unfortunately prevented from lending them any horses; for that his groom had, unknown to him, put his whole stable under a course of physic.

This advice presently struck the two disputants dumb: Adams cried out, "Was ever any thing so unlucky as this poor gentleman? I protest I am more sorry on his account than on my own. You see, Joseph, how this good-natured man is treated by his servants; one locks up his linen, another physics his horses; and I suppose, by his being at this house last night, the butler had locked up his cellar. Bless us! how good-nature is used in this world! I protest I am more concerned on his account than my own."—"So am not I," cries Joseph; "not that I am much troubled about walking on foot; all my concern is, how we shall get out of the house, unless God sends another pedlar to redeem us. But certainly this gentleman has such an affection for you, that he would lend you a larger sum than we owe here, which is not above four or five shillings."—"Very true, child," answered Adams; "I will write a letter to him, and will even venture to solicit him for three half crowns; there will be no harm in having two or three shillings in our pockets; as we have full forty miles to travel, we may possibly have occasion for them."

Fanny being now risen, Joseph paid her a visit, and left Adams to write his letter, which, having finished, he despatched a boy with it to the gentleman, and then seated himself by the door, lighted his pipe, and betook himself to meditation.

The boy staying longer than seemed to be necessary, Joseph, who with Fanny was now returned to the parson, expressed some apprehensions that the gentleman's steward had locked up his purse too. To which Adams answered, "It might very possibly be; and he should wonder at no liberties which the devil might put into the head of a wicked servant to take with so worthy a master;" but added, "that as the sum was so small, so noble a gentleman would be easily able to procure it in the parish, though he had it not in his own pocket. Indeed," says he, "if it was four or five guineas, or any such large quantity of money, it might be a different matter."

They were now sat down to breakfast, over some toast and ale, when the boy returned, and informed them that the gentleman was not at home. "Very well!" cries Adams; "but why, child, did you not stay till his return? Go back again, my good boy, and wait for his coming home: he cannot be gone far, as his horses are all sick; and besides, he had no intention to go abroad, for he invited us to spend this day and to-morrow at his house. Therefore go back, child, and tarry till his return home." The messenger departed, and was back again with great expedition, bringing an account that the gentleman was gone a long journey, and would not be at home again this month. At these words Adams seemed greatly confounded, saying, "This must be a sudden accident, as the sickness or death of a relation, or some such unforeseen misfortune;" and then turning to Joseph, cried, "I wish you had reminded me to have borrowed this money last night." Joseph, smiling, answered, "He was very much deceived, if the gentleman would not have found some excuse to avoid lending it."—"I own," says he, "I was never much pleased with his professing so much kindness for you at first sight; for I have heard the gentlemen of our cloth in London tell many such stories of their masters. But when the boy brought the message back of his not being at home, I presently knew what would follow; for whenever a man of fashion doth not care to fulfil his promises, the custom is, to order his servants that he will never be at home to the person so promised. In London, they call it denying him. I have myself denied Sir Thomas Booby above a hundred times; and when the man hath danced attendance for about a month, or sometimes longer, he is acquainted, in the end, that the gentleman is gone out of town, and could do nothing in the business."—"Good Lord!" says Adams, "what wickedness is there in the christian world! I profess almost equal to what I have read of the heathens. But surely, Joseph, your suspicions of this gentleman must be unjust; for what a silly fellow must he be, who would do the devil's work for nothing! and canst thou tell me any interest he could possibly propose to himself, by deceiving us in his professions?"—"It is not for me," answered Joseph, "to give reasons for what men do, to a gentleman of your learning."—

"You say right," quoth Adams: "knowledge of men is only to be learnt from books; Plato and Seneca for that; and those are authors, I am afraid, child, you never read."—"Not I, sir, truly," answered Joseph; "all I know is, it is a maxim among the gentlemen of our cloth, that those masters, who promise the most, perform the least; and I have often heard them say, they have found the largest vails in those families where they were not promised any. But, sir, instead of considering any farther these matters, it would be our wisest way to contrive some method of getting out of this house; for the generous gentleman, instead of doing us any service, hath left us the whole reckoning to pay." Adams was going to answer, when their host came in, and with a kind of jeering smile, said, "Well, masters! the squire hath not sent his horses for you yet. Laud help me! how easily some folks make promises!"—"How!" says Adams, "have you ever known him to do any thing of this kind before?"—"Ay! marry have I," answered the host; "it is no business of mine, you know, sir, to say any thing to a gentleman to his face; but now he is not here, I will assure you, he hath not his fellow within the three next market towns. I own I could not help laughing, when I heard him offer you the living; for thereby hangs a good jest. I thought he would have offered you my house next, for one is no more his to dispose of than the other." At these words, Adams, blessing himself, declared, "he had never read of such a monster. But what vexes me most," says he, "is, that he hath decoyed us into running up a long debt with you, which we are not able to pay, for we have no money about us; and what is worse, live at such a distance, that if you should trust us, I am afraid you would lose your money, for want of our finding any conveniency of sending it."—"Trust you, master!" says the host; "that I will with all my heart. I honour the clergy too much to deny trusting one of them for such a trifle; besides, I like your fear of never paying me. I have lost many a debt in my life-time; but was promised to be paid them all in a very short time. I will score this reckoning for the novelty of it. It is the first, I do assure you, of its kind. But what say you, master, shall we have t'other pot before we part? It will waste but a little chalk more; and if you never

pay me a shilling, the loss will not ruin me." Adams liked the invitation very well, especially as it was delivered with so hearty an accent. He shook his host by the hand, and thanking him, said, "He would tarry another pot, rather for the pleasure of such worthy company, than for the liquor;" adding, "he was glad to find some Christians left in the kingdom, for that he almost began to suspect that he was sojourning in a country inhabited only by Jews and Turks."

The kind host produced the liquor, and Joseph with Fanny retired into the garden; where, while they solaced themselves with amorous discourse, Adams sat down with his host; and both filling their glasses and lighting their pipes, they began that dialogue which the reader will find in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XVII.

A dialogue between Mr. Abraham Adams and his host, which, by the disagreement in their opinions, seemed to threaten an unlucky catastrophe, had it not been timely prevented by the return of the lovers.

"SIR," said the host, "I assure you, you are not the first to whom our squire hath promised more than he hath performed. He is so famous for this practice, that his word will not be taken for much by those who know him. I remember a young fellow whom he promised his parents to make an exciseman. The poor people, who could ill afford it, bred their son to writing and accounts, and other learning, to qualify him for the place; and the boy held up his head above his condition with these hopes; nor would he go to plough, nor to any other kind of work; and went constantly drest as fine as could be, with two clean Holland shirts a week, and this for several years; till at last he followed the squire up to London, thinking there to mind him of his promises; but he could never get sight of him. So that being out of money and business, he fell into evil company, and wicked courses; and in the end came to a sentence of transportation, the news of which broke the mother's heart.—I will tell you another true story of him: There was a neighbour of mine, a farmer, who had two sons whom he bred up to the business. Pretty lads they were.

Nothing would serve the squire, but that the youngest must be made a parson. Upon which, he persuaded the father to send him to school, promising that he would afterwards maintain him at the university; and when he was of a proper age, give him a living. But after the lad had been seven years at school and his father brought him to the squire, with a letter from his master, that he was fit for the university; the squire instead of minding his promise, or sending him thither at his expense, only told his father that the young man was a fine scholar, and it was a pity he could not afford to keep him at Oxford for four or five years more, by which time, if he could get him a curacy, he might have him ordained. The farmer said, "He was not a man sufficient to do any such thing."—"Why then," answered the squire, "I am very sorry you have given him so much learning; for if he cannot get his living by that, it will rather spoil him for any thing else; and your other son, who can hardly write his name, will do more at ploughing and sowing, and is in a better condition than he." And indeed so it proved; for the poor lad, not finding friends to maintain him in his learning, as he had expected, and being unwilling to work, fell to drinking, though he was a very sober lad before; and in a short time, partly with grief, and partly with good liquor, fell into a consumption, and died.—Nay, I can tell you more still: There was another, a young woman, and the handsomest in all this neighbourhood, whom he enticed up to London, promising to make her a gentlewoman to one of your women of quality; but instead of keeping his word, we have since heard, after having a child by her himself, she became a common whore; then kept a coffee-house in Covent-garden; and a little after died of the French distemper in a jail. — I could tell you many more stories: but how do you imagine he served me myself? You must know, sir, I was bred a seafaring man, and have been many voyages; till at last I came to be master of a ship myself, and was in a fair way of making a fortune, when I was attacked by one of those cursed guarda-costas, who took our ships before the beginning of the war; and after a fight, wherein I lost the greater part of my crew, my rigging being all demolished, and two shots received between wind and water, I was forced to strike. The villains carried

off my ship, a brigantine of 150 tons, — a pretty creature she was,—and put me, a man, and a boy, into a little bad pink, in which, with much ado, we at last made Falmouth; though I believe the Spaniards did not imagine she could possibly live a day at sea. Upon my return hither, where my wife, who was of this country, then lived, the squire told me he was so pleased with the defence I had made against the enemy, that he did not fear getting me promoted to a lieutenancy of a man of war, if I would accept of it; which I thankfully assured him I would. Well sir, two or three years passed, during which I had many repeated promises, not only from the squire, but, (as he told me,) from the lords of the admiralty. He never returned from London, but I was assured I might be satisfied now, for I was certain of the first vacancy; and what surprises me still, when I reflect on it, these assurances were given me with no less confidence, after so many disappointments, than at first. At last, sir, growing weary, and somewhat suspicious, after so much delay, I wrote to a friend in London, who I knew had some acquaintance at the best house in the admiralty, and desired him to back the squire's interest; for indeed I feared he had solicited the affair with more coldness than he pretended. And what answer do you think my friend sent me? Truly, sir, he acquainted me that the squire had never mentioned my name at the admiralty in his life; and unless I had much faithfuller interest, advised me to give over my pretensions; which I immediately did, and, with the concurrence of my wife, resolved to set up an alehouse, where you are heartily welcome; and so my service to you; and may the squire, and all such sneaking rascals, go to the devil together." — "O fie!" says Adams, "O fie! He is indeed a wicked man; but G—d will, I hope, turn his heart to repentance. Nay, if he could but once see the meanness of this detestable vice; would he but once reflect that he is one of the most scandalous, as well as pernicious liars, sure he must despise himself to so intolerable a degree, that it would be impossible for him to continue a moment in such a course. And to confess the truth, notwithstanding the baseness of this character, which he hath too well deserved, he hath in his countenance sufficient symptoms of that *bona indoles*, that sweetness of disposition, which fur-

nishes out a good Christian."—"Ah, master, master!" says the host, "if you had travelled as far as I have, and conversed with the many nations where I have traded, you would not give any credit to a man's countenance. Symptoms in his countenance, quotha! I would look there perhaps, to see whether a man had had the small-pox, but for nothing else." He spoke this with so little regard to the parson's observation, that it a good deal nettled him; and taking his pipe hastily from his mouth, he thus answered: "Master of mine, perhaps I have travelled a great deal farther than you, without the assistance of a ship. Do you imagine sailing by different cities or countries is travelling? No.

"Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt."

"I can go farther in an afternoon than you in a twelve-month. What, I suppose you have seen the Pillars of Hercules, and perhaps the walls of Carthage. Nay, you may have heard Scylla, and seen Charybdis; you may have entered the closet where Archimedes was found at the taking of Syracuse. I suppose you have sailed among the Cyclades, and passed the famous straits which take their name from the unfortunate Helle, whose fate is sweetly described by Apollonius Rhodius: you have passed the very spot, I conceive, where Dædalus fell into that sea, his waxen wings being melted by the sun; you have traversed the Euxine sea, I make no doubt; nay, you may have been on the banks of the Caspian, and called at Colchis, to see if there is ever another golden fleece."—"Not I, truly, master," answered the host: "I never touched at any of these places."—"But I have been at all these," replied Adams. "Then, I suppose," cries the host, "you have been at the East Indies; for there are no such, I will be sworn, either in the West or the Levant."—"Pray, where is the Levant?" quoth Adams: "that should be in the East Indies by right."—"O ho! you are a pretty traveller," cries the host, "and not know the Levant. My service to you, master; you must not talk of these things with me, you must not tip us the traveller; it won't go here."—"Since thou art so dull to misunderstand me still," quoth Adams, "I will inform thee, the travelling I mean is in books, the only way of travelling by which any knowledge is to be acquired. From them I learn what I

asserted just now, that nature generally imprints such a portraiture of the mind in the countenance, that a skilful physiognomist will rarely be deceived. I presume you have never read the story of Socrates to this purpose, and therefore I will tell it you: A certain physiognomist asserted of Socrates, that he plainly discovered by his features that he was a rogue in his nature. A character so contrary to the tenour of all this great man's actions, and the generally received opinion concerning him, incensed the boys of Athens so that they threw stones at the physiognomist, and would have demolished him for his ignorance, had not Socrates himself prevented them by confessing the truth of his observations, and acknowledging, that, though he corrected his disposition by philosophy, he was indeed naturally as inclined to vice as had been predicated of him. Now, pray resolve me,—how should a man know this story, if he had not read it?"—"Well, master," said the host, "and what signifies it whether a man knows it or no? He who goes abroad as I have done, will always have opportunities enough of knowing the world without troubling his head with Socrates or any such fellows."—"Friend," cries Adams, "if a man should sail round the world, and anchor in every harbour of it without learning, he would return home as ignorant as he went out."—"Lord help you," answered the host: "there was my boatswain, poor fellow! he could scarce either write or read, and yet he would navigate a ship with any master of a man of war; and a very pretty knowledge of trade he had too."—"Trade," answered Adams, "as Aristotle proves in his first chapter of Politics, is below a philosopher, and unnatural as it is managed now." The host looked steadfastly at Adams, and after a minute's silence asked him, "If he was one of the writers of the Gazetteers? for I have heard," says he, "they are writ by parsons."—"Gazetteers!" answered Adams; "What is that?"—"It is a dirty newspaper," replied the host, "which hath been given away all over the nation for these many years, to abuse trade and honest men, which I would not suffer to lie on my table, though it hath been offered me for nothing."

"Not I, truly," said Adams; "I never write any thing but sermons; and I assure you I am no enemy to trade, whilst it is

consistent with honesty; nay, I have always looked on the tradesman as a very valuable member of society, and, perhaps, inferior to none but the man of learning."—"No, I believe he is not, nor to him neither," answered the host. "Of what use would learning be in a country without trade? What would all you parsons do to clothe your backs and feed your bellies? Who fetches you your silks, and your linens, and your wines, and all the necessaries of life? I speak chiefly with regard to the sailors."—"You should say the extravagancies of life," replied the parson; "but admit they were the necessaries, there is something more necessary than life itself, which is provided by learning; I mean the learning of the clergy. Who clothes you with piety, meekness, humility, charity, patience, and all the other christian virtues? Who feeds your souls with the milk of brotherly love, and diets them with all the dainty food of holiness, which at once cleanses them of all impure carnal affections, and fattens them with the truly rich spirit of grace. Who doth this?"—"Ay, who, indeed!" cries the host; "for I do not remember ever to have seen any such clothing, or such feeding. And so in the mean time, master, my service to you."—Adams was going to answer with some severity, when Joseph and Fanny returned, and pressed his departure so eagerly, that he would not refuse them; and so grasping his crabstick, he took leave of his host, (neither of them being so well pleased with each other as they had been at their first sitting down together,) and with Joseph and Fanny, who both expressed much impatience, departed, and now all together renewed their journey.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

Matter prefatory in praise of biography.

NOTWITHSTANDING the preference which may be vulgarly given to the authority of those romance-writers who entitle their books, "the History of England, the History of France, of Spain, &c." it is most certain, that truth is to be found only in the works of those who celebrate the lives of great men,

and are commonly called biographers, as the others should indeed be termed topographers, or chorographers: words which might well mark the distinction between them; it being the business of the latter, chiefly to describe countries and cities, which, with the assistance of maps, they do pretty justly, and may be depended upon: but as to the actions and characters of men, their writings are not quite so authentic, of which there needs no other proof than those eternal contradictions occurring between two topographers, who undertake the history of the same country: for instance, between my lord Clarendon and Mr. Whitlock, between Mr. Echard and Rapin, and many others; where, facts being set forth in a different light, every reader believes as he pleases; and, indeed, the more judicious and suspicious very justly esteem the whole as no other than a romance, in which the writer hath indulged a happy and fertile invention. But though these widely differ in the narrative of facts; some ascribing victory to the one, and others to the other party; some representing the same man as a rogue, while others give him a great and honest character; yet all agree in the scene where the fact is supposed to have happened; and where the person, who is both a rogue and an honest man, lived. Now, with us biographers the case is different; the facts we deliver may be relied on, though we often mistake the age and country wherein they happened: for though it may be worth the examination of critics, whether the shepherd Chrysostom, who, as Cervantes informs us, died for love of the fair Marcella, who hated him, was ever in Spain, will any one doubt but that such a silly fellow hath really existed? Is there in the world such a sceptic as to disbelieve the madness of Cardenio, the perfidy of Ferdinand, the impertinent curiosity of Anselmo, the weakness of Camilla, the irresolute friendship of Lothario; though perhaps, as to the time and place where those several persons lived, that good historian may be deplorably deficient. But the most known instance of this kind is in the true history of Gil Blas, where the inimitable biographer hath made a notorious blunder in the country of Dr. Sangrado, who used his patients as a vintner does his wine-vessels, by letting out their blood, and filling them up with water. Doth not every one, who is the least

versed in physical history, know that Spain was not the country in which this doctor lived? The same writer hath likewise erred in the country of his archbishop, as well as that of those great personages whose understandings were too sublime to taste any thing but tragedy, and in many others. The same mistakes may likewise be observed in Scarron, the Arabian Nights, the History of Marianne and le Paison Parvenu, and perhaps some few other writers of this class, whom I have not read, or do not at present recollect; for I would by no means be thought to comprehend those persons of surprising genius, the authors of immense romances, or the modern novel and Atalantis writers; who, without any assistance from nature or history, record persons who never were, or will be, and facts which never did, nor possibly can, happen; whose heroes are of their own creation, and their brains the chaos whence all the materials are selected. Not that such writers deserve no honour; so far otherwise, that perhaps they merit the highest: for what can be nobler than to be as an example of the wonderful extent of human genius? One may apply to them what Balzac says of Aristotle, that they are a second nature, (for they have no communication with the first; by which authors of an inferior class, who cannot stand alone, are obliged to support themselves, as with crutches;) but these of whom I am now speaking seem to be possessed of those stilts, which the excellent Voltaire tells us, in his Letters, "carry the genius far off, but with an irregular pace." Indeed, far out of the sight of the reader.

Beyond the realms of Chaos and old Night.

But to return to the former class, who are contented to copy nature, instead of forming originals from the confused heap of matter in their own brains; is not such a book as that which records the achievements of the renowned Don Quixote, more worthy the name of a history that even Mariana's: for whereas the latter is confined to a particular period of time, and to a particular nation; the former is the history of the world in general, at least, that part which is polished by laws, arts, and sciences; and of that from the time it was first polished to this day; nay, and forwards as long as it shall so remain.

I shall now proceed to apply these observations to the work

before us; for indeed I have set them down principally to obviate some constructions, which the good-natured of mankind, who are always forward to see their friends' virtues recorded, may put to particular parts. I question not but several of my readers will know the lawyer in the stage-coach the moment they hear his voice. It is likewise odds but the wit and the prude meet with some of their acquaintance, as well as all the rest of my characters. To prevent, therefore, any such malicious applications, I declare here, once for all, I describe not men, but manners; not an individual, but a species. Perhaps it will be answered, Are not the characters then taken from life? To which I answer in the affirmative; nay, I believe I might aver, that I have writ little more than I have seen. The lawyer is not only alive, but hath been so these four thousand years; and I hope G— will indulge his life as many yet to come. He hath not, indeed, confined himself to one profession, one religion, or one country; but when the first mean selfish creature appeared on the human stage, who made self the centre of the whole creation, would give himself no pain, incur no danger, advance no money, to assist or preserve his fellow-creatures; then was our lawyer born; and whilst such a person as I have described, exists on earth, so long shall he remain upon it. It is therefore doing him little honour, to imagine he endeavours to mimic some little obscure fellow, because he happens to resemble him in one particular feature, or perhaps in his profession; whereas his appearance in the world is calculated for much more general and noble purposes; not to expose one pitiful wretch to the small and contemptible circle of his acquaintance; but to hold the glass to thousands in their closets, that they may contemplate their deformity, and endeavour to reduce it, and thus by suffering private mortification, may avoid public shame. This places the boundary between, and distinguishes, the satirist from the libeller: for the former privately corrects the fault for the benefit of the person, like a parent; the latter publicly exposes the person himself, as an example to others, like an executioner.

There are, besides, little circumstances to be considered; as the drapery of a picture, which, though fashion varies at different times, the resemblance of the countenance is not by

those means diminished. Thus I believe we may venture to say Mrs. Tow-wouse is coeval with our lawyer: and though, perhaps, during the changes which so long an existence must have passed through, she may in her turn have stood behind the bar at an inn; I will not scruple to affirm, she hath likewise in the revolution of ages sat on a throne. In short, where extreme turbulency of temper, avarice, and an insensibility of human misery, with a degree of hypocrisy, have united in a female composition, Mrs. Tow-wouse was that woman; and where a good inclination, eclipsed by a poverty of spirit and understanding, hath glimmered forth in a man, that man hath been no other than her sneaking husband.

I shall detain my reader no longer than to give him one caution more, of an opposite kind: for as, in most of our particular characters, we meant not to lash individuals, but all of the like sort; so, in our general descriptions, we mean not universals, but would be understood with many exceptions: for instance, in our description of high people, we cannot be intended to exclude such as, whilst they are an honour to their high rank, by a well-guided condescension, make their superiority as easy as possible to those whom fortune chiefly hath placed below them. Of this number, I could name a peer, no less elevated by nature than by fortune; who, whilst he wears the noblest ensigns of honour on his person, bears the truest stamp of dignity on his mind, adorned with greatness, enriched with knowledge, and embellished with genius. I have seen this man relieve with generosity, while he hath conversed with freedom, and be to the same person a patron and a companion. I could name a commoner, raised higher above the multitude, by superior talents, than is in the power of his prince to exalt him; whose behaviour to those he hath obliged is more amiable than the obligation itself; and who is so great a master of affability, that, if he could divest himself of an inherent greatness in his manner, would often make the lowest of his acquaintance forget who was the master of that palace in which they are so courteously entertained. These are pictures which must be, I believe, known: I declare they are taken from the life, and not intended to exceed it. By those high people, therefore, whom I have described, I mean a set of wretches, who, while they

are a disgrace to their ancestors, whose honours and fortunes they inherit, (or, perhaps, a greater to their mother, for such degeneracy is scarce credible,) have the insolence to treat those with disregard who are at least equal to the founders of their own splendour. It is, I fancy, impossible to conceive a spectacle more worthy of our indignation, than that of a fellow, who is not only a blot in the escutcheon of a great family, but a scandal to the human species, maintaining a supercilious behaviour to men, who are an honour to their nature and a disgrace to their fortune.

And now, reader, taking these hints along with you, you may, if you please, proceed to the sequel of this our true history.

CHAPTER II.

A night scene, wherein several wonderful adventures befel Adams and his fellow-travellers.

It was so late when our travellers left the inn or alehouse, (for it might be called either,) that they had not travelled many miles, before night overtook them, or met them, which you please. The reader must excuse me, if I am not particular as to the way they took; for, as we are now drawing near the seat of the Boobies, and as that is a ticklish name, which malicious persons may apply, according to their evil inclinations, to several worthy country squires, a race of men whom we look upon as entirely inoffensive, and for whom we have an adequate regard, we shall lend no assistance to any such malicious purposes.

Darkness had now overspread the hemisphere, when Fanny whispered Joseph, "that she begged to rest herself a little; for that she was so tired she could walk no farther." Joseph immediately prevailed with Parson Adams, who was as brisk as a bee, to stop. He had no sooner seated himself, than he lamented the loss of his dear Æschylus; but was a little comforted, when reminded, that, if he had it in his possession, he could not see to read.

The sky was so clouded, that not a star appeared. It was indeed, according to Milton, "darkness visible" This was a

circumstance, however, very favourable to Joseph; for Fanny, not suspicious of being overseen by Adams, gave a loose to her passion which she had never done before, and, reclining her head on his bosom, threw her arm carelessly round him, and suffered him to lay his cheek close to hers. All this infused such happiness into Joseph, that he would not have changed his turf for the finest down in the finest palace in the universe.

Adams sat at some distance from the lovers, and being unwilling to disturb them, applied himself to meditation; in which he had not spent much time, before he discovered a light at some distance, that seemed approaching towards him. He immediately hailed it; but, to his sorrow and surprise, it stopped for a moment, and then disappeared. He then called to Joseph, asking him, "if he had not seen the light?" Joseph answered, "he had."—"And did you not mark how it vanished?" returned he: "though I am not afraid of ghosts, I do not absolutely disbelieve them."

He then entered into a meditation on those unsubstantial beings; which was soon interrupted by several voices, which he thought almost at his elbow, though in fact they were not so extremely near. However, he could distinctly hear them agree on the murder of any one they met. And a little after heard one of them say, "He had killed a dozen since that day fortnight."

Adams now fell on his knees, and committed himself to the care of Providence; and poor Fanny, who likewise heard those terrible words, embraced Joseph so closely, that had not he, whose ears were also open, been apprehensive on her account, he would have thought no danger which threatened only himself too dear a price for such embraces.

Joseph now drew forth his penknife, and Adams having finished his ejaculations, graspèd his crabstick, his only weapon, and coming up to Joseph, would have had him quit Fanny, and place her in the rear, but his advice was fruitless; she clung closer to him, not at all regarding the presence of Adams, and in a soothing voice declared, "she would die in his arms." Joseph, clasping her with inexpressible eagerness, whispered her, "that he preferred death in hers to life out of them." Adams brandishing his crabstick, said, "he despised death as much as any man," and then repeated aloud,

Est hic, est animus lucis contemptor et illum,
Qui vita bene credat emi quo tendis, honorem.

Upon this the voices ceased for a moment, and then one of them called out, "D—n you, who is there?" To which Adams was prudent enough to make no reply; and of a sudden he observed half a dozen lights, which seemed to rise all at once from the ground and advance briskly towards him. This he immediately concluded to be an apparition; and now beginning to conceive that the voices were of the same kind, he called out, "In the name of the L—d, what wouldst thou have?" He had no sooner spoke than he heard one of the voices cry out, "D—n them, here they come;" and soon after heard several hearty blows, as if a number of men had been engaged at quarterstaff. He was just advancing towards the place of combat, when Joseph catching him by the skirts, begged him that they might take the opportunity of the dark to convey away Fanny from the danger which threatened her. He presently complied, and Joseph lifting up Fanny, they all three made the best of their way; and without looking behind them, or being overtaken, they had travelled full two miles, poor Fanny not once complaining of being tired, when they saw far off several lights scattered at a small distance from each other, and at the same time found themselves on the descent of a very steep hill. Adams's foot slipping, he instantly disappeared, which greatly frightened both Joseph and Fanny; indeed, if the light had permitted them to see it, they would scarce have refrained laughing to see the parson rolling down the hill; which he did from top to bottom, without receiving any harm. He then hollaed as loud as he could, to inform them of his safety, and relieve them from the fears which they had conceived for him. Joseph and Fanny halted some time, considering what to do; at last they advanced a few paces, where the declivity seemed least steep; and then Joseph, taking his Fanny in his arms, walked firmly down the hill without making a false step, and at length landed her at the bottom, where Adams soon came to them.

Learn hence, my fair country-women, to consider your own weakness, and the many occasions on which the strength of a man may be useful to you; and duly weighing this, take care

that you match not yourselves with the spindle-shanked beaux *petit maitres* of the age, who, instead of being able, like Joseph Andrews, to carry you in his lusty arms through the rugged ways and downhill steeps of life, will rather want to support their feeble limbs with your strength and assistance.

Our travellers now moved forwards where the nearest light presented itself; and having crossed a common field, they came to a meadow, where they seemed to be at a very little distance from the light, when to their grief, they arrived at the banks of a river. Adams here made a full stop, and declared he could swim, but doubted how it was possible to get Fanny over; to which Joseph answered, "if they walked along its banks, they might be certain of soon finding a bridge, especially as by the number of lights they might be assured a parish was near."—"Odso, that's true indeed," said Adams; "I did not think of that."

Accordingly Joseph's advice being taken, they passed over two meadows, and came to a little orchard, which led them to a house. Fanny begged of Joseph to knock at the door, assuring him, "she was so weary that she could hardly stand on her feet." Adams, who was foremost, performed this ceremony; and the door being immediately opened, a plain kind of man appeared at it: Adams acquainted him, "that they had a young woman with them, who was so tired with her journey that he should be much obliged to him if he would suffer her to come in and rest herself." The man, who saw Fanny by the light of the candle which he held in his hand, perceiving her innocent and modest look, and having no apprehensions, from the civil behaviour of Adams, presently answered, "That the young woman was very welcome to rest herself in his house, and so were her company." He then ushered them into a very decent room, where his wife was sitting at a table: she immediately rose up, and assisted them in setting forth chairs, and desired them to sit down; which they had no sooner done, than the man of the house asked them if they would have any thing to refresh themselves with? Adams thanked him, and answered, he should be obliged to him for a cup of his ale, which was likewise chosen by Joseph and Fanny. Whilst he was gone to fill a very large jug with

this liquor, his wife told Fanny she seemed greatly fatigued, and desired her to take something stronger than ale; but she refused with many thanks, saying it was true she was very much tired, but a little rest she hoped would restore her.

As soon as the company were all seated, Mr. Adams, who had filled himself with ale, and by public permission had lighted his pipe, turned to the master of the house, asking him, "If evil spirits did not use to walk in that neighbourhood?" To which receiving no answer, he began to inform him of the adventure which they had met with on the downs; nor had he proceeded far in his story, when somebody knocked very hard at the door. The company expressed some amazement, and Fanny and the good woman turned pale: her husband went forth, and whilst he was absent, which was some time, they all remained silent, looking at one another, and heard several voices discoursing pretty loudly. Adams was fully persuaded that spirits were abroad, and began to meditate some exorcisms: Joseph a little inclined to the same opinion; Fanny was more afraid of men; and the good woman herself began to suspect her guests, and imagined those without were rogues belonging to their gang. At length the master of the house returned, and, laughing, told Adams he had discovered his apparition; that the murderers were sheep-stealers, and the twelve persons murdered, were no other than twelve sheep; adding, that the shepherds had got the better of them, had secured two, and were proceeding with them to a justice of peace. This account greatly relieved the fears of the whole company; but Adams murmured to himself, "He was convinced of the truth of apparitions for all that."

They now sat cheerfully round the fire, till the master of the house, having surveyed his guests, and conceiving that the cassock, which having fallen down, appeared under Adams's great-coat, and the shabby livery on Joseph Andrews, did not well suit with the familiarity between them, began to entertain some suspicions, not much to their advantage: addressing himself therefore to Adams, he said, "He perceived he was a clergyman by his dress, and supposed that honest man was his footman."—"Sir," answered Adams," I am a clergyman, at your service; but as to that young man, whom you have rightly

termed honest, he is at present in nobody's service; he never lived in any other family than that of Lady Booby, from whence he was discharged, I assure you, for no crime." Joseph said, "He did not wonder the gentleman was surprised to see one of Mr. Adams's character condescend to so much goodness with a poor man."—"Child," said Adams, "I should be ashamed of my cloth, if I thought a poor man, who is honest, below my notice or my familiarity. I know not how those who think otherwise can profess themselves followers and servants of Him who made no distinction, unless peradventure, by preferring the poor to the rich."—"Sir," said he, addressing himself to the gentleman, "these two poor young people are my parishioners, and I look on them and love them as my children. There is something singular enough in their history, but I have not now time to recount it." The master of the house, notwithstanding the simplicity which discovered itself in Adams, knew too much of the world to give a hasty belief to professions. He was not yet quite certain that Adams had any more of the clergyman in him than his cassock. To try him therefore further, he asked him, "If Mr. Pope had lately published any thing new?" Adams answered, "He had heard great commendations of that poet, but that he had never read, nor knew any of his works."—"Ho! ho!" says the gentleman to himself, "have I caught you?—What," says he, "have you never seen his Homer?" Adams answered, "He had never read any translation of the classics."—"Why truly," replied the gentleman, "there is a dignity in the Greek language, which I think no modern tongue can reach."—"Do you understand Greek, sir?" said Adams, hastily. "A little, sir," answered the gentleman. "Do you know, sir," cries Adams, "where I can buy an Æschylus? an unlucky misfortune lately happened to mine."

Æschylus was beyond the gentleman, though he knew him very well by name; he therefore, returning back to Homer, asked Adams, "What part of the Iliad he thought most excellent?" Adams returned, "His question would be properer, What kind of beauty was the chief in poetry? for that Homer was equally excellent in them all. And, indeed," continued he, "what Cicero says of a complete orator may well be ap-

plied to a great poet: 'He ought to comprehend all perfections.' Homer did this in the most excellent degree: it is not without reason, therefore, that the philosopher, in the twenty-second chapter of his Poetics, mentions him by no other appellation than that of the Poet. He was the father of the drama, as well as the epic: not of tragedy only, but of comedy also; for his Margites, which is deplorably lost, bore, says Aristotle, the same analogy to comedy, as his Odyssey and Iliad to tragedy. To him, therefore, we owe Aristophanes, as well as Euripides, Sophocles, and my poor Æschylus. But, if you please, we will confine ourselves (at least for the present) to the Iliad, his noblest work, though neither Aristotle nor Horace give it the preference, as I remember, to the Odyssey. First, then, as to his subject; can any thing be more simple, and at the same time more noble? He is rightly praised by the first of those judicious critics, for not choosing the whole war, which, though he says it hath a complete beginning and end, would have been too great for the understanding to comprehend at one view. I have, therefore, often wondered why so correct a writer as Horace should, in his epistle to Lollius, call him the Trojani Belli Scriptorem. Secondly, his action, termed, by Aristotle, Pragmaton Systassis; is it possible for the mind of man to conceive an idea of such perfect unity, and at the same time so replete with greatness? And here I must observe what I do not remember to have seen noticed by any, the Harmotton, that agreement of his action to his subject; for, as the subject is anger, how agreeable is his action, which is war; from which every incident arises, and to which every episode immediately relates. Thirdly, his manners, which Aristotle places second in his description of the several parts of tragedy, and which, he says, are included in the action; I am at a loss whether I should rather admire the exactness of his judgment in the nice distinction, or the immensity of his imagination in their variety. For, as to the former of these, how accurately is the sedate, injured resentment of Achilles, distinguished from the hot insulting passion of Agamemnon! how widely doth the brutal courage of Ajax differ from the amiable bravery of Diomedes; and the wisdom of Nestor, which is the result of long reflection and experience,

from the cunning of Ulysses, the effect of art and subtlety only! if we consider their variety, we may cry out with Aristotle, in his twenty-fourth chapter, that no part of this divine poem is destitute of manners. Indeed, I might affirm, that there is scarce a character in human nature untouched in some part or other. And as there is no passion which he is not able to describe, so is there none in his reader which he cannot raise. If he hath any superior excellence to the rest, I have been inclined to fancy it is in the pathetic. I am sure I never read with dry eyes the two episodes where Andromache is introduced, in the former lamenting the danger, and in the latter the death of Hector. The images are so extremely tender in these, that I am convinced the poet had the worthiest and best heart imaginable. Nor can I help observing how Sophocles falls short of the beauties of the original, in that imitation of the dissuasive speech of Andromache, which he hath put into the mouth of Tecmessa. And yet Sophocles was the greatest genius who ever wrote tragedy: nor have any of his successors in that art, that is to say, neither Euripides nor Seneca the tragedian, been able to come near him. As to his sentiments and diction I need say nothing; the former are particularly remarkable for the utmost perfection on that head, namely, propriety; and as to the latter, Aristotle, whom, doubtless, you have read over and over, is very diffuse. I shall mention but one thing more, which that great critic, in his division of tragedy calls Opsis, or the scenery; and which is as proper to the epic as to the drama, with this difference, that in the former it falls to the share of the poet, and in the latter to that of the painter. But did ever painter imagine a scene like that in the thirteenth and fourteenth Iliads? where the reader sees at one view the prospect of Troy, with the army drawn up before it; the Grecian army, camp, and fleet; Jupiter sitting on mount Ida, with his head wrapt in a cloud, and a thunderbolt in his hand, looking towards Thrace; Neptune driving through the sea, which divides on each side to permit his passage, and then seating himself on mount Samos: the heavens opened and the deities all seated on their thrones. This is sublime! This is poetry!" Adams then rapt out a hundred Greek verses, and with such a voice, emphasis, and action, that he almost fright-

ened the women; and as for the gentleman, he was so far from entertaining any further suspicion of Adams, that he now doubted whether he had not a bishop in his house. He ran into the most extravagant encomiums on his learning: and the goodness of his heart began to dilate to all the strangers. He said he had great compassion for the poor young woman, who looked pale and faint with her journey: and in truth he conceived a much higher opinion of her quality than it deserved. He said he was sorry he could not accommodate them all; but if they were contented with his fireside, he would sit up with the men, and the young woman might, if she pleased, partake his wife's bed, which he advised her to; for that they must walk upwards of a mile to any house of entertainment, and not very good neither. Adams, who liked his seat, his ale, his tobacco, and his company, persuaded Fanny to accept this kind proposal, in which solicitation, he was seconded by Joseph. Nor was she very difficultly prevailed on; for she had slept but little the last night, and not at all the preceding; so that love itself was scarce able to keep her eyes open any longer. The offer, therefore, being kindly accepted, the good woman produced every thing eatable in her house on the table, and the guests being heartily invited, as heartily regaled themselves, especially Parson Adams. As to the other two, they were examples of the truth of that physical observation, that love, like other sweet things, is no whetter of the stomach.

Supper was no sooner ended, than Fanny, at her own request, retired, and the good woman bore her company. The man of the house, Adams, and Joseph, who would modestly have withdrawn, had not the gentleman insisted on the contrary, drew round the fireside, where Adams, (to use his own words,) replenished his pipe, and the gentleman produced a bottle of excellent beer, being the best liquor in his house.

The modest behaviour of Joseph, with the gracefulness of his person, the character which Adams gave of him, and the friendship he seemed to entertain for him, began to work on the gentleman's affections, and raised in him a curiosity to know the singularity which Adams had mentioned in his history. This curiosity Adams was no sooner informed of, than with Joseph's consent, he agreed to gratify it; and accordingly

related all he knew, with as much tenderness as was possible for the character of Lady Booby, and concluded with the long, faithful, and mutual passion between him and Fanny, not concealing the meanness of her birth and education. These latter circumstances entirely cured a jealousy which had lately risen in the gentleman's mind, that Fanny was the daughter of some person of fashion, and that Joseph had run away with her, and Adams was concerned in the plot. — He was now enamoured of his guests, drank their healths with great cheerfulness, and returned many thanks to Adams, who had spent much breath, for he was a circumstantial teller of a story.

Adams told him it was now in his power to return that favour; for his extraordinary goodness, as well as that fund of literature he was master of,* which he did not expect to find under such a roof, had raised in him more curiosity than he had ever known. "Therefore," said he, "if it be not too troublesome, sir, your history, if you please."

The gentleman answered, he could not refuse him what he had so much right to insist on; and after some of the common apologies, which are the usual preface to a story, he thus began.

CHAPTER III.

In which the gentleman relates the history of his life.

SIR, I am descended of a good family, and was born a gentleman. My education was liberal, and at a public school, in which I proceeded so far as to become master of the Latin,

* The author hath by some been represented to have made a blunder here; for Adams had indeed shown some learning, (say they,) perhaps all the author had; but the gentleman hath shown none, unless his approbation of Mr. Adams be such: but surely it would be preposterous in him to call it so. I have, however, notwithstanding this criticism, which I am told came from the mouth of a great orator in a public coffee-house, left this blunder as it stood in the first edition. I will not have the vanity to apply to any thing in this work the observation which M. Dacier makes in her preface to her Aristophanes: *Je tiens pour une maxime constante qu'une beauté mediocre plait plus generalement qu'une beauté sans defaut.* Mr. Congreve hath made such another blunder in his Love for Love, where Tattle tells Miss Prue, "She should admire him as much for the beauty he commends in her as if he himself was possessed of it."

and to be tolerably versed in the Greek language. My father died when I was sixteen, and left me master of myself. He bequeathed me a moderate fortune, which he intended I should not receive till I attained the age of twenty-five: for he constantly asserted that was full early enough to give up any man entirely to the guidance of his own discretion. However, as this intention was so obscurely worded in his will that the lawyers advised me to contest the point with my trustees, I own I paid so little regard to the inclinations of my dead father, which were sufficiently certain to me, that I followed their advice, and soon succeeded, for the trustees did not contest the matter very obstinately on their side. "Sir," said Adams, "may I crave the favour of your name?" The gentleman answered, "his name was Wilson," and then proceeded.

I staid a very little while at school after his death; for, being a forward youth, I was extremely impatient to be in the world: for which I thought my parts, knowledge, and manhood, thoroughly qualified me. And to this early introduction into life, without a guide, I impute all my future misfortunes; for besides the obvious mischiefs which attend this, there is one which hath not been so generally observed: the first impression which mankind receives of you will be very difficult to eradicate. How unhappy, therefore, must it be to fix your character in life, before you can possibly know its value, or weigh the consequences of those actions which are to establish your future reputation?

A little under seventeen, I left my school, and went to London, with no more than six pounds in my pocket, a great sum, as I then conceived, and which I was afterwards surprised to find so soon consumed.

The character I was ambitious of obtaining was that of a fine gentleman; the first requisites to which, I apprehended, were to be supplied by a tailor, a perriwig-maker, and some few more tradesmen, who deal in furnishing out the human body. Notwithstanding the lowness of my purse, I found credit with them more easily than I expected, and was soon equipped to my wish. This, I own, then agreeably surprised me; but I have since learned, that it is a maxim among many tradesmen at the polite end of the town, to deal as largely as

they can, reckon as high as they can, and arrest as soon as they can.

The next qualifications, namely, dancing, fencing, riding the great horse, and music, came into my head: but as they required expense and time, I comforted myself, with regard to dancing, that I had learned a little in my youth, and could walk a minuet genteelly enough; as to fencing, I thought my good-humour would preserve me from the danger of a quarrel; as to the horse, I hoped it would not be thought of; and for music, I imagined I could easily acquire the reputation of it; for I had heard some of my school-fellows pretend to knowledge in operas, without being able to sing or play on the fiddle.

Knowledge of the town seemed another ingredient; this I thought I should arrive at by frequènting public places. Accordingly, I paid constant attendance to them all; by which means, I was soon master of the fashionable phrases, learned to cry up the fashionable diversions, and knew the names and faces of the most fashionable men and women.

Nothing now seemed to remain but an intrigue, which I was resolved to have immediately; I mean the reputation of it; and indeed I was so successful, that in a very short time I had half a dozen, with the finest women in the town.

At these words, Adams fetched a deep groan, and then, blessing himself, cried out, "Good Lord! what wicked times these are!"

Not so wicked as you imagine, continued the gentleman; for I assure you, they were all Vestal virgins for any thing which I knew to the contrary. The reputation of intriguing with them was all I sought, and was what I arrived at; and perhaps I only flattered myself even in that; for very probably, the person to whom I showed their billets knew, as well as I, that they were counterfeits, and that I had written them to myself. "Write letters to yourself!" said Adams, staring. O sir, answered the gentleman, it is the very error of the times. Half our modern plays have one of these characters in them. It is incredible the pains I have taken, and the absurd methods I employed, to traduce the character of women of distinction. When another had spoken in raptures of any one, I have answered, "D—n her, she! We shall have her at H—d's

very soon." When he hath replied, "He thought her virtuous," I have answered, "Ay, thou wilt always think a woman virtuous, till she is in the street; but you and I, Jack or Tom, (turning to another in company,) know better." At which, I have drawn a paper out of my pocket, perhaps a tailor's bill, and kissed it, crying, at the same time, "By Gad, I was once fond of her."

"Proceed, if you please, but do not swear any more," said Adams.

Sir, said the gentleman, I ask your pardon. Well, sir, in this course of life I continued full three years.—"What course of life?" answered Adams; "I do not remember you have mentioned any."—Your remark is just, said the gentleman, smiling; I should rather have said, in this course of doing nothing. I remember, some time afterwards, I wrote the journal of one day, which would serve, I believe, as well for any other during the whole time. I will endeavour to repeat it to you.

In the morning I arose, took my great stick, and walked out in my green frock, with my hair in papers, (a groan from Adams,) and sauntered about till ten. Went to the auction; told lady —— she had a dirty face; laughed heartily at something captain —— said, I can't remember what, for I did not very well hear it; whispered Lord ——; bowed to the duke of ——; and was going to bid for a snuff-box, but did not, for fear I should have had it.

From 2 to 4, dressed myself. *A groan.*
4 to 6, dined. *A groan.*
6 to 8, coffee-house.
8 to 9, Drury Lane play-house.
9 to 10, Lincoln's Inn Fields.
10 to 12, Drawing-room.——*A great groan.*

At all which places nothing happened worth remark.

At which Adams said, with some vehemence, "Sir, this is below the life of an animal, hardly above vegetation; and I am surprised what could lead a man of your sense into it." What leads us into more follies than you imagine, doctor, answered the gentleman,—vanity: for as contemptible a

creature as I was, and I assure you, yourself cannot have more contempt for such a wretch than I now have, I then admired myself, and should have despised a person of your present appearance, (you will pardon me,) with all your learning, and those excellent qualities which I have remarked in you. Adams bowed, and begged him to proceed. After I had continued two years in this course of life, said the gentleman, an accident happened which obliged me to change the scene. As I was one day at St. James's coffee-house, making very free with the character of a young lady of quality, an officer of the guards, who was present, thought proper to give me the lie. I answered, I might possibly be mistaken; but I intended to tell no more than the truth. To which he made no reply, but by a scornful sneer. After this I observed a strange coldness in all my acquaintance: none of them spoke to me first, and very few returned me even the civility of a bow. The company I used to dine with left me out, and within a week I found myself in as much solitude at St. James's, as if I had been in a desert. An honest elderly man, with a great hat and long sword, at last told me, he had a compassion for my youth, and therefore advised me to show the world I was not such a rascal as they thought me to be. I did not at first understand him: but he explained himself, and ended with telling me, if I would write a challenge to the captain, he would, out of pure charity, go to him with it. "A very charitable person, truly!" cried Adams. I desired till the next day, continued the gentleman, to consider on it, and, retiring to my lodgings, I weighed the consequences on both sides as fairly as I could. On the one, I saw the risk of this alternative, either losing my own life, or having on my hands the blood of a man with whom I was not in the least angry. I soon determined, that the good which appeared on the other, was not worth this hazard. I therefore resolved to quit the scene, and presently retired to the Temple, where I took chambers. Here I soon got a fresh set of acquaintance, who knew nothing of what had happened to me. Indeed they were not greatly to my approbation; for the beaus of the Temple are only the shadows of the others. They are the affectation of affectation. The vanity of these is still more ridiculous, if possible, than of the others. Here I met with

smart fellows who drank with lords they did not know, and intrigued with women they never saw. Covent Garden was now the fartherest stretch of my ambition; where I shone forth in the balconies at the play-houses, visited whores, made love to orange wenches, and damned plays. This career was soon put a stop to by my surgeon, who convinced me of the necessity of confining myself to my room for a month. At the end of which, having had leisure to reflect, I resolved to quit all farther conversation with beaus and smarts of every kind, and to avoid, if possible, any occasion of returning to this place of confinement.

"I think," said Adams, "the advice of a month's retirement and reflection was very proper; but I should rather have expected it from a divine than a surgeon." The gentleman smiled at Adams's simplicity, and without explaining himself farther on such an odious subject, went on thus: I was no sooner perfectly restored to health, than I found my passion for women, which I was afraid to satisfy as I had done, made me very uneasy; I determined therefore to keep a mistress. Nor, was I long before I fixed my choice on a young woman, who had before been kept by two gentlemen, and to whom I was recommended by a celebrated bawd. I took her home to my chambers, and made her a settlement during cohabitation. This would, perhaps, have been very ill paid: however, she did not suffer me to be perplexed on that account; for, before quarter-day, I found her at my chambers in too familiar conversation with a young fellow, who was dressed like an officer, but was indeed a city apprentice. Instead of excusing her inconstancy, she rapt out half a dozen oaths, and snapping her fingers at me, swore she scorned to confine herself to the best man in England. Upon this we parted, and the same bawd presently provided her another keeper. I was not so much concerned at our separation, as I found within a day or two I had reason to be for our meeting: for I was obliged to pay a second visit to my surgeon. I was now forced to do penance for some weeks, during which time I contracted an acquaintance with a beautiful young girl, the daughter of a gentleman, who, after having been forty years in the army, and in all the campaigns under the Duke of Marlborough, died a

lieutenant on half-pay; and had left a widow with this only child, in very distressed circumstances: they had only a small pension from the government, with what little the daughter could add to it by her work; for she had great excellence at her needle. This girl was, at my first acquaintance with her, solicited in marriage by a young fellow in good circumstances. He was apprentice to a linen-draper, and had a little fortune, sufficient to set up his trade. The mother was greatly pleased with this match, as indeed she had sufficient reason. However, I soon prevented it. I represented him in so low a light to his mistress, and made so good a use of flattery, promises, and presents, that, not to dwell longer on this subject than is necessary, I prevailed with the poor girl, and conveyed her away from her mother! In a word I debauched her.—(At which words Adams started up, fetched three strides across the room, and then replaced himself in the chair.) You are not more affected with this part of my story than myself; I assure you it will never be sufficiently repented of in my own opinion: but if you already detest it, how much more will your indignation be raised, when you hear the fatal consequences of this barbarous, this villanous action! If you please, therefore, I will here desist.—"By no means," cries Adams; "go on, I beseech you; and Heaven grant you may sincerely repent of this and many other things you have related."—I was now, continued the gentleman, as happy as the possession of a fine young creature, who had a good education, and was endued with many agreeable qualities, could make me. We lived some months with vast fondness together, without any company or conversation, more than we found in one another: but this could not continue always; and though I still preserved great affection for her, I began more and more to want the relief of other company, and consequently to leave her by degrees; at last, whole days to herself. She failed not to testify some uneasiness on these occasions, and complained of the melancholy life she led; to remedy which, I introduced her into the acquaintance of some other kept mistresses, with whom she used to play at cards, and frequent plays and other diversions.

She had not lived long in this intimacy, before I perceived a visible alteration in her behaviour; all her modesty and inno-

sence vanished by degrees, till her mind became thoroughly tainted. She affected the company of rakes, gave herself all manner of airs, was never easy but abroad, or when she had a party at my chambers. She was rapacious of money, extravagant to excess, loose in her conversation; and if ever I demurred to any of her demands, oaths, tears, and fits were the immediate consequences. As the first raptures of fondness were long since over, this behaviour soon estranged my affections from her; I began to reflect with pleasure that she was not my wife, and to conceive an intention of parting with her; of which, having given her a hint, she took care to prevent me the pains of turning her out of doors, and accordingly departed herself, having first broken open my escritoie, and taken with her all she could find, to the amount of about 200*l.* In the first heat of my resentment, I resolved to pursue her with all the vengeance of the law: but as she had the good luck to escape me during that ferment, my passion afterwards cooled; and having reflected that I had been the first aggressor, and had done her an injury for which I could make her no reparation, by robbing her of the innocence of her mind; and hearing at the same time that the poor old woman, her mother, had broke her heart on her daughter's elopement from her, I, concluding myself her murderer, ("As you very well might," cries Adams, with a groan;) was pleased that God Almighty had taken this method of punishing me, and resolved quietly to submit to the loss. Indeed I could wish I had never heard more of the poor creature, who became in the end an abandoned profligate; and, after being some years a common prostitute, at last ended her miserable life in Newgate. — Here the gentleman fetched a deep sigh, which Mr. Adams echoed very loudly; and both continued silent, looking on each other for some minutes. At last the gentleman proceeded thus: I had been perfectly constant to this girl the whole time I kept her; but she had scarce departed before I discovered more marks of her infidelity to me than the loss of my money. In short, I was forced to make a third visit to my surgeon, out of whose hands I did not get a hasty discharge.

I now forswore all future dealings with the sex, complained loudly that the pleasure did not compensate the pain, and

railed at the beautiful creatures in as gross language as Juvenal himself formerly reviled them in. I looked on all the town harlots with a detestation not easy to be conceived; their persons appeared to me as painted palaces, inhabited by Disease and Death: nor could their beauty make them more desirable objects in my eyes, than gilding could make me covet a pill, or golden plates a coffin. But though I was no longer the absolute slave, I found some reasons to own myself still the subject of love. My hatred for women decreased daily; and I am not positive but time might have betrayed me again to some common harlot, had I not been secured by a passion for the charming Sapphira, which having once entered upon, made a violent progress in my heart. Sapphira was wife to a man of fashion and gallantry, and one who seemed, I own, every way worthy of her affections; which, however, he had not the reputation of having. She was indeed a coquette *achevée*. "Pray, sir," said Adams, "what is a coquette? I have met with the word in French authors, but I never could assign any idea to it. I believe it is the same with *une sotte*, Anglicè, a fool." Sir, answered the gentleman, perhaps you are not much mistaken; but as it is a particular kind of folly, I will endeavour to describe it. Were all creatures to be ranked in the order of creation according to their usefulness, I know few animals that would not take place of a coquette: nor indeed hath this creature much pretence to any thing beyond instinct; for though sometimes we might imagine it was animated by the passion of vanity, yet far the greater part of its actions will fall beneath even that low motive; for instance, several absurd gestures and tricks, infinitely more foolish than what can be observed in the most ridiculous birds and beasts, and which would persuade the beholder that the silly wretch was aiming at our contempt. Indeed its characteristic is affectation, and this led and governed by whim only: for as beauty, wisdom, wit, good-nature, politeness and health, are sometimes affected by this creature, so are ugliness, folly, nonsense, ill-nature, ill-breeding, and sickness, likewise put on by it in their turn. Its life is one constant lie; and the only rule by which you can form any judgment of them is, that they are never what they seem. If it was possible for a coquette to love, (as it is not,

for if ever it attains this passion the coquette ceases instantly,) it would wear the face of indifference, if not of hatred, to the beloved object; you may therefore be assured, when they endeavour to persuade you of their liking, that they are indifferent to you at least. And indeed this was the case of my Sapphira, who no sooner saw me in the number of her admirers than she gave me what is commonly called encouragement: she would often look at me, and when she perceived me meet her eyes, would instantly take them off, discovering at the same time as much surprise and emotion as possible. These arts failed not of the success she intended; and as I grew more particular to her than the rest of her admirers, she advanced, in proportion more directly to me than to the others. She affected the low voice, whisper, lisp, sigh, start, laugh, and many other indications of passion which daily deceive thousands. When I played at whist with her, she would look earnestly at me, and at the same time lose deal or revoke; then burst into a ridiculous laugh, and cry, "La! I can't imagine what I was thinking of." To detain you no longer, after I had gone through a sufficient course of gallantry, as I thought, and was thoroughly convinced I had raised a violent passion in my mistress, I sought an opportunity of coming to an eclaircissement with her. She avoided this as much as possible; however, great assiduity at length presented me one. I will not describe all the particulars of this interview; let it suffice, that till she could no longer pretend not to see my drift, she first affected a violent surprise, and immediately after as violent a passion: she wondered what I had seen in her conduct which could induce me to affront her in this manner; and breaking from me the first moment she could, told me, I had no other way to escape the consequence of her resentment than by never seeing, or at least speaking to her more. I was not contented with this answer; I still pursued her, but to no purpose; and was at length convinced that her husband had the sole possession of her person, and that neither he nor any other had made any impression on her heart. I was taken off from following this *ignis fatuus* by some advances which were made me by the wife of a citizen, who, though neither very young nor handsome, was yet too agreeable to be rejected

by my amorous constitution. I accordingly soon satisfied her that she had not cast away her hints on a barren or cold soil: on the contrary, they instantly produced her an eager and desiring lover. Nor did she give me any reason to complain; she met the warmth she had raised with equal ardour. I had no longer a coquette to deal with, but one who was wiser than to prostitute the noble passion of love to the ridiculous lust of vanity. We presently understood one another; and as the pleasures we sought lay in a mutual gratification, we soon found and enjoyed them. I thought myself at first greatly happy in the possession of this new mistress, whose fondness would have quickly surfeited a more sickly appetite; but it had a different effect on mine: she carried my passion higher by it than youth or beauty had been able. But my happiness could not long continue uninterrupted. The apprehensions we lay under from the jealousy of her husband gave us great uneasiness.

"Poor wretch! I pity him," cried Adams. He did indeed deserve it, said the gentleman; for he loved his wife with great tenderness; and, I assure you, it is a great satisfaction to me that I was not the man who first seduced her affections from him. These apprehensions appeared also too well grounded; for in the end he discovered us, and procured witnesses of our caresses. He then prosecuted me at law, and recovered 3000*l.* damages, which much distressed my fortune to pay; and what was worse, his wife, being divorced, came upon my hands. I led a very uneasy life with her; for, besides that my passion was now much abated, her excessive jealousy was very troublesome. At length death rid me of an inconvenience, which the consideration of my having been the author of her misfortunes, would never suffer me to take any other method of discarding.

I now bade adieu to love, and resolved to pursue other less dangerous and expensive pleasures. I fell into the acquaintance of a set of jolly companions, who slept all day, and drank all night; fellows who might rather be said to consume time than to live. Their best conversation was nothing but noise; singing, hollaing, wrangling, drinking, toasting, sp—wing, smoking, were the chief ingredients of our entertainment. And yet, bad as they were, they were more tolerable than our graver

scenes, which were either excessive tedious narratives of dull common matters of fact, or hot disputes about trifling matters, which commonly ended in a wager. This way of life the first serious reflection put a period to; and I became member of a club frequented by young men of great abilities. The bottle was now only called in to the assistance of our conversation, which rolled on the deepest point of philosophy. These gentlemen were engaged in a search after truth, in the pursuit of which, they threw aside all the prejudices of education, and governed themselves only by the infallible guide of human reason. This great guide, after having shown them the falsehood of that very ancient but simple tenet, that there is such a being as a Deity in the universe, helped them to establish in his stead a certain rule of right, by adhering to which, they all arrived at the utmost purity of morals. Reflection made me as much delighted with this society, as it had taught me to despise and detest the former. I began now to esteem myself a being of a higher order than I had ever before conceived; and was the more charmed with this rule of right, as I really found in my own nature nothing repugnant to it. I held in utter contempt all persons who wanted any other inducement to virtue, besides her intrinsic beauty and excellence; and had so high an opinion of my present companions, with regard to their morality, that I would have trusted them with whatever was nearest and dearest to me. Whilst I was engaged in this delightful dream, two or three accidents happened successively, which at first much surprised me; — for one of our greatest philosophers, or rule-of-right men withdrew himself from us, taking with him the wife of one of his most intimate friends. Secondly, another of the same society left the club, without remembering to take leave of his bail. A third having borrowed a sum of money of me, for which I received no security, when I asked him to repay it, absolutely denied the loan. These several practices, so inconsistent with our golden rule, made me begin to suspect its infallibility; but when I communicated my thoughts to one of the club, he said, "There was nothing absolutely good or evil in itself; that actions were denominated good or bad by the circumstances of the agent. That possibly the man who ran away with his neighbour's wife might be one of very good

inclinations, but over-prevailed on by the violence of an unruly passion; and in other particulars, might be a very worthy member of society; that if the beauty of any woman created in him an uneasiness, he had a right, from nature, to relieve himself;" — with many other things which I then detested so much, that I took leave of the society that very evening, and never returned to it again.

Being now reduced to a state of solitude, which I did not like, I became a great frequenter of the playhouses, which indeed was always my favourite diversion; and most evenings passed away two or three hours behind the scenes, where I met with several poets, with whom I made engagements at the taverns. Some of the players were likewise of our parties. At these meetings we were generally entertained by the poets with reading their performances, and by the players with repeating their parts: upon which occasions, I observed the gentleman who furnished our entertainment was commonly the best pleased of the company; who, though they were pretty civil to him to his face, seldom failed to take the first opportunity of his absence to ridicule him. Now I made some remarks, which probably are too obvious to be worth relating. "Sir," says Adams, "your remarks, if you please." First, then, says he, I concluded that the general observation, that wits are most inclined to vanity, is not true. Men are equally vain of riches, strength, beauty, honours, &c. But these appear of themselves to the eyes of the beholders, whereas the poor wit is obliged to produce his performance to show you his perfection; and on his readiness to do this, that vulgar opinion I have before mentioned is grounded: but doth not the person who expends vast sums in the furniture of his house or the ornaments of his person, who consumes much time and employs great pains in dressing himself, or who thinks himself paid for self-denial, labour, or even villany, by a title or a riband, sacrifice as much to vanity as the poor wit who is desirous to read you his poem or his play? My second remark was, that vanity is the worst of passions, and more apt to contaminate the mind than any other: for as selfishness is much more general than we please to allow it; so it is natural to hate and envy those who stand between us and the good we desire. Now, in lust

and ambition these are few; and even in avarice we find many who are no obstacles to our pursuits: but the vain man seeks pre-eminence; and every thing which is excellent or praise-worthy in another, renders him the mark of his antipathy. Adams now began to fumble in his pockets, and soon cried out, "O la! I have it not about me." Upon this the gentleman asking him what he was searching for? he said he searched after a sermon, which he thought his masterpiece, against vanity. "Fie upon it, fie upon it," cries he, "why do I ever leave that sermon out of my pocket? I wish it was within five miles, I would willingly fetch it, to read to you." The gentleman answered, that there was no need, for he was cured of the passion. "And for that very reason," quoth Adams, "I would read it, for I am confident you would admire it: indeed, I have never been a greater enemy to any passion, than that silly one of vanity." The gentleman smiled, and proceeded. — From this society I easily passed to that of the gamesters, where nothing remarkable happened but the finishing of my fortune, which those gentlemen soon helped me to the end of. This opened scenes of life hitherto unknown; poverty and distress, with their horrid train of duns, attorneys, bailiffs, haunted me day and night. My clothes grew shabby, my credit bad, my friends and acquaintance of all kinds cold. In this situation, the strangest thought imaginable came into my head; and what was this but to write a play; for I had sufficient leisure: fear of bailiffs confined me every day to my room; and having always had a little inclination, and something of a genius that way, I set myself to work, and within a few months produced a piece of five acts, which was accepted of at the theatre.

I remembered to have formerly taken tickets of other poets for their benefits, long before the appearance of their performances; and resolving to follow a precedent which was so well suited to my present circumstances, I immediately provided myself with a large number of little papers. Happy indeed would be the state of poetry, would these tickets pass current at the bake-house, the ale-house, and the chandler's-shop: but, alas! far otherwise; no tailor will take them in payment for buckram, canvass, staytape; nor no bailiff for civility-money. They are,

indeed, no more than a passport to beg with; a certificate that the owner wants five shillings, which induces well-disposed Christians to charity. I now experienced what is worse than poverty, or rather what is the worst consequence of poverty, —I mean, attendance and dependence on the great. Many a morning have I waited hours in the cold parlours of men of quality; where, after seeing the lowest rascals in lace and embroidery, the pimps and buffoons in fashion, admitted, I have been sometimes told, on sending in my name, that the lord could not possibly see me this morning: a sufficient assurance that I should never more get entrance into that house. Sometimes I have been at last admitted; and the great man hath thought proper to excuse himself, by telling me he was tied up. "Tied up," says Adams, "pray what's that?" Sir, says the gentleman, the profit which booksellers allowed authors for the best works, was so very small, that certain men of birth and fortune some years ago, who were the patrons of wit and learning, thought fit to encourage them farther, by entering into voluntary subscriptions for their encouragement. Thus Prior, Rowe, Pope, and some other men of genius, received large sums for their labours from the public. This seemed so easy a method of getting money, that many of the lowest scribblers of the times ventured to publish their works in the same way; and many had the assurance to take in subscriptions for what was not writ, nor ever intended. Subscriptions in this manner growing infinite, and a kind of tax on the public, some persons finding it not so easy a task to discern good from bad authors, or to know what genius was worthy encouragement and what was not, to prevent the expense of subscribing to so many, invented a method to excuse themselves from all subscriptions whatever; and this was to receive a small sum of money in consideration of giving a large one if ever they subscribed; which many have done, and many more have pretended to have done, in order to silence all solicitations. The same method was likewise taken with playhouse tickets, which were no less a public grievance; and this is what they call being tied up from subscribing. "I can't say but the term is apt enough, and somewhat typical," said Adams; "for a man of large fortune, who ties himself up, as you call it, from the en-

couragement of men of merit, ought to be tied up in reality." Well, sir, says the gentleman, to return to my story. Sometimes I have received a guinea from a man of quality, given with as ill a grace as alms are generally to the meanest beggar; and purchased too with as much time spent in attendance, as, if it had been spent in honest industry, might have brought me more profit with infinitely more satisfaction. After about two months spent in this disagreeable way, with the utmost mortification, when I was pluming my hopes on the prospect of a plentiful harvest from my play, upon applying to the prompter, to know when it came into rehearsal, he informed me, he had received orders from the managers to return me the play again, for that they could not possibly act it that season; but if I would take it and revise it against the next, they would be glad to see it again. I snatched it from him with great indignation, and retired to my room, where I threw myself on the bed in a fit of despair. — "You should rather have thrown yourself on your knees," says Adams, "for despair is sinful."

As soon, continued the gentleman, as I had indulged the first tumult of my passion, I began to consider coolly what course I should take, in a situation without friends, money, credit, or reputation of any kind. After revolving many things in my mind, I could see no other possibility of furnishing myself with the miserable necessaries of life, than to retire to a garret near the Temple, and commence hackney-writer to the lawyers; for which I was well qualified, being an excellent penman. This purpose I resolved on, and immediately put it in execution. I had an acquaintance with an attorney, who had formerly transacted affairs for me, and to him I applied; but, instead of furnishing me with any business, he laughed at my undertaking, and told me, "He was afraid I should turn his deeds into plays, and he should expect to see them on the stage." Not to tire you with instances of this kind from others, I found that Plato himself did not hold poets in greater abhorrence than these men of business do. Whenever I durst venture to a coffee-house, which was on Sundays only, a whisper ran round the room, which was constantly attended with a sneer, That's poet Wilson; for I know not whether you have observed it, but there is a malignity in the nature of man,

which, when not weeded out, or at least covered by a good education and politeness, delights in making another uneasy or dissatisfied with himself. This abundantly appears in all assemblies, except those which are filled by people of fashion, and especially among the younger people of both sexes, whose birth and fortunes place them just without the polite circles; I mean the lower class of the gentry, and the higher of the mercantile world, who are, in reality, the worst-bred of mankind. Well, sir, whilst I continued in this miserable state, with scarce sufficient business to keep me from starving, the reputation of a poet being my bane, I accidentally became acquainted with a bookseller, who told me, "It was a pity a man of my learning and genius should be obliged to such a method of getting his livelihood; that he had a compassion for me, and if I would engage with him, he would undertake to provide handsomely for me." A man in my circumstances, as he very well knew, had no choice. I accordingly accepted his proposal, with his conditions, which were none of the most favourable, and fell to translating with all my might. I had no longer reason to lament the want of business; for he furnished me with so much, that in half a year I almost writ myself blind. I likewise contracted a distemper, by my sedentary life, in which no part of my body was exercised but my right arm, which rendered me incapable of writing for a long time. This, unluckily, happening to delay the publication of a work, and my last performance not having sold well, the bookseller declined any further engagement, and aspersed me to his brethren, as a careless, idle fellow. I had, however, by having half-worked and half-starved myself to death, during the time I was in his service, saved a few guineas, with which I bought a lottery-ticket, resolving to throw myself into Fortune's lap, and try if she would make amends for the injuries she had done me at the gaming-table. This purchase being made, left me almost pennyless; when, as if I had not been sufficiently miserable, a bailiff, in woman's clothes, got admittance to my chamber, whither he was directed by the counsellor. He arrested me, at my tailor's suit, for thirty-five pounds; a sum for which I could not procure bail; and was therefore conveyed to his house where I was locked up in an upper chamber. I had

now neither health, (for I was scarce recovered from my indisposition,) liberty, money, or friends; and had abandoned all hopes and even the desire of life. "But this could not last long," said Adams; "for doubtless the tailor released you the moment he was truly acquainted with your affairs, and knew that your circumstances would not permit you to pay him."

Oh, sir, answered the gentleman, he knew that before he arrested me; nay, he knew that nothing but incapacity could prevent me from paying my debts; for I had been his customer many years, had spent vast sums of money with him, and had always paid most punctually in my prosperous days: but when I reminded him of this, with assurances, that if he would not molest my endeavours, I would pay him all the money I could by my utmost labour and industry procure, reserving only what was sufficient to preserve me alive: he answered, his patience was worn out; that I had put him off from time to time; that he wanted the money; that he had put it into a lawyer's hands; and if I did not pay him immediately, or find security, I must lay in jail, and expect no mercy. "He may expect mercy," cries Adams, starting from his chair, "where he will find none! How can such a wretch repeat the Lord's prayer; where the word, which is translated, I know not for what reason, trespasses, is in the original debts! And as surely as we do not forgive others their debts, when they are unable to pay them, so surely shall we ourselves be unforgiven, when we are in no condition of paying." He ceased, and the gentleman proceeded. While I was in this deplorable situation, a former acquaintance, to whom I had communicated my lottery-ticket, found me out, and making me a visit, with great delight in his countenance, shook me heartily by the hand, and wished me joy of my good fortune: for, says he, your ticket is come up a prize of 3000*l*. Adams snapt his fingers at these words in an ecstacy of joy; which, however, did not continue long, for the gentleman thus proceeded: Alas! sir, this was only a trick of Fortune to sink me the deeper; for I had disposed of this lottery-ticket two days before, to a relation who refused lending me a shilling without it, in order to procure myself bread. As soon as my friend was acquainted with my unfortunate sale, he began to revile me, and remind me of all the ill

conduct and miscarriages of my life. He said I was one whom Fortune could not save, if she would; that I was now ruined without any hopes of retrieval, nor must expect any pity from my friends; that it would be extreme weakness to compassionate the misfortunes of a man who ran headlong to his own destruction. He then painted to me, in as lively colours as he was able, the happiness I should have now enjoyed, had I not foolishly disposed of my ticket. I urged the plea of necessity; but he made no answer to that, and began again to revile me, till I could bear it no longer, and desired him to finish his visit. I soon exchanged the bailiff's house for a prison; where, as I had not money sufficient to procure a separate apartment, I was crowded in with a great number of miserable wretches, in common with whom I was destitute of every convenience of life, even that which all the brutes enjoy, wholesome air. In these dreadful circumstances I applied by letter to several of my old acquaintance, and such to whom I had formerly lent money without any great prospect of its being returned, for their assistance; but in vain. An excuse, instead of a denial, was the gentlest answer I received. — Whilst I languished in a condition too horrible to be described, and which, in a land of humanity, and what is much more, christianity, seems a strange punishment for a little inadvertency and indiscretion; whilst I was in this condition, a fellow came into the prison, and inquiring me out, delivered the following letter:

"Sir,

"My father, to whom you sold your ticket in the last lottery, died the same day in which it came up a prize, as you have possibly heard, and left me sole heiress of all his fortune. I am so much touched with your present circumstances, and the uneasiness you must feel at having been driven to dispose of what might have made you happy, that I must desire your acceptance of the enclosed, and am

'Your humble servant,

'HARRIET HEARTY."

And what do you think was inclosed? "I don't know," cried Adams; "not less than a guinea, I hope"—Sir, it was a

bank-note for 200*l.* — "200*l.*" says Adams, in rapture. — No less, I assure you, answered the gentleman: a sum I was not half so delighted with, as with the dear name of the generous girl that sent it me; and who was not only the best, but the handsomest creature in the universe; and for whom I had long had a passion, which I never durst disclose to her. I kissed her name a thousand times, my eyes overflowing with gratitude; I repeated—But not to detain you with these raptures, I immediately acquired my liberty; and, having paid all my debts, departed, with upwards of fifty pounds in my pocket, to thank my kind deliverer. She happened to be then out of town, a circumstance, which, upon reflection, pleased me; for by that means I had an opportunity to appear before her in a more decent dress. At her return to town within a day or two, I threw myself at her feet with the most ardent acknowledgments; which she rejected with an unfeigned greatness of mind, and told me, I could not oblige her more than by never mentioning, or if possible, thinking on a circumstance which must bring to my mind an accident that might be grievous to me to think on. She proceeded thus: "What I have done, is in my own eyes a trifle, and perhaps infinitely less than would have become me to do. And if you think of engaging in any business, where a larger sum may be serviceable to you, I shall not be over-rigid, either as to the security or interest." I endeavoured to express all the gratitude in my power to this profusion of goodness, though perhaps it was my enemy, and began to afflict my mind with more agonies than all the miseries I had underwent; it affected me with severer reflections than poverty, distress, and prisons united, had been able to make me feel; for, sir, these acts and professions of kindness, which were sufficient to have raised in a good heart the most violent passion of friendship to one of the same, or to age and ugliness in a different sex, came to me from a woman, a young and beautiful woman; one whose perfections I had long known, and for whom I had long conceived a violent passion, though with a despair which made me endeavour rather to curb and conceal, than to nourish or acquaint her with it. In short, they came upon me united with beauty, softness, and tenderness: such bewitching smiles! — O Mr. Adams, in that moment I lost myself, and forgetting

our different situations, nor considering what return I was making to her goodness, by desiring her, who had given me so much, to bestow her all, I laid gently hold on her hand, and conveying it to my lips, I pressed it with inconceivable ardour; then, lifting up my swimming eyes I saw her face and neck overspread with one blush; she offered to withdraw her hand, yet not so as to deliver it from mine, though I held it with the gentlest force. We both stood trembling; her eyes cast on the ground, and mine steadfastly fixed on her. Good G—d, what was then the condition of my soul! burning with love, desire, admiration, gratitude, and every tender passion, all bent on one charming object. Passion at last got the better of both reason and respect, and softly letting go her hand, I offered madly to clasp her in my arms; when, a little recovering herself, she started from me, asking me, with some show of anger, "If she had any reason to expect this treatment from me?" I then fell prostrate before her, and told her, if I had offended, my life was absolutely in her power, which I would in any manner lose for her sake.

Nay, madam, said I, you shall not be so ready to punish me, as I to suffer. I own my guilt. I detest the reflection that I would have sacrificed your happiness to mine. Believe me, I sincerely repent my ingratitude; yet believe me too, it was my passion, my unbounded passion for you, which hurried me so far: I have loved you long and tenderly; and the goodness you have shown me, hath innocently weighed down a wretch undone before. Acquit me of all mean, mercenary views, and before I take my leave of you for ever, which I am resolved instantly to do, believe me, that Fortune could have raised me to no height to which I could not have lifted you. O, cursed be Fortune! "Do not," says she, interrupting me with the sweetest voice, "Do not curse Fortune, since she hath made me happy; and, if she hath put your happiness in my power, I have told you you shall ask nothing in reason which I will refuse." Madam, said I, you mistake me, if you imagine, as you seem, my happiness is in the power of Fortune now. You have obliged me too much already; if I have any wish, it is for some blessed accident, by which I may contribute with my life to the least augmentation of your felicity. As

for myself, the only happiness I can ever have, will be hearing of yours; and if Fortune will make that complete, I will forgive her all her wrongs to me. "You may, indeed," answered she, smiling, "for your own happiness must be included in mine. I have long known your worth; nay, I must confess," said she, blushing, "I have long discovered that passion for me you profess, notwithstanding those endeavours, which I am convinced were unaffected, to conceal it; and if all I can give with reason will not suffice, — take reason away, and now I believe you cannot ask me what I will deny."—She uttered these words with a sweetness not to be imagined. I immediately started; my blood, which lay freezing at my heart, rushed tumultuously through every vein. I stood for a moment silent; then, flying to her, I caught her in my arms, no longer resisting, and softly told her, she must give me then herself. O, sir! can I describe her look? She remained silent, and almost motionless, several minutes. At last, recovering herself a little, she insisted on my leaving her, and in such a manner, that I instantly obeyed: you may imagine, however, I soon saw her again. — But I ask pardon: I fear I have detained you too long in relating the particulars of the former interview. "So far otherwise," says Adams, licking his lips, "that I could willingly hear it over again." Well, sir, continued the gentleman, to be as concise as possible, within a week she consented to make me the happiest of mankind. We were married shortly after; and when I came to examine the circumstances of my wife's fortune, (which, I do assure you, I was not presently at leisure enough to do,) I found it amounted to about six thousand pounds, most part of which lay in effects; for her father had been a wine-merchant: and she seemed willing, if I liked it, that I should carry on the same trade. I readily, and too inconsiderately, undertook it; for, not having been bred to the secrets of the business, and endeavouring to deal with the utmost honesty and uprightness, I soon found our fortune in a declining way, and my trade decreasing by little and little; for my wines, which I never adulterated after their importation, and were sold as neat as they came over, were universally decried by the vintners, to whom I could not allow them quite as cheap as those who

gained double the profit by a less price. I soon began to despair of improving our fortune by these means; nor was I at all easy at the visits and familiarity of many who had been my acquaintance in my prosperity, but denied and shunned me in my adversity, and now very forwardly renewed their acquaintance with me. In short, I had sufficiently seen, that the pleasures of the world are chiefly folly, and the business of it mostly knavery; and both, nothing better than vanity: the men of pleasure tearing one another to pieces, from the emulation of spending money, and the men of business, from envy in getting it.

My happiness consisted entirely in my wife, whom I loved with an inexpressible fondness, which was perfectly returned; and my prospects were no other than to provide for our growing family; for she was now big of her second child: I therefore took an opportunity to ask her opinion of entering into a retired life, which, after hearing my reasons, and perceiving my affection for it, she readily embraced. We soon put our small fortune, now reduced under three thousand pounds, into money, with part of which we purchased this little place, whither we retired soon after her delivery, from a world full of bustle, noise, hatred, envy, and ingratitude, to ease, quiet, and love. We have here lived almost twenty years, with little other conversation than our own, most of the neighbourhood taking us for very strange people; the squire of the parish representing me as a madman, and the parson as a presbyterian, because I will not hunt with the one, nor drink with the other. "Sir," says Adams, "Fortune hath, I think, paid you all her debts, in this sweet retirement." Sir, replied the gentleman, I am thankful to the great Author of all things, for the blessings I here enjoy. I have the best of wives, and three pretty children, for whom I have the true tenderness of a parent. But no blessings are pure in this world: within three years of my arrival here, I lost my eldest son. (Here he sighed bitterly.) "Sir," said Adams, "we must submit to providence, and consider death as common to all." We must submit, indeed, answered the gentleman; and if he had died, I could have borne the loss with patience; but, alas! sir, he was stolen away from my door, by some wicked travelling people, whom

they call Gipsies; nor could I ever, with the most diligent search, recover him. Poor child! he had the sweetest look—the exact picture of his mother; at which, some tears unwittingly dropt from his eyes, as did likewise from those of Adams, who always sympathised with his friends on those occasions. Thus, sir, said the gentleman, I have finished my story, in which, if I have been too particular, I ask your pardon; and now, if you please, I will fetch you another bottle; which proposal the parson thankfully accepted.

CHAPTER IV.

A description of Mr. Wilson's way of living. The tragical adventure of the dog, and other grave matters.

THE gentleman returned with the bottle; and Adams and he sat some time silent, when the former started up and cried, "No, that won't do." The gentleman inquired into his meaning; he answered, "He had been considering that it was possible the late famous king Theodore might have been the very son whom he had lost;" but added, "that his age could not answer that imagination. However," says he, "G— disposes all things for the best; and very probably he may be some great man, or duke; and may, one day or other, revisit you in that capacity." The gentleman answered, he should know him amongst ten thousand, for he had a mark, on his left breast, of a strawberry, which his mother had given him, by longing for that fruit.

The beautiful young lady, the Morning, now rose from her bed, and with a countenance blooming with fresh youth and sprightliness, like Miss —,* with soft dews hanging on her pouting lips, began to take her early walks over the eastern hills; and presently after, that gallant person, the Sun, stole softly from his wife's chamber, to pay his addresses to her; when the gentleman asked his guest if he would walk forth and survey his little garden; which he readily agreed to; and Joseph, at the same time, awakening from a sleep, in which he had been two hours buried, went with them.

No parterres, no fountains, no statues, embellished this little

* Whoever the reader pleases.

garden. Its only ornament was a short walk shaded on each side by a filbert-hedge, with a small alcove at one end, whither in hot weather the gentleman and his wife used to retire and divert themselves with their children, who played in the walk before them. But though vanity had no votary in this little spot, here was variety of fruit, and every thing useful for the kitchen; which was abundantly sufficient to catch the admiration of Adams, who told the gentleman he had certainly a good gardener. Sir, answered he, that gardener is now before you: whatever you see here is the work solely of my own hands. Whilst I am providing necessaries for my table, I likewise procure myself an appetite for them. In fair seasons, I seldom pass less than six hours of the twenty-four in this place, where I am not idle; and by these means I have been able to preserve my health ever since my arrival here without assistance from physic. Hither I generally repair at the dawn, and exercise myself whilst my wife dresses her children and prepares our breakfast; after which we are seldom asunder during the residue of the day; for when the weather will not permit them to accompany me here, I am usually within with them; for I am neither ashamed of conversing with my wife nor of playing with my children: to say the truth, I do not perceive that inferiority of understanding which the levity of rakes, the dulness of men of business, or the austerity of the learned, would persuade us of in women. As for my woman, I declare I have found none of my own sex capable of making juster observations on life, or of delivering them more agreeably; nor do I believe any one possessed of a faithfuller or braver friend. And sure, as this friendship is sweetened with more delicacy and tenderness, so is it confirmed by dearer pledges than can attend the closest male alliance; for what union can be so fast as our common interest in the fruits of our embraces? Perhaps, sir, you are not yourself a father; if you are not, be assured you cannot conceive the delight I have in my little ones. Would you not despise me, if you saw me stretched on the ground, and my children playing round me? "I should reverence the sight," quoth Adams; "I myself am now the father of six, and have been of eleven, and I can say I never scourged a child of my own, unless as his schoolmaster, and then have felt every stroke

on my own posteriors. And as to what you can say concerning women, I have often lamented my own wife did not understand Greek."—The gentleman smiled, and answered, he would not be apprehended to insinuate that his own had understanding above the care of her family; on the contrary, says he, my Harriet, I assure you, is a notable housewife, and few gentlemen's housekeepers understand cookery or confectionary better; but these are arts which she hath no great occasion for now: however, the wine you commended so much last night at supper was of her own making, as is indeed all the liquor in my house, except my beer, which falls to my province. "And I assure you it is as excellent," quoth Adams, "as ever I tasted." We formerly kept a maid-servant, but since my girls have been growing up, she is unwilling to indulge them in idleness; for as the fortunes I shall give them will be very small, we intend not to breed them above the rank they are likely to fill hereafter, nor to teach them to despise or ruin a plain husband. Indeed, I could wish a man of my own temper, and retired life, might fall to their lot; for I have experienced, that calm serene happiness, which is seated in content, is inconsistent with the hurry and bustle of the world. He was proceeding thus, when the little things, being just risen, ran eagerly towards him and asked his blessing. They were shy to the strangers; but the eldest acquainted her father, that her mother and the young gentlewoman were up, and that breakfast was ready.

They all went in, where the gentleman was surprised at the beauty of Fanny, who had now recovered herself from her fatigue, and was entirely clean dressed; for the rogues who had taken away her purse had left her her bundle. But if he was so much amazed at the beauty of this young creature, his guests were no less charmed at the tenderness which appeared in the behaviour of the husband and wife to each other and to their children; and at the dutiful and affectionate behaviour of these to their parents. These instances pleased the well-disposed mind of Adams, equally with the readiness which they expressed to oblige their guests, and their forwardness to offer them the best of every thing in their house; and what delighted him still more, was an instance or two of their charity; for whilst they were at breakfast, the good woman was called

forth to assist her sick neighbour, which she did with some cordials made for the public use; and the good man went into his garden at the same time, to supply another with something which he wanted thence; for they had nothing which those who wanted it were not welcome to. These good people were in the utmost cheerfulness, when they heard the report of a gun, and immediately afterwards a little dog, the favourite of the eldest daughter, came limping in all bloody, and laid himself at his mistress's feet; the poor girl, who was about eleven years old, burst into tears at the sight; and presently one of the neighbours came in and informed them, that the young squire, the son of the lord of the manor, had shot him as he passed by, swearing at the same time he would prosecute the master of him for keeping a spaniel, for that he had given notice he would not suffer one in the parish. The dog, whom his mistress had taken into her lap, died in a few minutes, licking her hand. She expressed great agony at his loss; and the other children began to cry for their sister's misfortune; nor could Fanny herself refrain. Whilst the father and mother attempted to comfort her, Adams grasped his crabstick, and would have sallied out after the squire, had not Joseph withheld him. He could not, however, bridle his tongue—he pronounced the word rascal with great emphasis; said, he deserved to be hanged more than a highwayman, and wished he had the scourging him. The mother took her child, lamenting and carrying the dead favourite in her arms out of the room; when the gentleman said, this was the second time this squire had endeavoured to kill the little wretch, and had wounded him smartly once before; adding, he could have no motive but ill-nature, for the little thing, which was not near as big as one's fist, had never been twenty yards from the house in the six years his daughter had had it. He said he had done nothing to deserve this usage; but his father had too great a fortune to contend with: that he was as absolute as any tyrant in the universe, and had killed all the dogs and taken away all the guns in the neighbourhood; and not only that, but he trampled down hedges, and rode over corn and gardens, with no more regard than if they were the highway. "I wish I could catch him in my garden," said Adams; "though I

would rather forgive him riding through my house, than such an ill-natured act as this."

The cheerfulness of the conversation being interrupted by this accident, in which the guests could be of no service to their kind entertainer; and as the mother was taken up in administering consolation to the poor girl, whose disposition was too good hastily to forget the sudden loss of her little favourite, which had been fondling with her a few minutes before; and as Joseph and Fanny were impatient to get home, and begin those previous ceremonies to their happiness, which Adams had insisted on, they now offered to take their leave. The gentleman importuned them much to stay to dinner; but when he found their eagerness to depart, he summoned his wife; and accordingly, having performed all the usual ceremonies of bows and courtesies, more pleasant to be seen than to be related, they took their leave, the gentleman and his wife heartily wishing them a good journey, and they as heartily thanking them for their kind entertainment. They then departed, Adams declaring that this was the manner in which the people had lived in the golden age.

CHAPTER V.

A disputation on schools, held on the road, between Mr. Abraham Adams and Joseph; and a discovery not unwelcome to them both.

Our travellers having well refreshed themselves at the gentleman's house, Joseph and Fanny with sleep, and Mr. Abraham Adams with ale and tobacco, renewed their journey with great alacrity; and, pursuing the road in which they were directed, travelled many miles before they met with any adventure worth relating. In this interval, we shall present our readers with a very curious discourse, as we apprehend it, concerning public schools, which passed between Mr. Joseph Andrews and Mr. Abraham Adams.

They had not gone far, before Adams, calling to Joseph, asked him, "If he had attended to the gentleman's story;" he answered, "To all the former part."—"And don't you think," says he, "he was a very unhappy man in his youth?"—"A very unhappy man, indeed," answered the other. "Joseph,"

cries Adams, screwing up his mouth, "I have found it; I have discovered the cause of all the misfortunes which befel him: a public school, Joseph, was the cause of all the calamities which he afterwards suffered. Public schools are the nurseries of all vice and immorality. All the wicked fellows whom I remember at the university, were bred at them.—Ah, Lord! I can remember, as well as if it was but yesterday, a knot of them; they called them King's Scholars, I forget why—— very wicked fellows! Joseph, you may thank the Lord you were not bred at a public school: you would never have preserved your virtue as you have. The first care I always take is of a boy's morals; I had rather he should be a blockhead than an atheist or a presbyterian. What is all the learning of the world compared to his immortal soul? What shall a man take in exchange for his soul? But the masters of great schools trouble themselves about no such thing. I have known a lad of eighteen at the university, who hath not been able to say his catechism; but for my own part, I always scourged a lad sooner for missing that than any other lesson. Believe me, child, all that gentleman's misfortunes arose from his being educated at a public school."

"It doth not become me," answered Joseph, "to dispute any thing, sir, with you, especially a matter of this kind; for to be sure you must be allowed by all the world to be the best teacher of a school in all our county."—"Yes, that," says Adams, "I believe, is granted me; that I may without much vanity pretend to—nay, I believe I may go to the next county too—but *gloriari non est meum.*"—"However, sir, as you are pleased to bid me speak," says Joseph, "you know my late master, Sir Thomas Booby, was bred at a public school, and he was the finest gentleman in all the neighbourhood. And I have often heard him say, if he had a hundred boys he would breed them all at the same place. It was his opinion, and I have often heard him deliver it, that a boy taken from a public school, and carried into the world, will learn more in one year there, than one of a private education will in five. He used to say, the school itself initiated him a great way, (I remember that was his very expression,) for great schools are little societies, where a boy of any observation may see in epitome

what he will afterwards find in the world at large."—"*Hinc illæ lachrymæ:* for that very reason," quoth Adams, "I prefer a private school, where boys may be kept in innocence and ignorance; for, according to that fine passage in the play of Cato, the only English tragedy I ever read,

> "If knowledge of the world must make them villains,
> May Juba ever live in ignorance."

Who would not rather preserve the purity of his child, than wish him to attain the whole circle of arts and sciences? which, by the by, he may learn in the classes of a private school; for I would not be vain, but I esteem myself to be second to none, *nulla secundum*, in teaching these things; so that a lad may have as much learning in a private as in a public education."—"And, with submission," answered Joseph, "he may get as much vice: witness several country gentlemen, who were educated within five miles of their own houses, and are as wicked as if they had known the world from their infancy. I remember when I was in the stable, if a young horse was vicious in his nature, no correction would make him otherwise: I take it to be equally the same among men: if a boy be of a mischievous wicked inclination, no school, though ever so private, will ever make him good: on the contrary, if he be of a righteous temper, you may trust him to London, or wherever else you please—he will be in no danger of being corrupted. Besides, I have often heard my master say, that the discipline practised in public schools was much better than that in private."—"You talk like a jackanapes," says Adams, "and so did your master. Discipline, indeed! Because one man scourges twenty or thirty boys more in a morning than another, is he therefore a better disciplinarian? I do presume to confer in this point with all who have taught from Chiron's time to this day; and, if I was master of six boys only, I would preserve as good discipline amongst them as the master of the greatest school in the world. I say nothing, young man; remember, I say nothing; but if Sir Thomas himself had been educated nearer home, and under the tuition of somebody—remember, I name nobody—it might have been better for him:—but his father must institute him in the knowledge of the world: *Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit.*" Joseph seeing him run on in

this manner, asked pardon many times, assuring him he had no intention to offend. "I believe you had not, child," said he, "and I am not angry with you: but for maintaining good discipline in a school; for this"—And then he ran on as before, named all the masters who are recorded in old books, and preferred himself to them all. Indeed, if this good man had an enthusiasm, or what the vulgar call a blind side, it was this: he thought a schoolmaster the greatest character in the world, and himself the greatest of all schoolmasters; neither of which points he would have given up to Alexander the Great at the head of his army.

Adams continued his subject till they came to one of the beautifulest spots of ground in the universe. It was a kind of natural amphitheatre, formed by the winding of a small rivulet, which was planted with thick woods; and the trees rose gradually above each other by the natural ascent of the ground they stood on; which ascent as they hid with their boughs, they seemed to have been disposed by the design of the most skilful planter. The soil was spread with a verdure which no paint could imitate; and the whole place might have raised romantic ideas in elder minds than those of Joseph and Fanny, without the assistance of love.

Here they arrived about noon, and Joseph proposed to Adams that they should rest awhile in this delightful place, and refresh themselves with some provisions which the good-nature of Mrs. Wilson had provided them with. Adams made no objection to the proposal; so down they sat, and pulling out a cold fowl and a bottle of wine, they made a repast, with a cheerfulness which might have attracted the envy of more splendid tables. I should not omit, that they found among their provision a little paper, containing a piece of gold, which Adams imagining had been put there by mistake, would have returned back to restore it; but he was at last convinced by Joseph, that Mr. Wilson had taken this handsome way of furnishing them with a supply for their journey, on his having related the distress which they had been in, when they were relieved by the generosity of the pedlar. Adams said he was glad to see such an instance of goodness, not so much for the conveniency which it brought them, as for the sake of the doer,

whose reward would be great in heaven. He likewise comforted himself with a reflection that he should shortly have an opportunity of returning it to him; for the gentleman was within a week to make a journey into Somersetshire, to pass through Adams's parish, and had faithfully promised to call on him; a circumstance which we thought too immaterial to mention before, but which those who have as great an affection for that gentleman as ourselves will rejoice at, as it may give them hopes of seeing him again. Then Joseph made a speech on charity, which the reader, if he is so disposed, may see in the next chapter; for we scorn to betray him into any such reading, without first giving him warning.

CHAPTER VI.

Moral reflections by Joseph Andrews; with the hunting adventure, and Parson Adams's miraculous escape.

"I HAVE often wondered, sir," said Joseph, "to observe so few instances of charity among mankind; for though the goodness of a man's heart did not incline him to relieve the distresses of his fellow-creatures, methinks the desire of honour should move him to it. What inspires a man to build fine houses, to purchase fine furniture, pictures, clothes, and other things, at a great expense, but an ambition to be respected more than other people? Now, would not one great act of charity, one instance of redeeming a poor family from all the miseries of poverty, restoring an unfortunate tradesman, by a sum of money, to the means of procuring a livelihood by his industry, discharging an undone debtor from his debts or a jail, or any such like example of goodness, create a man more honour and respect than he could acquire by the finest house, furniture, pictures, or clothes, that were ever beheld? For not only the object himself, who was thus relieved, but all who heard the name of such a person, must, I imagine, reverence him infinitely more than the possessor of all those other things, which, when we so admire, we rather praise the builder, the workman, the painter, the lace-maker, the tailor, and the rest, by whose ingenuity they are produced, than the person who,

by his money, makes them his own. For my own part, when I have waited behind my lady, in a room hung with fine pictures, while I have been looking at them, I have never once thought of their owner, nor hath any one else, as I ever observed; for when it has been asked whose picture that was, it was never once answered, the master's of the house; but Ammyconni, Paul Varnish, Hannibal Scratchi, or Hogarthi, which I suppose were the names of the painters; but if it was asked, Who redeemed such a one out of prison? Who lent such a ruined tradesman money to set up? Who clothed that family of poor small children? It is very plain what must be the answer. And besides, these great folks are mistaken, if they imagine they get any honour at all by these means; for I do not remember I ever was with my lady at any house, where she commended the house or furniture, but I have heard her, at her return home, make sport and jeer at whatever she had before commended; and I have been told, by other gentlemen in livery, that it is the same in their families; but I defy the wisest man in the world to turn a true good action into ridicule. I defy him to do it. He who should endeavour it, would be laughed at himself, instead of making others laugh.

"Nobody scarce doth any good, yet they all agree in praising those who do. Indeed, it is strange that all men should consent in commending goodness, and no man endeavour to deserve that commendation; whilst on the contrary, all rail at wickedness, and all are as eager to be what they abuse. This I know not the reason of; but it is as plain as daylight to those who converse in the world, as I have done these three years."—"Are all the great folks wicked, then?" says Fanny. "To be sure there are some exceptions," answered Joseph. "Some gentlemen of our cloth report charitable actions done by their lords and masters; and I have heard squire Pope, the great poet, at my lady's table, tell stories of a man that lived at a place called Ross, and another at the Bath, one Al— Al — I forget his name, but it is in the book of verses. This gentleman hath built up a stately house too, which the squire likes very well; but his charity is seen farther than his house, though it stands on a hill, — ay, and brings him more honour too. It was his charity that put him in the book, where the

squire says he puts all those who deserve it; and to be sure, as he lives among all the great people, if there were any such, he would know them."—This was all of Mr. Joseph Andrews's speech, which I could get him to recollect, which I have delivered as near as was possible in his own words, with a very small embellishment. But I believe the reader hath not been a little surprised at the long silence of Parson Adams, especially as so many occasions offered themselves to exert his curiosity and observation. The truth is, he was fast asleep, and had so been from the beginning of the preceding narrative; and indeed, if the reader considers that so many hours had passed since he had closed his eyes, he will not wonder at his repose, though even Henley himself, or as great an orator, (if any such be,) had been in his rostrum or tub before him.

Joseph, who whilst he was speaking had continued in one attitude, with his head reclining on one side, and his eyes cast on the ground, no sooner perceived, on looking up, the position of Adams, who was stretched on his back, and snored louder than the usual braying of the animal with long ears, than he turned towards Fanny, and taking her by the hand, began a dalliance, which though consistent with the purest innocence and decency, neither he would have attempted nor she permitted before any witness. Whilst they amused themselves in this harmless and delightful manner, they heard a pack of hounds approaching in full cry towards them, and presently afterwards saw a hare pop forth from the wood, and crossing the water, land within a few yards of them in the meadows. The hare was no sooner on shore, than it seated itself on its hinder legs and listened to the sound of the pursuers. Fanny was wonderfully pleased with the little wretch, and eagerly longed to have it in her arms, that she might preserve it from the dangers which seemed to threaten it; but the rational part of the creation do not always aptly distinguish their friends from their foes; what wonder then if this silly creature, the moment it beheld her, fled from the friend who would have protected it, and traversing the meadows again, passed the little rivulet on the opposite side. It was, however, so spent and weak, that it fell down twice or thrice in its way.

This affected the tender heart of Fanny, who exclaimed,

with tears in her eyes, against the barbarity of worrying a poor innocent defenceless animal out of its life, and putting it to the extremest torture for diversion. She had not much time to make reflections of this kind; for on a sudden the hounds rushed through the wood, which resounded with their throats and the throats of their retinue, who attended on them on horseback. The dogs now passed the rivulet, and pursued the footsteps of the hare; five horsemen attempted to leap over, three of whom succeeded, and two were in the attempt thrown from their saddles into the water; their companions, and their own horses too, proceeded after their sport, and left their friends and riders to invoke the assistance of Fortune, or employ the more active means of strength and agility for their deliverance. Joseph, however, was not so unconcerned on this occasion; he left Fanny for a moment to herself, and ran to the gentlemen, who were immediately on their legs, shaking their ears, and easily, with the help of his hand, obtained the bank, (for the rivulet was not at all deep;) and without staying to thank their kind assister, ran dripping across the meadow, calling to their brother sportsmen to stop their horses; but they heard them not.

The hounds were now very little behind their poor reeling, staggering prey, which, fainting almost at every step, crawled through the wood, and had almost got round to the place where Fanny stood, when it was overtaken by its enemies, and, being driven out of the covert, was caught, and instantly tore to pieces before Fanny's face, who was unable to assist it with any aid more powerful than pity; nor could she prevail on Joseph, who had been himself a sportsman in his youth, to attempt any thing contrary to the laws of hunting in favour of the hare, which he said was killed fairly.

The hare was caught within a yard or two of Adams, who lay asleep at some distance from the lovers; and the hounds in devouring it, and pulling it backwards and forwards, had drawn it so close to him, that some of them, (by mistake perhaps for the hare's skin,) laid hold of the skirts of his cassock; others at the same time applying their teeth to his wig, which he had with a handkerchief fastened to his head, began to pull him about; and had not the motion of his body had more

effect on him than seemed to be wrought by the noise, they must certainly have tasted his flesh, which delicious flavour might have been fatal to him; but being roused by these tuggings, he instantly awaked, and with a jerk delivering his head from his wig, he with most admirable dexterity recovered his legs, which now seemed the only members he could intrust his safety to. Having, therefore, escaped likewise from at least a third part of his cassock, which he willingly left as his *exuviæ* or spoils to the enemy, he fled with the utmost speed he could summon to his assistance. Nor let this be any detraction from the bravery of his character; let the number of the enemies, and the surprise in which he was taken, be considered; and if there be any modern so outrageously brave that he cannot admit of flight in any circumstance whatever, I say, (but I whisper that softly, and I solemnly declare without any intention of giving offence to any brave man in the nation,) I say, or rather I whisper, that he is an ignorant fellow, and hath never read Homer, nor Virgil, nor knows he any thing of Hector or Turnus: nay, he is unacquainted with the history of some great men living, who, though as brave as lions, ay, as tigers, have run away, the Lord knows how far, and the Lord knows why, to the surprise of their friends and the entertainment of their enemies. But if persons of such heroic disposition are a little offended at the behaviour of Adams, we assure them they shall be as much pleased with what we shall immediately relate of Joseph Andrews. The master of the pack was just arrived, or as the sportsmen call it, come in, when Adams set out as we have before mentioned.

This gentleman was generally said to be a great lover of humour; but, not to mince the matter, especially as we are upon this subject, he was a great hunter of men; indeed, he had hitherto followed the sport only with dogs of his own species: for he kept two or three couple of barking curs for that use only. However, as he thought he had now found a man nimble enough, he was willing to indulge himself with other sport, and accordingly crying out, Stole away, encouraged the hounds to pursue Mr. Adams, swearing it was the largest jack-hare he ever saw; at the same time hallooing and whooping as if a conquered foe was flying before him; in

which he was imitated by those two or three couple of human or rather two-legged curs on horseback which we have mentioned before.

Now thou, whoever thou art, whether a muse, or by what other name soever thou choosest to be called, who presidest over biography, and hast inspired all the writers of lives in these our times: thou who didst infuse such wonderful humour into the pen of immortal Gulliver; who hast carefully guided the judgment, whilst thou hast exalted the nervous manly style of thy Mallet: thou who hadst no hand in that dedication and preface, or the translations, which thou wouldst willingly have struck out of the life of Cicero: lastly, thou, who, without the assistance of the least spice of literature, and even against his inclination, hast, in some pages of his book, forced Colley Cibber to write English; do thou assist me in what I find myself unequal to. Do thou introduce on the plain, the young, the gay, the brave Joseph Andrews, whilst men shall view him with admiration and envy, tender virgins with love and anxious concern for his safety.

No sooner did Joseph Andrews perceive the distress of his friend, when first the quick-scenting dogs attacked him, than he grasped his cudgel in his right hand; a cudgel which his father had of his grandfather, to whom a mighty strong man of Kent had given it for a present in that day when he broke three heads on the stage. It was a cudgel of mighty strength and wonderful art, made by one of Mr. Deard's best workmen, whom no other artificer can equal, and who hath made all those sticks which the beaus have lately walked with about the Park in a morning; but this was far his masterpiece. On its head was engraved a nose and chin, which might have been mistaken for a pair of nutcrackers. The learned have imagined it designed to represent the Gorgon; but it was in fact copied from the face of a certain long English baronet, of infinite wit, humour, and gravity. He did intend to have engraved here many histories; as the first night of Captain B—'s play, where you would have seen critics in embroidery transplanted from the boxes to the pit, whose ancient inhabitants were exalted to the galleries, where they played on catcalls. He did intend to have painted an auction-room, where Mr. Cock

would have appeared aloft in his pulpit, trumpeting forth the praises of a china basin, and with astonishment wondering that, "Nobody bids more for that fine, that superb"—He did intend to have engraved many other things, but was forced to leave all out for want of room.

No sooner had Joseph grasped his cudgel in his hands, than lightning darted from his eyes; and the heroic youth, swift of foot, ran with the utmost speed to his friend's assistance. He overtook him just as Rockwood had laid hold of the skirts of his cassock, which being torn, hung to the ground. Reader, we would make a simile on this occasion, but for two reasons: the first is, it would interrupt the description, which should be rapid in this part; but that doth not weigh much, many precedents occurring for such an interruption: the second, and much the greater reason is, that we could find no simile adequate to our purpose; for indeed, what instance could we bring, to set before our reader's eyes at once the idea of friendship, courage, youth, beauty, strength, and swiftness? all which blazed in the person of Joseph Andrews. Let those therefore that describe lions, and tigers, and heroes fiercer than both, raise their poems or plays with the simile of Joseph Andrews, who is himself above the reach of any simile.

Now Rockwood had laid fast hold on the parson's skirts, and stopped his flight; which Joseph no sooner perceived, than he levelled his cudgel at his head and laid him sprawling. Jowler and Ringwood then fell on his great-coat, and had undoubtedly brought him to the ground, had not Joseph, collecting all his force, given Jowler such a rap on the back, that, quitting his hold, he ran howling over the plain. A harder fate remained for thee, O Ringwood! Ringwood, the best hound that ever pursued a hare, who never threw his tongue but where the scent was undoubtedly true; good at trailing, and sure in a highway; no babbler, no over-runner; respected by the whole pack, who, whenever he opened, knew the game was at hand. He fell by the stroke of Joseph. Thunder and Plunder, and Wonder and Blunder, were the next victims of his wrath, and measured their lengths on the ground. Then Fairmaid, a bitch which Mr. John Temple had bred up in his house, and fed at his own table, and lately sent the squire fifty

miles for a present; ran fiercely at Joseph and bit him by the leg: no dog was ever fiercer than she, being descended from an Amazonian breed, and had worried bulls in her own country, but now waged an unequal fight, and had shared the fate of those we have mentioned before, had not Diana, (the reader may believe or not if he pleases,) in that instant interposed, and, in the shape of the huntsman, snatched her favourite up in her arms.

The parson now faced about, and with his crabstick felled many to the earth, and scattered others, till he was attacked by Cæsar and pulled to the ground. Then Joseph flew to his rescue, and with such might fell on the victor, that, O, eternal blot to his name! Cæsar ran yelping away.

The battle now raged with the most dreadful violence, when, lo! the huntsman, a man of years and dignity, lifted his voice, and called his hounds from the fight; telling them, in a language they understood, that it was in vain to contend longer, for that fate had decreed the victory to their enemies.

Thus far the muse hath with her usual dignity related this prodigious battle, a battle, we apprehend, never equalled by any poet, romance or life-writer whatever, and, having brought it to a conclusion, she ceased; we shall therefore proceed in our ordinary style, with the continuation of this history. The squire and his companions, whom the figure of Adams and the gallantry of Joseph had at first thrown into a violent fit of laughter, and who had hitherto beheld the engagement with more delight than any chase, shooting-match, race, cock-fighting, bull or bear-baiting, had ever given them, began now to apprehend the danger of their hounds, many of which lay sprawling in the fields. The squire, therefore, having first called his friends about him, as guards for his safety of person, rode manfully up to the combatants, and summoning all the terror he was master of into his countenance, demanded with an authoritative voice of Joseph, What he meant by assaulting his dogs in that manner? Joseph answered with great intrepidity, That they had first fallen on his friend; and if they had belonged to the greatest man in the kingdom, he would have treated them in the same way; for whilst his veins contained a single drop of blood, he would not stand idle by and

see that gentleman, (pointing to Adams,) abused either by man or beast; and having so said, both he and Adams brandished their wooden weapons, and put themselves into such a posture, that the squire and his company thought proper to preponderate, before they offered to revenge the cause of their four-footed allies.

At this instant Fanny, whom the apprehension of Joseph's danger had alarmed so much, that, forgetting her own, she had made the utmost expedition, came up. The squire and all the horsemen were so surprised with her beauty, that they immediately fixed both their eyes and thoughts solely on her, every one declaring he had never seen so charming a creature. Neither mirth nor anger engaged them a moment longer, but all sat in silent amaze. The huntsman only was free from her attraction, who was busy in cutting the ears of the dogs, and endeavouring to recover them to life; in which he succeeded so well, that only two of no great note remained slaughtered on the field of action. Upon this the huntsman declared, "'Twas well it was no worse; for his part he could not blame the gentlemen, and wondered his master would encourage the dogs to hunt Christians; that it was the surest way to spoil them, to make them follow vermin instead of sticking to a hare."

The squire being informed of the little mischief that had been done, and perhaps having more mischief of another kind in his head, accosted Mr. Adams with a more favourable aspect than before: he told him he was sorry for what had happened; that he had endeavoured all he could to prevent it the moment he was acquainted with his cloth, and greatly commended the courage of his servant, for so he imagined Joseph to be. He then invited Mr. Adams to dinner, and desired the young woman might come with him. Adams refused a long while; but the invitation was repeated with so much earnestness and courtesy, that at length he was forced to accept it. His wig and hat, and other spoils of the field, being gathered together by Joseph, (for otherwise, probably, they would have been forgotten,) he put himself into the best order he could; and then the horse and foot moved forward in the same pace towards the squire's house, which stood at a very little distance.

Whilst they were on the road, the lovely Fanny attracted the

eyes of all; they endeavoured to outvie one another in encomiums on her beauty: which the reader will pardon my not relating, as they had not any thing new or uncommon in them; so must he likewise my not setting down the many curious jests which were made on Adams; some of them declaring that parson-hunting was the best sport in the world; others commending his standing at bay, which they said he had done as well as any badger; with such like merriment, which though it would ill become the dignity of this history, afforded much laughter and diversion to the squire and his facetious companions.

CHAPTER VII.

A scene of roasting very nicely adapted to the present taste and times.

THEY arrived at the squire's house just as his dinner was ready. A little dispute arose on the account of Fanny, whom the squire, who was a bachelor, was desirous to place at his own table; but she would not consent, nor would Mr. Adams permit her to be parted from Joseph; so that she was at length with him consigned over to the kitchen, where the servants were ordered to make him drunk; a favour which was likewise intended for Adams; which design being executed, the squire thought he should easily accomplish what he had, when he first saw her, intended to perpetrate with Fanny.

It may not be improper, before we proceed farther, to open a little the character of this gentleman, and that of his friends. The master of this house, then, was a man of a very considerable fortune; a bachelor, as we have said, and about forty years of age: he had been educated, (if we may use the expression,) in the country, and at his own home, under the care of his mother and a tutor, who had orders never to correct him, nor to compel him to learn more than he liked, which it seems was very little, and that only in his childhood: for from the age of fifteen he addicted himself entirely to hunting and other rural amusements, for which his mother took care to equip him with horses, hounds, and all other necessaries; and his tutor, endeavouring to ingratiate himself with his young

pupil, who would, he knew, be able handsomely to provide for him, became his companion, not only at these exercises, but likewise over a bottle, which the young squire had a very early relish for. At the age of twenty, his mother began to think she had not fulfilled the duty of a parent; she therefore resolved to persuade her son, if possible, to that which she imagined would well supply all that he might have learned at a public school or university, — this is what they commonly call travelling; which, with the help of the tutor, who was fixed on to attend him, she easily succeeded in. He made in three years the tour of Europe, as they term it, and returned home well furnished with French clothes, phrases, and servants, with a hearty contempt for his own country: especially what had any savour of the plain spirit and honesty of our ancestors. His mother greatly applauded herself at his return. And now being master of his own fortune, he soon procured himself a seat in parliament, and was in the common opinion one of the finest gentlemen of his age: but what distinguished him chiefly, was a strange delight which he took in every thing which is ridiculous, odious, and absurd in his own species; so that he never chose a companion without one or more of these ingredients, and those who were marked by nature in the most eminent degree with them, were most his favourites. If he ever found a man who either had not, or endeavoured to conceal, these imperfections, he took great pleasure in inventing methods of forcing him into absurdities which were not natural to him, or in drawing forth and exposing those that were; for which purpose he was always provided with a set of fellows, whom we have before called curs, and who did, indeed, no great honour to the canine kind; their business was to hunt out and display every thing that had any savour of the above-mentioned qualities, and especially in the gravest and best characters; but if they failed in their search, they were to turn even virtue and wisdom themselves into ridicule, for the diversion of their master and feeder. The gentlemen of cur-like disposition who were now at his house, and, whom he had brought with him from London, were, an old half-pay officer, a player, a dull poet, a quack doctor, a scraping fiddler, and a lame German dancing-master.

As soon as dinner was served, while Mr. Adams was saying grace, the captain conveyed his chair from behind him: so that when he endeavoured to seat himself, he fell down on the ground; and thus completed joke the first, to the great entertainment of the whole company. The second joke was performed by the poet, who sat next him on the other side, and took an opportunity while poor Adams was respectfully drinking to the master of the house, to overturn a plate of soup into his breeches; which, with the many apologies he made, and the parson's gentle answers, caused much mirth to the company. Joke the third was served up by one of the waiting-men, who had been ordered to convey a quantity of gin into Mr. Adams's ale, which he declaring to be the best liquor he ever drank, but rather too rich of the malt, contributed again to their laughter. Mr. Adams, from whom we had most of this relation, could not recollect all the jests of this kind practised on him, which the inoffensive disposition of his own heart made him slow in discovering; and indeed, had it not been for the information which we received from a servant of the family, this part of our history, which we take to be none the least curious, must have been deplorably imperfect: though we must own it probable, that some more jokes were, (as they call it,) cracked during their dinner; but we have by no means been able to come at the knowledge of them. When dinner was removed, the poet began to repeat some verses, which, he said, were made extempore. The following is a copy of them, procured with the greatest difficulty.

An extempore Poem on Parson Adams.

Did ever mortal such a parson view?
His cassock old, his wig not over-new.
Well might the hounds have him for fox mistaken,
In smell more like to that than rusty bacon:*
But would it not make any mortal stare,
To see this parson taken for a hare?
Could Phœbus err thus grossly, even he
For a good player might have taken thee.

At which words the bard whipt off the player's wig, and

* All hounds that will hunt fox or other vermin will hunt a piece of rusty bacon trailed on the ground.

received the approbation of the company, rather perhaps for the dexterity of his hand than his head. The player, instead of retorting the jest on the poet, began to display his talents on the same subject. He repeated many scraps of wit out of plays, reflecting on the whole body of the clergy, which were received with great acclamations by all present. It was now the dancing-master's turn to exhibit his talents: he therefore, addressing himself to Adams in broken English, told him, "He was a man ver well made for de dance, and he suppose by his walk, dat he learn of some great master." He said, "It was ver pretty quality in clergyman to dance;" and concluded with desiring him to dance a minuet, telling him, "his cassock would serve for petticoats; and that he would himself be his partner." At which words, without waiting for an answer, he pulled out his gloves, and the fiddler was preparing his fiddle. The company all offered the dancing-master wagers that the parson out-danced him, which he refused, saying, "He believed so too; for he had never seen any man in his life who looked de dance so well as de gentleman:" he then stepped forwards to take Adams by the hand, which the latter hastily withdrew, and at the same time clenching his fist, advised him not to carry the jest too far, for he would not endure being put upon. The dancing-master no sooner saw the fist, than he prudently retired out of its reach, and stood aloof, mimicking Adams, whose eyes were fixed on him, not guessing what he was at, but to avoid his laying hold on him, which he had once attempted. In the mean while, the captain, perceiving an opportunity, pinned a cracker or devil to the cassock, and then lighted it with their little smoking-candle Adams being a stranger to this sport, and believing he had been blown up in reality, started from his chair, and jumped about the room to the infinite joy of the beholders, who declared he was the best dancer in the universe. As soon as the devil had done tormenting him, and he had a little recovered his confusion, he returned to the table, standing up in a posture of one who intended to make a speech. They all cried out, Hear him, hear him; and he then spoke in the following manner: "Sir, I am sorry to see one to whom Providence hath been so bountiful in bestowing his favours, make so ill and ungrateful return for

them; for though you have not insulted me yourself, it is visible you have delighted in those that do it, nor have once discouraged the many rudenesses which have been shown towards me, indeed, towards yourself if you rightly understood them; for I am your guest, and by the laws of hospitality entitled to your protection.

"One gentleman hath thought proper to produce some poetry upon me, of which I shall only say, that I had rather be the subject than the composer. He hath been pleased to treat me with disrespect as a parson. I apprehend my order is not the object of scorn, nor that I can become so, unless by being a disgrace to it, which I hope poverty will never be called. Another gentleman, indeed, hath repeated some sentences, where the order itself is mentioned with contempt. He says, they are taken from plays. I am sure such plays are a scandal to the government which permits them, and cursed will be the nation where they are represented. How others have treated me, I need not observe; they themselves, when they reflect, must allow the behaviour to be as improper to my years as to my cloth. You found me, sir, travelling with two of my parishioners, (I omit your hounds falling on me; for I have quite forgiven it, whether it proceeded from the wantonness or negligence of the huntsman;) my appearance might very well persuade you, that your invitation was an act of charity, though in reality we were well provided; yes, sir, if we had had an hundred miles to travel, we had sufficient to bear our expenses in a noble manner." (At which words he produced the half-guinea which was found in the basket.) "I do not show you this out of ostentation of riches, but to convince you I speak truth. Your seating me at your table was an honour which I did not ambitiously affect. When I was here, I endeavoured to behave towards you with the utmost respect; if I have failed, it was not with design; nor could I, certainly, so far be guilty as to deserve the insults I have suffered. If they were meant, therefore, either to my order or my poverty, (and you see I am not very poor,) the shame doth not lie at my door, and I heartily pray that the sin may be averted from yours." He thus finished, and received a general clap from the whole company. Then the gentleman of the house told him,

"He was sorry for what had happened; that he could not accuse him of any share in it; that the verses were, as himself had well observed, so bad, that he might easily answer them; and for the serpent, it was undoubtedly a very great affront done him by the dancing-master, for which, if he well thrashed him, as he deserved, he should be very much pleased to see it," (in which probably he spoke the truth.) Adams answered, "Whoever had done it, it was not his profession to punish him that way; but for the person whom he had accused, I am a witness," says he, "of his innocence: for I had my eye on him all the while. Whoever he was, God forgive him, and bestow on him a little more sense as well as humanity." The captain answered with a surly look and accent, "That he hoped he did not mean to reflect upon him; d—n him, he had as much imanity as another, and if any man said he had not, he would convince him of his mistake by cutting his throat." Adams smiling said, "He believed he had spoke right by accident." To which the captain returned, "What do you mean by my speaking right? if you was not a parson, I would not take these words; but your gown protects you. If any man who wears a sword had said so much, I had pulled him by the nose before this." Adams replied, "If he attempted any rudeness to his person, he would not find any protection for himself in his gown;" and clenching his fist, declared "he had thrashed many a stouter man." The gentleman did all he could to encourage this warlike disposition in Adams, and was in hopes to have produced a battle; but he was disappointed; for the captain made no other answer than, "It is very well you are a parson;" and so drinking off a bumper to old mother Church, ended the dispute.

Then the doctor, who had hitherto been silent, and who was the gravest but most mischievous dog of all, in a very pompous speech highly applauded what Adams had said, and as much discommended the behaviour to him. He proceeded to encomiums on the church and poverty; and lastly recommended forgiveness of what had passed to Adams; who immediately answered, "That every thing was forgiven;" and in the warmth of his goodness he filled a bumper of strong beer, (a liquor he preferred to wine,) and drank a health to the whole

company, shaking the captain and the poet heartily by the hand, and addressing himself with great respect to the doctor; who, indeed, had not laughed outwardly at any thing that passed, as he had a perfect command of his muscles, and could laugh inwardly without betraying the least symptoms in his countenance. The doctor now began a second formal speech, in which he declaimed against all levity of conversation, and what is usually called mirth. He said, "There were amusements fitted for persons of all ages and degrees, from the rattle to the discussing a point of philosophy; and that men discovered themselves in nothing more than in the choice of their amusements: for," says he, "as it must greatly raise our expectation of the future conduct in life of boys whom in their tender years we perceive, instead of taw or balls, or other childish play-things, to choose, at their leisure hours, to exercise their genius in contentions of wit, learning, and such like; so must it inspire one with equal contempt of a man, if we should discover him playing at taw, or other childish play." Adams highly commended the doctor's opinion, and said, "He had often wondered at some passages in ancient authors, where Scipio, Lælius, and other great men, were represented to have passed many hours in amusements of the most trifling kind." The doctor replied, "He had by him an old Greek manuscript where a favourite diversion of Socrates was recorded."—"Ay," says the parson eagerly: "I should be most infinitely obliged to you for the favour of perusing it." The doctor promised to send it him, and farther said, "That he believed he could describe it. I think," says he, "as near as I can remember, it was this; there was a throne erected on one side of which sat a king, and on the other a queen, with their guards and attendants ranged on both sides; to them was introduced an ambassador, which part Socrates always used to perform himself; and when he was led up to the footsteps of the throne, he addressed himself to the monarchs in some grave speech, full of virtue, and goodness, and morality, and such like. After which, he was seated between the king and queen, and royally entertained. This I think was the chief part. Perhaps I may have forgot some particulars: for it is long since I read it." Adams said, "It was, indeed, a diversion

worthy the relaxation of so great a man; and thought something resembling it should be instituted among our great men, instead of cards and other idle pastime, in which, he was informed, they trifled away too much of their lives." He added, "The christian religion was a nobler subject for these speeches than any Socrates could have invented." The gentleman of the house approved what Mr. Adams said, and declared, "He resolved to perform the ceremony this very evening." To which the doctor objected, as no one was prepared with a speech, "unless," said he, (turning to Adams with a gravity of countenance which would have deceived a more knowing man,) "you have a sermon about you, doctor."—"Sir," says Adams, "I never travel without one, for fear of what may happen."—He was easily prevailed on by his worthy friend, as he now called the doctor, to undertake the part of the ambassador; so that the gentleman sent immediate orders to have the throne erected; which was performed before they had drank two bottles: and perhaps the reader will hereafter have no great reason to admire the nimbleness of the servants.

Indeed, to confess the truth, the throne was no more than this; there was a great tub of water provided, on each side of which was placed two stools raised higher than the surface of the tub, and over the whole was laid a blanket; on these stools were placed the king and queen, namely, the master of the house and the captain. And now the ambassador was introduced, between the poet and the doctor, who, having read his sermon, to the great entertainment of all present, was led up to his place, and seated between their majesties. They immediately rose up, when the blanket wanting its supports at either end, gave way, and soused Adams over head and ears in the water. The captain made his escape, but, unluckily, the gentleman himself not being as nimble as he thought, Adams caught hold of him before he descended from his throne, and pulled him in with him, to the entire secret satisfaction of all the company. Adams, after ducking the squire twice or thrice, leaped out of the tub, and looked sharp for the doctor, whom he would certainly have conveyed to the same place of honour; but he had wisely withdrawn; he then searched for his crabstick, and having found that, as well as his fellow-

traveller's, he declared he would not stay a moment longer in such a house. He then departed, without taking leave of his host; whom he had exacted a more severe revenge on than he intended; for as he did not use sufficient care to dry himself in time, he caught a cold by the accident, which threw him into a fever that had like to have cost him his life.

CHAPTER VIII.

Which some readers will think too short, others too long.

ADAMS, and Joseph, who was no less enraged than his friend at the treatment he met with, went out with their sticks in their hands, and carried off Fanny, notwithstanding the opposition of the servants, who did all, without proceeding to violence, in their power to detain them. They walked as fast as they could, not so much from any apprehension of being pursued, as that Mr. Adams might by exercise prevent any harm from the water. The gentleman, who had given such orders to his servants concerning Fanny that he did not in the least fear her getting away, no sooner heard that she was gone, than he began to rave, and immediately despatched several with orders, either to bring her back or never return. The poet, the player, and all but the dancing-master and doctor, went on this errand.

The night was very dark in which our friends began their journey; however, they made such expedition, that they soon arrived at an inn which was at seven miles distance. Here they unanimously consented to pass the evening, Mr. Adams being now as dry as he was before he had set out on his embassy.

This inn, which indeed we might call an alehouse, had not the words The New Inn, been writ on the sign, afforded them no better provisions than bread and cheese and ale: on which, however, they made a very comfortable meal; for hunger is better than a French cook.

They had no sooner supped, than Adams, returning thanks to the Almighty for his food, declared he had ate his homely commons with much greater satisfaction than his splendid

dinner; and expressed great contempt for the folly of mankind, who sacrificed their hopes of heaven to the acquisition of vast wealth, since so much comfort was to be found in the humblest state and the lowest provisions. "Very true, sir," says a grave man who sat smoking his pipe by the fire, and who was a traveller as well as himself. "I have often been as much surprised as you are, when I consider the value which mankind in general set on riches; since every day's experience shows us how little is in their power; for what, indeed, truly desirable, can they bestow on us? Can they give beauty to the deformed, strength to the weak, or health to the infirm? Surely if they could, we should not see so many ill-favoured faces haunting the assemblies of the great, nor would such numbers of feeble wretches languish in their coaches and palaces. No, not the wealth of a kingdom can purchase any paint to dress pale ugliness in the bloom of that young maiden, nor any drugs to equip disease with the vigour of that young man.

"Do not riches bring us solicitude instead of rest, envy instead of affection, and danger instead of safety? Can they prolong their own possession, or lengthen his days who enjoys them? So far otherwise, that the sloth, the luxury, the care which attend them, shorten the lives of millions, and bring them with pain and misery to an untimely grave. Where then is their value, if they can neither embellish nor strengthen our forms, sweeten nor prolong our lives?—Again: Can they adorn the mind more than the body? Do they not rather swell the heart with vanity, puff up the cheeks with pride, shut our ears to every call of virtue, and our bowels to every motive of compassion?"—"Give me your hand, brother," said Adams in a rapture, "for I suppose you are a clergyman." "No, truly," answered the other, (indeed he was a priest of the church of Rome; but those who understand our laws, will not wonder he was not over-ready to own it.)—"Whatever you are," cries Adams, "you have spoken my sentiments: I believe I have preached every syllable of your speech twenty times over; for it hath always appeared to me easier for a cable rope," (which by the way is the true rendering of that word we have translated camel,) "to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to get into the kingdom of

Heaven."—"That, sir," said the other, "will be easily granted you by divines, and is deplorably true: but as the prospect of our good at a distance doth not so forcibly affect us, it might be of some service to mankind to be made thoroughly sensible, —which I think they might be with very little serious attention, —that even the blessings of this world are not to be purchased with riches; — a doctrine, in my opinion, not only metaphysically, but if I may so say, mathematically demonstrable; and which I have been always so perfectly convinced of, that I have a contempt for nothing so much as for gold." Adams now began a long discourse; but as most which he said, occurs among many authors who have treated this subject, I shall omit inserting it. During its continuance Joseph and Fanny retired to rest, and the host likewise left the room. When the English parson had concluded, the Romish resumed the discourse, which he continued with great bitterness and invective; and at last ended by desiring Adams to lend him eighteen-pence to pay his reckoning; promising, if he never paid him, he might be assured of his prayers. The good man answered, that eighteen-pence would be too little to carry him any very long journey; that he had half a guinea in his pocket, which he would divide with him. He then fell to searching his pockets, but could find no money; for indeed the company with whom he dined had passed one jest upon him which we did not then enumerate, and had picked his pocket of all that treasure which he had so ostentatiously produced.

"Bless me," cried Adams, "I have certainly lost it; I can never have spent it. Sir, as I am a Christian, I had a whole half-guinea in my pocket this morning, and have not now a single halfpenny of it left. Sure the devil must have taken it from me!"—"Sir," answered the priest smiling, "you need make no excuses: if you are not willing to lend me the money, I am contented."—"Sir," cries Adams, "if I had the greatest sum in the world,—ay, if I had ten pounds about me, — I would bestow it all to rescue any Christian from distress. I am more vexed at my loss on your account than my own. Was ever any thing so unlucky? because I have no money in my pocket, I shall be suspected to be no Christian."

"I am more unlucky," quoth the other, "if you are as

generous as you say; for really a crown would have made me happy, and conveyed me in plenty to the place I am going, which is not above twenty miles off, and where I can arrive by to-morrow night. I assure you I am not accustomed to travel pennyless. I am but just arrived in England: and we were forced by a storm to throw all we had overboard. I don't suspect but this fellow will take my word for the trifle I owe him; but I hate to appear so mean as to confess myself without a shilling to such people; for these, and indeed too many others, know little difference in their estimation between a beggar and a thief." However, he thought he should deal better with the host that evening than the next morning: he therefore resolved to set out immediately, notwithstanding the darkness; and accordingly, as soon as the host returned, he communicated to him the situation of his affairs; upon which the host, scratching his head, answered, "Why, I do not know, master; if it be so, and you have no money, I must trust, I think, though I had rather always have ready money if I could; but, marry, you look like so honest a gentleman, that I don't fear your paying me, if it was twenty times as much." The priest made no reply, but taking leave of him and Adams as fast as he could, not without confusion, and perhaps with some distrust of Adams's sincerity, departed.

He was no sooner gone than the host fell a shaking his head, and declared, if he had suspected the fellow had no money, he would not have drawn him a single drop of drink; saying, he despaired of ever seeing his face again, for that he looked like a confounded rogue. "Rabbit the fellow," cries he, "I thought by his talking so much about riches, that he had a hundred pounds at least in his pocket." Adams chid him for his suspicions, which he said were not becoming a Christian; and then, without reflecting on his loss, or considering how he himself should depart in the morning, he retired to a very homely bed, as his companions had before; however, health and fatigue gave them a sweeter repose than is often in the power of velvet and down to bestow.

CHAPTER IX.

Containing as surprising and bloody adventures as can be found in this or perhaps an authentic history.

It was almost morning, when Joseph Andrews, whose eyes the thoughts of his dear Fanny had opened, as he lay fondly meditating on that lovely creature, heard a violent knocking at the door, over which he lay. He presently jumped out of bed, and opening the window, was asked, If there were no travellers in the house? and presently by another voice, If two men and a young woman had taken up their lodgings there that night? Though he knew not the voices, he began to entertain a suspicion of the truth: for indeed he had received some information from one of the servants of the squire's house of his design; and answered in the negative. One of the servants, who knew the host well, called out to him by his name, just as he had opened another window, and asked him the same question; to which he answered in the affirmative. O ho! said another, have we found you? and ordered the host to come down and open his door. Fanny, who was as wakeful as Joseph, no sooner heard all this, than she leaped from her bed, and hastily putting on her gown and petticoats, ran as fast as possible to Joseph's room, who then was almost dressed. He immediately let her in, and embracing her with the most passionate tenderness, bid her fear nothing, for he would die in her defence. "Is that a reason why I should not fear," says she, "when I should lose what is dearer to me than the whole world?" Joseph then kissing her hand, said, "He could almost thank the occasion which had extorted from her a tenderness she would never indulge him with before." He then ran and waked his bedfellow Adams, who was yet fast asleep, notwithstanding many calls from Joseph; but was no sooner made sensible of their danger, than he leaped from his bed, without considering the presence of Fanny, who hastily turned her face from him, and enjoyed a double benefit from the dark, which, as it would have prevented any offence to an innocence less pure, or a modesty less delicate, so it concealed even those blushes which were raised in her.

Adams had soon put on all his clothes but his breeches, which

in the hurry he forgot; however, they were pretty well supplied by the length of his other garments; and now the house-door being opened, the captain, the poet, the player, and three servants came in. The captain told the host, that two fellows who were in his house, had run away with a young woman, and desired to know in which room she lay. The host, who presently believed the story, directed them, and instantly the captain and poet, jostling one another, ran up. The poet, who was the nimblest, entering the chamber first, searched the bed and every other part, but to no purpose; the bird was flown, as the impatient reader, who might otherwise have been in pain for her, was before advertised. They then inquired where the men lay, and were approaching the chamber, when Joseph roared out in a loud voice, that he would shoot the first man who offered to attack the door. The captain inquired what fire-arms they had; to which the host answered, He believed they had none; nay, he was almost convinced of it, for he had heard one ask the other in the evening what they should have done if they had been overtaken, when they had no arms; to which the other answered, They would have defended themselves with their sticks as long as they were able, and God would assist a just cause. This satisfied the captain, but not the poet, who prudently retreated down stairs, saying, It was his business to record great actions, and not to do them. The captain was no sooner well satisfied that there were no fire-arms, than bidding defiance to gunpowder, and swearing he loved the smell of it, he ordered the servants to follow him, and marching boldly up, immediately attempted to force the door, which the servants soon helped him to accomplish. When it was opened, they discovered the enemy drawn up three deep; Adams in the front, and Fanny in the rear. The captain told Adams, That if they would go all back to the house again, they should be civilly treated; but unless they consented, he had orders to carry the young lady with him, whom there was great reason to believe they had stolen from her parents; for notwithstanding her disguise, her air, which she could not conceal, sufficiently discovered her birth to be infinitely superior to theirs. Fanny, bursting into tears, solemnly assured him he was mistaken; that she was a poor helpless foundling, and had no relation in

the world which she knew of: and throwing herself on her knees, begged that he would not attempt to take her from her friends, who she was convinced would die before they would lose her; which Adams confirmed with words not far from amounting to an oath. The captain swore he had no leisure to talk, and bidding them thank themselves for what happened, he ordered the servants to fall on, at the same time endeavouring to pass by Adams, in order to lay hold on Fanny; but the parson interrupting him received a blow from one of them which without considering whence it came, he returned to the captain, and gave him so dexterous a knock in that part of the stomach which is vulgarly called the pit, that he staggered some paces backwards. The captain, who was not accustomed to this kind of play, and who wisely apprehended the consequence of such another blow, two of them seeming to him equal to a thrust through the body, drew forth his hanger, as Adams approached him, and was levelling a blow at his head, which would probably have silenced the preacher for ever, had not Joseph in that instant lifted up a certain huge stone pot of the chamber with one hand, which six beaus could not have lifted with both, and discharged it, together with the contents, full in the captain's face. The uplifted hanger dropped from his hand, and he fell prostrated on the floor with a lumpish noise, and his halfpence rattled in his pocket; the red liquor which his veins contained, and the white liquor which the pot contained, ran in one stream down his face and his clothes. Nor had Adams quite escaped, some of the water having in its passage shed its honours on his head, and began to trickle down the wrinkles or rather furrows of his cheeks, when one of the servants, snatching a mop out of a pail of water which had already done its duty in washing the house, pushed it in the parson's face; yet could not he bear him down, for the parson wresting the mop from the fellow with one hand, with his other brought the enemy as low as the earth, having given him a stroke over that part of the face where, in some men of pleasure, the natural and artificial noses are conjoined.

Hitherto Fortune seemed to incline the victory on the travellers' side, when, according to her custom, she began to show the fickleness of her disposition; for now the host entering the

field, or rather chamber, of battle, flew directly at Joseph, and darting his head into his stomach, (for he was a stout fellow and an expert boxer,) almost staggered him; but Joseph stepping one leg back, did with his left hand so chuck him under the chin that he reeled. The youth was pursuing his blow with his right hand, when he received from one of the servants such a stroke with a cudgel on his temples, that it instantly deprived him of all sense, and he measured his length on the ground.

Fanny rent the air with her cries; and Adams was coming to the assistance of Joseph; but the two serving-men and the host now fell on him, and soon subdued him, though he fought like a madman, and looked so black with the impressions he had received from the mop, that Don Quixote would certainly have taken him for an enchanted Moor. But now follows the most tragical part; for the captain was risen again, and seeing Joseph on the floor, and Adams secured, he instantly laid hold on Fanny, and, with the assistance of the poet and player, who, hearing the battle was over, were now come up, dragged her, crying and tearing her hair, from the sight of her Joseph, and with a perfect deafness to all her entreaties, carried her down stairs by violence, and fastened her on the player's horse; and the captain mounting his own, and leading that on which this poor miserable wretch was, departed, without any more consideration of her cries than a butcher hath of those of a lamb; for indeed his thoughts were entertained only with the degree of favour which he promised himself from the squire on the success of this adventure.

The servants, who were ordered to secure Adams and Joseph as safe as possible, that the squire might receive no interruption to his design on poor Fanny, immediately, by the poet's advice, tied Adams to one of the bed-posts, as they did Joseph on the other side, as soon as they could bring him to himself; and then leaving them together, back to back, and desiring the host not to set them at liberty, nor to go near them till he had further orders, they departed towards their master; but happened to take a different road from that which the captain had fallen into.

CHAPTER X.

A discourse between the poet and the player; of no other use in this history but to divert the reader.

BEFORE we proceed any farther in this tragedy, we shall leave Mr. Joseph and Mr. Adams to themselves, and imitate the wise conductors of the stage, who, in the midst of a grave action, entertain you with some excellent piece of satire or humour, called a dance. Which piece, indeed, is therefore danced, and not spoke, as it is delivered to the audience by persons, whose thinking faculty is, by most people, held to lie in their heels; and to whom, as well as heroes, who think with their hands, Nature hath only given heads for the sake of conformity, and as they are of use in dancing, to hang their hats on.

The poet, addressing the player, proceeded thus: "As I was saying," (for they had been at this discourse all the time of the engagement above stairs,) "the reason you have no good new plays is evident; it is from your discouragement of authors. Gentlemen will not write, sir, they will not write, without the expectation of fame or profit, or perhaps both. Plays are like trees, which will not grow without nourishment; but, like mushrooms, they shoot up spontaneously, as it were, in a rich soil. The muses, like vines, may be pruned, but not with a hatchet. The town, like a peevish child, knows not what it desires, and is always best pleased with a rattle. A farce-writer hath indeed some chance for success; but they have lost all taste for the sublime. Though I believe one reason of their depravity is the badness of the actors. If a man writes like an angel, sir, those fellows know not how to give a sentiment utterance."—"Not so fast," says the player: "the modern actors are as good at least as their authors; nay, they come nearer their illustrious predecessors; and I expect a Booth on the stage again, sooner than a Shakspeare or an Otway; and indeed I may turn your observations against you, and with truth say, that the reason no actors are encouraged, is because we have no good new plays."—"I have not affirmed

the contrary," said the poet; "but I am surprised you grow so warm; you cannot but imagine yourself interested in this dispute; I hope you have a better opinion of my taste, than to apprehend I squinted at yourself. No, sir, if we had six such actors as you, we should soon rival the Bettertons and Sandfords of former times; for, without a compliment to you, I think it impossible for any one to have excelled you in most of your parts. Nay, it is solemn truth, and I have heard many, and all great judges, express as much; and you will pardon me, if I tell you, I think, every time I have seen you lately, you have constantly acquired some new excellence, like a snowball. You have deceived me in my estimation of perfection, and have outdone what I thought inimitable."—"You are as little interested," answered the player, "in what I have said of other poets; for d—n me if there are not many strokes, ay, whole scenes, in your last tragedy, which at least equal Shakspeare. There is a delicacy of sentiment, a dignity of expression in it, which, I will own, many of our gentlemen did not do adequate justice to. To confess the truth, they are bad enough; and I pity an author who is present at the murder of his works."—"Nay, it is but seldom that it can happen," returned the poet; "the works of most modern authors, like dead-born children, cannot be murdered. It is such wretched, half-begotten, half-writ, lifeless, spiritless, low, grovelling stuff, that I almost pity the actor who is obliged to get it by heart, which must be almost as difficult to remember, as words in a language you do not understand."—"I am sure," said the player, "if the sentences have little meaning when they are writ, when they are spoken, they have less. I know scarce one who ever lays an emphasis right, and much less adapts his action to his character. I have seen a tender lover in an attitude of fighting with his mistress, and a brave hero suing to his enemy with his sword in his hand. I don't care to abuse my profession, but rot me if, in my heart, I am not inclined to the poet's side."

"It is rather generous in you than just," said the poet; "and though I hate to speak ill of any person's production,—nay, I never do it, nor will,—but yet, to do justice to the

actors, what could Booth or Betterton have made of such horrible stuff as Fenton's Mariamne, Frowd's Philotas, or Mallet's Eurydice; or those low, dirty, last-dying speeches, which a fellow in the city of Wapping, your Dillo or Lillo, what was his name, called tragedies?"—"Very well," says the player; "and pray what do you think of such fellows as Quin and Delane, or that face-making puppy, young Cibber, that ill-look'd dog Macklin, or that saucy slut, Mrs. Clive? What work would they make with your Shakspeares, Otways, and Lees? How would those harmonious lines of the last come from their tongues?

——— No more; for I disdain
All pomp when thou art by: far be the noise
Of kings and crowds from us, whose gentle souls
Our kinder fates have steer'd another way.
Free as the forest birds we'll pair together,
Without remembering who our fathers were:
Fly to the arbours, grots, and flow'ry meads;
There in soft murmurs interchange our souls;
Together drink the crystal of the stream,
Or taste the yellow fruit which autumn yields;
And when the golden evening calls us home,
Wing to our downy nests and sleep till morn.

"Or how would this disdain of Otway—

Who'd be that foolish sordid thing call'd man?

"Hold! hold! hold!" said the poet: "Do repeat that tender speech in the third act of my play, which you made such a figure in."—"I would willingly," said the player, "but I have forgot it."—"Ay, you was not quite perfect enough in it when you played it," cries the poet, "or you would have had such an applause as was never given on the stage; an applause I was extremely concerned for your losing."—"Sure," says the player, "if I remember, that was hissed more than any passage in the whole play."—"Ay, your speaking it was hissed," said the poet. "My speaking it!" said the player. —"I mean your not speaking it," said the poet. "You was out, and then they hissed."—"They hissed, and then I was out, if I remember," answered the player; "and I must say

this for myself, that the whole audience allowed I did your part justice; so don't lay the damnation of your play to my account."—"I don't know what you mean by damnation," replied the poet.—"Why, you know it was acted but one night," cried the player.—"No," said the poet, "you and the whole town were enemies: the pit were all my enemies, fellows that would cut my throat, if the fear of hanging did not restrain them. All tailors, sir, all tailors."—"Why should the tailors be so angry with you?" cries the player. "I suppose you don't employ so many in making your clothes."—"I admit your jest," answered the poet; "but you remember the affair as well as myself; you know there was a party in the pit and upper gallery would not suffer it to be given out again; though much, ay, infinitely the majority, all the boxes in particular, were desirous of it; nay, most of the ladies swore they never would come to the house till it was acted again. Indeed, I must own their policy was good, in not letting it be given out a second time; for the rascals knew if it had gone a second night, it would have run fifty; for if ever there was distress in a tragedy,—I am not fond of my own performance; but if I should tell you what the best judges said of it——Nor was it entirely owing to my enemies neither, that it did not succeed on the stage as well as it hath since among the polite readers; for you can't say it had justice done it by the performers."—"I think," answered the player, "the performers did the distress of it justice; for I am sure we were in distress enough, who were pelted with oranges all the last act; we all imagined it would have been the last act of our lives."

The poet, whose fury was now raised, had just attempted to answer, when they were interrupted and an end put to their discourse by an accident; which if the reader is impatient to know, he must skip over the next chapter, which is a sort of counterpart to this, and contains some of the best and gravest matters in the whole book, being a discourse between Parson Abraham Adams and Mr. Joseph Andrews.

CHAPTER XI.

Containing the exhortations of Parson Adams to his friend in affliction; calculated for the instruction and improvement of the reader.

JOSEPH no sooner came perfectly to himself, than, perceiving his mistress gone, he bewailed her loss with groans which would have pierced any heart but those which are possessed by some people, and are made of a certain composition, not unlike flint in its hardness and other properties: for you may strike fire from them, which will dart through the eyes, but they can never distil one drop of water the same way. His own, poor youth, was of a softer composition; and at those words, O my dear Fanny! O my love! shall I never, never see thee more? his eyes overflowed with tears, which would have become any thing but a hero. In a word, his despair was more easy to be conceived than related.

Mr. Adams, after many groans, sitting with his back to Joseph, began thus in a sorrowful tone: "You cannot imagine, my good child, that I entirely blame these first agonies of your grief; for when misfortunes attack us by surprise, it must require infinitely more learning than you are master of to resist them; but it is the business of a man and a Christian, to summon reason as quickly as he can to his aid; and she will presently teach him patience and submission. Be comforted, therefore, child; I say be comforted. It is true, you have lost the prettiest, kindest, loveliest, sweetest young woman, one with whom you might have expected to have lived in happiness, virtue, and innocence; by whom you might have promised yourself many little darlings, who would have been the delight of your youth, and the comfort of your age. You have not only lost her, but have reason to fear the utmost violence which lust and power can inflict upon her. Now, indeed, you may easily raise ideas of horror, which might drive you to despair." —"O, I shall run mad!" cries Joseph. "O that I could but command my hands to tear my eyes out, and my flesh off!" — "If you would use them to such purposes, I am glad you can't," answered Adams. "I have stated your misfortunes as strong as I possibly can; but, on the other side, you are to

consider you are a Christian; that no accident happens to us without the divine permission, and that it is the duty of a man and a Christian to submit. We did not make ourselves; but the same power which made us, rules over us, and we are absolutely at his disposal; he may do with us what he pleases, nor have we any right to complain. A second reason against our complaint is our ignorance; for as we know not future events, so neither can we tell to what purpose any accident tends; and that which at first threatens us with evil, may in the end produce our good. I should indeed have said our ignorance is twofold, (but I have not at present time to divide properly,) for as we know not to what purpose any event is ultimately directed, so neither can we affirm from what cause it originally sprung. You are a man, and consequently a sinner; and this may be a punishment to you for your sins: indeed in this sense it may be esteemed as a good, yea, as the greatest good, which satisfies the anger of Heaven, and averts that wrath which cannot continue without our destruction. Thirdly, our impotency in relieving ourselves, demonstrates the folly and absurdity of our complaints: for whom do we resist, or against whom do we complain, but a power from whose shafts no armour can guard us, no speed can fly?—a power which leaves us no hope but in submission."

"O, sir!" cries Joseph, "all this is very true, and very fine, and I could hear you all day, if I was not so grieved at heart as now I am."—"Would you take physic," says Adams, "when you are well, and refuse it when you are sick? Is not comfort to be administered to the afflicted, and not to those who rejoice, or those who are at ease?"—"O! you have not spoken one word of comfort to me yet!" returned Joseph. "No!" cries Adams; "What am I then doing? what can I say to comfort you?"—"O! tell me," cries Joseph, "that Fanny will escape back to my arms; that they shall again enclose that lovely creature, with all her sweetness, all her untainted innocence about her!"—"Why, perhaps you may," cries Adams; "but I can't promise you what's to come. You must, with perfect resignation, wait the event: if she be restored to you again, it is your duty to be thankful, and so it is if she be not. Joseph, if you are wise, and truly know your own

interest, you will peaceably and quietly submit to all the dispensations of Providence, being thoroughly assured, that all the misfortunes, how great soever, which happen to the righteous, happen to them for their own good. Nay, it is not your interest only, but your duty, to abstain from immoderate grief, which, if you indulge, you are not worthy the name of a Christian." He spoke these last words with an accent a little severer than usual: upon which, Joseph begged him not to be angry, saying, he mistook him if he thought he denied it was his duty, for he had known that long ago. "What signifies knowing your duty, if you do not perform it?" answered Adams. "Your knowledge increases your guilt. O Joseph! I never thought you had this stubbornness in your mind." Joseph replied, "he fancied he misunderstood him; which I assure you," says he, "you do, if you imagine I endeavour to grieve; upon my soul I don't." Adams rebuked him for swearing; and then proceeded to enlarge on the folly of grief, telling him, all the wise men and philosophers, even among the heathens, had written against it, quoting several passages from Seneca, and the consolation, which, though it was not Cicero's, was, he said, as good almost as any of his works; and concluded all by hinting, that immoderate grief, in this case, might incense that power which alone could restore him his Fanny. This reason, or, indeed, rather the idea which it raised of the restoration of his mistress, had more effect than all which the parson had said before, and for a moment abated his agonies; but when his fears sufficiently set before his eyes the danger that poor creature was in, his grief returned again with repeated violence, nor could Adams in the least assuage it; though it may be doubted, in his behalf, whether Socrates himself could have prevailed any better.

They remained some time in silence; and groans and sighs issued from them both: at length Joseph burst out into the following soliloquy:

> Yes, I will bear my sorrows like a man,
> But I must also feel them as a man.
> I cannot but remember such things were,
> And were most dear to me.

Adams asked him what stuff that was he repeated?—To

which he answered, they were some lines he had gotten by heart out of a play.—"Ay, there is nothing but heathenism to be learned from plays," replied he. "I never heard of any plays fit for a Christian to read, but Cato and the Conscious Lovers; and I must own, in the latter there are some things almost solemn enough for a sermon." But we shall now leave them a little, and inquire after the subject of their conversation.

CHAPTER XII.

More adventures, which we hope will as much please as surprise the reader.

NEITHER the facetious dialogue which passed between the poet and the player, nor the grave and truly solemn discourse of Mr. Adams, will, we conceive, make the reader sufficient amends for the anxiety which he must have felt on the account of poor Fanny, whom we left in so deplorable a condition. We shall therefore now proceed to the relation of what happened to that beautiful and innocent virgin, after she fell into the wicked hands of the captain.

The man of war having conveyed his charming prize out of the inn a little before day, made the utmost expedition in his power towards the squire's house, where this delicate creature was to be offered up a sacrifice to the lust of a ravisher. He was not only deaf to all her bewailings and entreaties on the road, but accosted her ears with impurities, which, having been never before accustomed to them, she happily for herself very little understood. At last he changed this note, and attempted to soothe and mollify her, by setting forth the splendour and luxury which would be her fortune with a man who would have the inclination, and power too, to give her whatever her utmost wishes could desire; and told her, he doubted not but she would soon look kinder on him, as the instrument of her happiness, and despise that pitiful fellow, whom her ignorance only could make her fond of. She answered, she knew not whom he meant; she never was fond of any pitiful fellow. "Are you affronted, madam," says he, "at my calling him so? But what better can be said of one in a livery, notwithstanding your fondness for him?" She returned, that she

did not understand him, that the man had been her fellow-servant, and she believed was as honest a creature as any alive; but as for fondness for men—"I warrant ye," cries the captain, "we shall find means to persuade you to be fond; and I advise you to yield to gentle ones, for you may be assured it is not in your power, by any struggles whatever, to preserve your virginity two hours longer. It will be your interest to consent; for the squire will be much kinder to you, if he enjoys you willingly than by force."—At which words she began to call aloud for assistance, (for it was now open day,) but finding none, she lifted her eyes to heaven, and supplicated the divine assistance to preserve her innocence. The captain told her, if she persisted in her vociferation, he would find a means of stopping her mouth. And now the poor wretch perceiving no hopes of succour, abandoned herself to despair, and sighing out the name of Joseph! Joseph! a river of tears ran down her lovely cheeks, and wet the handkerchief which covered her bosom. A horseman now appeared in the road, upon which the captain threatened her violently if she complained; however, the moment they approached each other, she begged him with the utmost earnestness, to relieve a distressed creature who was in the hands of a ravisher. The fellow stopped at those words; but the captain assured him it was his wife, and that he was carrying her home from her adulterer: which so satisfied the fellow, who was an old one, (and perhaps a married one too,) that he wished him a good journey, and rode on.

He was no sooner passed, than the captain abused her violently for breaking his commands, and threatened to gag her, when two more horsemen, armed with pistols, came into the road just before them. She again solicited their assistance, and the captain told the same story as before. Upon which one said to the other, "That's a charming wench, Jack; I wish I had been in the fellow's place, whoever he is." But the other, instead of answering him, cried out, "Zounds, I know her;" and then turning to her, said, "Sure you are not Fanny Goodwill?"—"Indeed, indeed I am," she cried—"O John! I know you now——Heaven hath sent you to my assistance, to deliver me from this wicked man, who is carrying me

away for his vile purposes — O, for God's sake rescue me from him!" A fierce dialogue immediately ensued between the captain and these two men, who being both armed with pistols, and the chariot which they attended being now arrived, the captain saw both force and stratagem were vain, and endeavoured to make his escape; in which however he could not succeed. The gentleman who rode in the chariot, ordered it to stop, and with an air of authority examined into the merits of the cause; of which being advertised by Fanny, whose credit was confirmed by the fellow who knew her, he ordered the captain, who was all bloody, from his encounter at the inn, to be conveyed as a prisoner behind the chariot, and very gallantly took Fanny into it; for, to say the truth, this gentleman, (who was no other than the celebrated Mr. Peter Pounce, and who preceded the Lady Booby only a few miles, by setting out earlier in the morning,) was a very gallant person, and loved a pretty girl better than any thing, besides his own money or the money of other people.

The chariot now proceeded towards the inn, which as Fanny was informed, lay in their way, and where it arrived at that very time while the poet and player were disputing below stairs, and Adams and Joseph were discoursing back to back above: just at that period to which we brought them both in the two preceding chapters, the chariot stopt at the door, and in an instant Fanny, leaping from it, ran up to her Joseph. — O reader! conceive if thou canst the joy which fired the breasts of these lovers on this meeting; and if thy own heart doth not sympathetically assist thee in this conception, I pity thee sincerely from my own; for let the hard-hearted villain know this, that there is a pleasure in a tender sensation beyond any thing which he is capable of tasting.

Peter being informed by Fanny of the presence of Adams, stopt to see him, and receive his homage; for, as Peter was an hypocrite, a sort of people whom Mr. Adams never saw through, the one paid that respect to his seeming goodness, which the other believed to be paid to his riches; hence Mr. Adams was so much his favourite, that he once lent him four pounds thirteen shillings and sixpence, to prevent his going to jail, on no greater security than a bond and judgment, which

probably he would have made no use of, though the money had not been, (as it was,) paid exactly at the time.

It is not perhaps easy to describe the figure of Adams: he had risen in such a hurry, that he had on neither breeches, garters, nor stockings; nor had he taken from his head a red spotted handkerchief, which by night bound his wig, turned inside out, around his head. He had on his torn cassock, and his great-coat; but as the remainder of his cassock hung down below his great-coat; so did a small stripe of white, or rather whitish, linen appear below that; to which we may add the several colours which appeared on his face, where a long piss-burnt beard served to retain the liquor of the stone-pot, and that of a blacker hue which distilled from the mop. — This figure, which Fanny had delivered from his captivity, was no sooner spied by Peter, than it disordered the composed gravity of his muscles; however, he advised him immediately to make himself clean, nor would he accept his homage in that pickle.

The poet and player no sooner saw the captain in captivity, than they began to consider of their own safety, of which flight presented itself as the only means; they therefore both of them mounted the poet's horse, and made the most expeditious retreat in their power.

The host, who well knew Mr. Pounce, and Lady Booby's livery, was not a little surprised at this change of the scene: nor was this confusion much helped by his wife, who was now just risen, and having heard from him the account of what had passed, comforted him with a decent number of fools and blockheads; asked him why he did not consult her; and told him he would never leave following the nonsensical dictates of his own numskull, till she and her family were ruined.

Joseph being informed of the captain's arrival, and seeing his Fanny now in safety, quitted her a moment, and, running down stairs, went directly to him, and, stripping off his coat, challenged him to fight; but the captain refused, saying, he did not understand boxing. He then grasped a cudgel in one hand, and catching the captain by the collar with the other, gave him a most severe drubbing, and ended with telling him, he had now some revenge for what his dear Fanny had suffered.

When Mr. Pounce had a little regaled himself with some

provision which he had in his chariot, and Mr. Adams had put on his best appearance his clothes would allow him, Pounce ordered the captain into his presence; for he said he was guilty of felony, and the next justice of peace should commit him; but the servants, (whose appetite for revenge is soon satisfied,) being sufficiently contented with the drubbing which Joseph had inflicted on him, and which was indeed of no very moderate kind, had suffered him to go off, which he did, threatening a severe revenge against Joseph, which I have never heard he thought proper to take.

The mistress of the house made her voluntary appearance before Mr. Pounce, and with a thousand courtesies told him, "She hoped his honour would pardon her husband, who was a very nonsense man, for the sake of his poor family; that indeed, if he could be ruined alone, she should be very willing of it; for because as why, his worship very well knew he deserved it; but she had three poor small children, who were not capable to get their own living; and if her husband was sent to jail, they must all come to the parish; for she was a poor weak woman, continually a-breeding, and had no time to work for them. She therefore hoped his honour would take it into his worship's consideration, and forgive her husband this time; for she was sure he never intended any harm to man, woman, or child; and if it was not for that blockhead of his own, the man in some things was well enough; for she had had three children by him in less than three years, and was almost ready to cry out the fourth time." She would have proceeded in this manner much longer, had not Peter stopped her tongue, by telling her he had nothing to say to her husband, nor her neither. So as Adams and the rest had assured her of forgiveness, she cried and courtesied out of the room.

Mr. Pounce was desirous that Fanny should continue her journey with him in the chariot; but she absolutely refused, saying she would ride behind Joseph, on a horse which one of Lady Booby's servants had equipped him with. But, alas! when the horse appeared, it was found to be no other than that identical beast which Mr. Adams had left behind him at the inn, and which these honest fellows, who knew him, had redeemed. Indeed, whatever horse they had provided for

Joseph, they would have prevailed with him to mount none, no, not even to ride before his beloved Fanny, till the parson was supplied; much less would he deprive his friend of the beast which belonged to him, and which he knew the moment he saw, though Adams did not; however, when he was reminded of the affair, and told that they had brought the horse with them which he left behind, he answered—"Bless me! and so I did."

Adams was very desirous that Joseph and Fanny should mount this horse, and declared he could very easily walk home. "If I walked alone," says he, "I would wage a shilling, that the pedestrian outstripped the equestrian travellers; but as I intend to take the company of a pipe, peradventure I may be an hour later." One of the servants whispered Joseph to take him at his word, and suffer the old put to walk, if he would: this proposal was answered with an angry look and a peremptory refusal by Joseph, who, catching Fanny up in his arms, averred he would rather carry her home in that manner, than to take away Mr. Adams's horse, and permit him to walk on foot.

Perhaps, reader, thou hast seen a contest between two gentlemen, or two ladies, quickly decided, though they have both asserted they would not eat such a nice morsel, and each insisted on the other's accepting it; but, in reality, both were very desirous to swallow it themselves. Do not, therefore, conclude hence, that this dispute would have come to a speedy decision: for here both parties were heartily in earnest, and it is very probable they would have remained in the inn-yard to this day, had not the good Peter Pounce put a stop to it; for finding he had no longer hopes of satisfying his old appetite with Fanny, and being desirous of having some one to whom he might communicate his grandeur, he told the parson he would convey him home in his chariot. This favour was, by Adams, with many bows and acknowledgments, accepted; though he afterwards said, "he ascended the chariot, rather that he might not offend, than from any desire of riding in it; for that in his heart he preferred the pedestrian even to the vehicular expedition." All matters being now settled, the chariot, in which rode Adams and Pounce, moved forwards; and

Joseph, having borrowed a pillion from the host, Fanny had just seated herself thereon, and had laid hold of the girdle which her lover wore for that purpose, when the wise beast, who concluded that one at a time was sufficient, that two to one were odds, &c. discovered much uneasiness at his double load, and began to consider his hinder as his fore legs, moving the direct contrary way to that which is called forwards. Nor could Joseph, with all his horsemanship, persuade him to advance; but, without having any regard to the lovely part of the lovely girl which was on his back, he used such agitations, that, had not one of the men come immediately to her assistance, she had, in plain English, tumbled backwards on the ground. This inconvenience was presently remedied by an exchange of horses; and then Fanny being again placed on her pillion, on a better-natured and somewhat a better-fed beast, the parson's horse, finding he had no longer odds to contend with, agreed to march; and the whole procession set forwards for Booby-hall, where they arrived in a few hours, without anything remarkable happening on the road, unless it was a curious dialogue between the parson and the steward; which, to use the language of a late Apologist, a pattern to all biographers, "waits for the reader in the next chapter."

CHAPTER XIII.

A curious dialogue which passed between Mr. Abraham Adams and Mr. Peter Pounce, better worth reading than all the works of Colley Cibber, and many others.

The chariot had not proceeded far, before Mr. Adams observed, it was a very fine day. "Ay, and a very fine country too," answered Pounce. "I should think so more," returned Adams, "if I had not lately travelled over the Downs, which I take to exceed this and all other prospects in the universe."—"A fig for prospects," answered Pounce; "one acre here is worth ten there: and for my own part, I have no delight in the prospect of any land but my own."—"Sir," said Adams, "you can indulge yourself with many fine prospects of that kind."—"I thank God, I have a little," replied the

other, "with which I am content, and envy no man: I have a little, Mr. Adams, with which I do as much good as I can." Adams answered, "That riches without charity were nothing worth; for that they were a blessing only to him who made them a blessing to others."—"You and I," said Peter, "have different notions of charity. I own, as it is generally used, I do not like the word, nor do I think it becomes one of us gentlemen; it is a mean parson-like quality; though I would not infer many parsons have it neither."—"Sir," said Adams, "my definition of charity is, a generous disposition to relieve the distressed."—"There is something in that definition," answered Peter, "which I like well enough; it is, as you say, a disposition, and does not so much consist in the act as in the disposition to do it; but alas! Mr. Adams, who are meant by the distressed? Believe me, the distresses of mankind are mostly imaginary, and it would be rather folly than goodness to relieve them."—"Sure, sir," replied Adams, "hunger and thirst, cold and nakedness, and other distresses which attend the poor, can never be said to be imaginary evils."—"How can any man complain of hunger," said Peter, "in a country where such excellent salads are to be gathered in almost every field? or of thirst, where every river and stream produces such delicious potations? And as for cold and nakedness, they are evils introduced by luxury and custom. A man naturally wants clothes no more than a horse or any other animal; and there are whole nations who go without them; but these are things perhaps which you, who do not know the world"——"You will pardon me, sir," returned Adams, "I have read of the Gymnosophists."—"A plague of your Jehosaphats," cried Peter: "the greatest fault in our constitution is the provision made for the poor, except that perhaps made for some others. Sir, I have not an estate which doth not contribute almost as much again to the poor as to the land-tax: and I do assure you I expect to come myself to the parish in the end." To which Adams giving a dissenting smile, Peter thus proceeded: "I fancy, Mr. Adams, you are one of those who imagine I am a lump of money; for there are many who, I fancy, believe that not only my pockets, but my whole clothes, are lined with bank-bills; but I assure you,

you are all mistaken; I am not the man the world esteems me. If I can hold my head above water, it is all I can. I have injured myself by purchasing. I have been too liberal of my money. Indeed, I fear my heir will find my affairs in a worse situation than they are reputed to be. Ah! he will have reason to wish I had loved money more, and land less. Pray, my good neighbour, where should I have that quantity of riches, the world is so liberal to bestow on me? Where could I possibly, without I had stole it, acquire such a treasure?"— "Why truly," says Adams, "I have been always of your opinion; I have wondered as well as yourself with what confidence they could report such things of you, which have to me appeared as mere impossibilities; for you know, sir, and I have often heard you say it, that your wealth is of your own acquisition; and can it be credible that in your short time you should have amassed such a heap of treasure as these people will have you worth? Indeed, had you inherited an estate like Sir Thomas Booby, which had descended in your family for many generations, they might have had a colour for their assertions."

"Why, what do they say I am worth?" cries Peter with a malicious sneer. "Sir," answered Adams, "I have heard some aver you are not worth less than twenty thousand pounds." At which Peter frowned. "Nay, sir," said Adams, "you ask me only the opinion of others; for my own part I have always denied it, nor did I ever believe you could possibly be worth half that sum."—"However, Mr. Adams," said he, squeezing him by the hand, "I would not sell them all I am worth for double that sum; and as to what you believe, or they believe, I care not a fig, no, not a fart. I am not poor because you think me so, nor because you attempt to undervalue me in the country. I know the envy of mankind very well; but I thank heaven I am above them. It is true, my wealth is of my own acquisition. I have not an estate like Sir Thomas Booby, that has descended in my family through many generations; but I know heirs of such estates who are forced to travel about the country like some people in torn cassocks, and might be glad to accept of a pitiful curacy for what I know. Yes, sir, as shabby fellows as yourself, whom

no man of my figure, without that vice of good-nature about him, would suffer to ride in a chariot with him."—"Sir," said Adams, "I value not your chariot of a rush; and if I had known you had intended to affront me, I would have walked to the world's end on foot, ere I would have accepted a place in it. However, sir, I will soon rid you of that inconvenience;" and so saying, he opened the chariot-door, without calling to the coachman, and leaped out into the highway, forgetting to take his hat along with him; which, however, Mr. Pounce threw after him with great violence. Joseph and Fanny stopt to bear him company the rest of the way, which was not above a mile.

BOOK IV.

CHAPTER I.

The arrival of Lady Booby and the rest at Booby-Hall.

THE coach and six, in which Lady Booby rode, overtook the other travellers as they entered the parish. She no sooner saw Joseph, than her cheeks glowed with red, and immediately after became as totally pale. She had in her surprise almost stopped her coach; but recollected herself timely enough to prevent it. She entered the parish amidst the ringing of bells, and the acclamations of the poor, who were rejoiced to see their patroness returned after so long an absence, during which time all her rents had been drafted to London, without a shilling being spent among them, which tended not a little to their utter impoverishing; for if the court would be severely missed in such a city as London, how much more must the absence of a person of great fortune be felt in a little country village, for whose inhabitants such a family finds constant employment and supply; and with the offals of whose table the infirm, aged, and infant poor are abundantly fed, with a generosity which hath scarce a visible effect on their benefactor's pockets!

But if their interest inspired so public a joy into every countenance, how much more forcibly did the affection which they bore Parson Adams operate upon all who beheld his return!

They flocked about him like dutiful children round an indulgent parent, and vied with each other in demonstrations of duty and love. The parson on his side shook every one by the hand, inquired heartily after the healths of all that were absent, of their children and relations; and expressed a satisfaction in his face, which nothing but benevolence made happy by its objects could infuse.

Nor did Joseph and Fanny want a hearty welcome from all who saw them. In short, no three persons could be more kindly received, as, indeed, none ever more deserved to be universally beloved.

Adams carried his fellow-travellers home to his house, where he insisted on their partaking whatever his wife, whom, with his children, he found in health and joy, could provide: — where we shall leave them, enjoying perfect happiness over a homely meal, to view scenes of greater splendour, but infinitely less bliss.

Our more intelligent readers will doubtless suspect by this second appearance of Lady Booby on the stage, that all was not ended by the dismission of Joseph; and to be honest with them, they are in the right; the arrow had pierced deeper than she imagined; nor was the wound so easily to be cured. The removal of the object soon cooled her rage, but it had a different effect on her love; that departed with his person, but this remained lurking in her mind with his image. Restless interrupted slumbers, and confused horrible dreams, were her portion the first-night. In the morning, fancy painted her a more delicious scene: but to delude, not delight her; for before she could reach the promised happiness, it vanished, and left her to curse, not bless, the vision.

She started from her sleep, her imagination being all on fire with the phantom, when her eyes accidentally glancing towards the spot where yesterday the real Joseph had stood, that little circumstance raised his idea in the livelicst colours in her memory. Each look, each word, each gesture rushed back on her mind with charms which all his coldness could not abate. Nay, she imputed that to his youth, his folly, his awe, his religion, to every thing, but what would instantly have produced contempt, want of passion for the sex; or that which would have roused her hatred, want of liking to her.

Reflection then hurried her farther, and told her, she must see this beautiful youth no more; nay, suggested to her, that she herself had dismissed him for no other fault than probably that of too violent an awe and respect for herself; and which she ought rather to have esteemed a merit, the effects of which were besides so easily and surely to have been removed; she then blamed, she cursed the hasty rashness of her temper; her fury was vented all on herself, and Joseph appeared innocent in her eyes. Her passion at length grew so violent, that it forced her on seeking relief, and now she thought of recalling him; but pride forbad that; pride, which soon drove all softer passions from her soul, and represented to her the meanness of him she was fond of. That thought soon began to obscure his beauties; contempt succeeded next, and then disdain, which presently introduced her hatred of the creature who had given her so much uneasiness. These enemies of Joseph had no sooner taken possession of her mind, than they insinuated to her a thousand things in his disfavour; every thing but dislike of her person; a thought, which, as it would have been intolerable to bear, she checked the moment it endeavored to arise. Revenge came now to her assistance; and she considered her dismission of him, stripped, and without a character, with the utmost pleasure. She rioted in the several kinds of misery which her imagination suggested to her might be his fate; and with a smile, composed of anger, mirth, and scorn, viewed him in the rags in which her fancy had dressed him.

Mrs. Slipslop being summoned, attended her mistress, who had now in her own opinion totally subdued this passion. Whilst she was dressing, she asked if that fellow had been turned away according to her orders: Slipslop answered, she had told her ladyship so, (as indeed she had.) — "And how did he behave?" replied the lady. — "Truly, madam," cries Slipslop, "in such a manner that infected every body who saw him The poor lad had but little wages to receive; for he constantly allowed his father and mother half his income; so that when your ladyship's livery was stripped off, he had not wherewithal to buy a coat, and must have gone naked, if one of the footmen had not incommodated him with one; and whilst he was standing in his shirt, (and to say the truth he was an amo-

rous figure,) being told your ladyship would not give him a character, he sighed, and said he had done nothing willingly to offend; that, for his part, he should always give your ladyship a good character wherever he went; and he prayed God to bless you; for you was the best of ladies, though his enemies had set you against him. I wish you had not turned him away; for I believe you had not a faithfuller servant in the house."—"How came you, then," replied the lady, "to advise me to turn him away?"—"I, madam!" said Slipslop; "I am sure you will do me the justice to say, I did all in my power to prevent it; but I saw your ladyship was angry; and it is not the business of us upper servants to hinterfear on these occasions."—"And was it not you, audacious wretch!" cried the lady, "who made me angry? Was it not your tittle-tattle, in which I believe you belied the poor fellow, which incensed me against him? He may thank you for all that hath happened; and so may I for the loss of so good a servant, and one who probably had more merit than all of you. Poor fellow! I am charmed with his goodness to his parents. Why did not you tell me of that, but suffer me to dismiss so good a creature without a character? I see the reason of your whole behaviour now as well as your complaint; you was jealous of the wenches." "I jealous!" said Slipslop; "I assure you, I look upon myself as his betters; I am not meat for a footman, I hope." These words threw the lady into a violent passion, and she sent Slipslop from her presence, who departed tossing her nose, and crying, "Marry come up! there are some people more jealous than I, I believe."

Her lady affected not to hear these words, though in reality she did, and understood them too. Now ensued a second conflict, so like the former, that it might savour of repetition to relate it minutely. It may suffice to say, that Lady Booby found good reason to doubt whether she had so absolutely conquered her passion as she had flattered herself; and in order to accomplish it quite, took a resolution more common than wise, to retire immediately into the country. The reader hath long ago seen the arrival of Mrs. Slipslop, whom no pertness could make her mistress resolve to part with; lately, that of

Mr. Pounce, her forerunners; and lastly, that of the lady herself.

The morning after her arrival, being Sunday, she went to church, to the great surprise of every body, who wondered to see her ladyship, being no very constant church-woman, there so suddenly upon her journey. Joseph was likewise there; and I have heard it was remarked, that she fixed her eyes on him much more than on the parson; but this I believe to be only a malicious rumour. When the prayers were ended, Mr. Adams stood up, and with a loud voice pronounced: "I publish the banns of marriage between Joseph Andrews, and Frances Goodwill, both of this parish," &c. Whether this had any effect on Lady Booby or no, who was then in her pew, which the congregation could not see into, I could never discover; but certain it is, that in about a quarter of an hour she stood up, and directed her eyes to that part of the church where the women sat, and persisted in looking that way during the remainder of the sermon, in so scrutinizing a manner, and with so angry a countenance, that most of the women were afraid she was offended at them. The moment she returned home, she sent for Slipslop into her chamber, and told her she wondered what that impudent fellow Joseph did in that parish. Upon which Slipslop gave her an account of her meeting Adams with him on the road, and likewise the adventure with Fanny. At the relation of which the lady often changed her countenance; and when she had heard all she ordered Mr. Adams into her presence, to whom she behaved as the reader will see in the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

A dialogue between Mr. Abraham Adams and the Lady Booby.

Mr. Adams was not far off; for he was drinking her ladyship's health below in a cup of her ale. He no sooner came before her, than she began in the following manner: "I wonder, sir, after the many great obligations you have had to this family," (with all which the reader hath, in the course of this history, been minutely acquainted,) "that you will ungratefully show any respect to a fellow who hath been turned

out of it for his misdeeds. Nor doth it, I can tell you, sir, become a man of your character, to run about the country with an idle fellow and wench. Indeed, as for the girl, I know no harm of her. Slipslop tells me she was formerly bred up in my house, and behaved as she ought, till she hankered after this fellow, and he spoiled her. Nay, she may still, perhaps, do very well, if he will let her alone. You are therefore doing a monstrous thing, in endeavouring to procure a match between these two people, which will be to the ruin of them both."—"Madam," says Adams, "if your ladyship will but hear me speak, I protest I never heard any harm of Mr. Joseph Andrews; if I had, I should have corrected him for it; for I never have, nor will, encourage the faults under my cure. As for the young woman, I assure your ladyship I have as good an opinion of her as your ladyship yourself, or any other can have. She is the sweetest tempered, honestest, worthiest, young creature; indeed, as to her beauty, I do not commend her on that account, though all men allow she is the handsomest woman, gentle or simple, that ever appeared in the parish."

"You are very impertinent," says she, "to talk such fulsome stuff to me. It is mighty becoming truly in a clergyman to trouble himself about handsome women, and you are a delicate judge of beauty, no doubt. A man who hath lived all his life in such a parish as this, is a rare judge of beauty. Ridiculous! Beauty indeed! a country-wench a beauty!—I shall be sick whenever I hear beauty mentioned again. And so this wench is to stock the parish with beauties, I hope. But, sir, our poor is numerous enough already; I will have no more vagabonds settled here."—"Madam," says Adams, "your ladyship is offended with me, I protest, without any reason. This couple were desirous to consummate long ago, and I dissuaded them from it; nay, I may venture to say, I believe I was the sole cause of their delaying it."—"Well," says she, "and you did very wisely and honestly too, notwithstanding she is the greatest beauty in the parish."—"And now, madam," continued he, "I only perform my office to Mr. Joseph."—"Pray, don't mister such fellows to me," cries the lady. "He," said the parson, "with the consent of Fanny,

before my face put in the banns."—"Yes," answered the lady, "I suppose the slut is forward enough; Slipslop tells me how her head runs upon fellows; that is one of her beauties, I suppose. But if they have put in the banns, I desire you will publish them no more without my orders."—"Madam," cries Adams, "if any one puts in sufficient caution, and assigns a proper reason against them, I am willing to surcease."—"I tell you a reason," says she: "he is a vagabond, and he shall not settle here, and bring a nest of beggars into the parish; it will make us but little amends that they will be beauties."—"Madam," answered Adams, "with the utmost submission to your ladyship, I have been informed by lawyer Scout, that any person who serves a year gains a settlement in the parish where he serves."—"Lawyer Scout," replied the lady, "is an impudent coxcomb; I will have no lawyer Scout interfere with me. I repeat to you again, I will have no more incumbrances brought on us; so I desire you will proceed no farther."—"Madam," returned Adams, "I would obey your ladyship in every thing that is lawful: but surely the parties being poor is no reason against their marrying. God forbid there should be any such law. The poor have little share of this world already; it would be barbarous indeed, to deny them the common privileges, and innocent enjoyments, which nature indulges to the animal creation."—"Since you understand yourself no better," cries the lady, "nor the respect due from such as you to a woman of my distinction, than to affront my ears by such loose discourse, I shall mention but one short word; it is my orders to you, that you publish these banns no more; and if you dare, I will recommend it to your master, the doctor, to discard you from his service. I will, sir, notwithstanding your poor family; and then you and the greatest beauty in the parish may go and beg together."—"Madam," answered Adams, "I know not what your ladyship means by the terms master and service. I am in the service of a Master who will never discard me for doing my duty; and if the doctor, (for indeed I have never been able to pay for a licence,) thinks proper to turn me from my cure, God will provide me, I hope, another. At least, my family, as well as myself, have hands: and he will prosper, I doubt not, our endeavours to get our

bread honestly with them. Whilst my conscience is pure, I shall never fear what man can do unto me."—"I condemn my humility," said the lady, "for demeaning myself to converse with you so long. I shall take other measures; for I see you are a confederate with them. But the sooner you leave me the better; and I shall give orders that my doors may no longer be open to you. I will suffer no parsons who run about the country with beauties to be entertained here."—"Madam," said Adams, "I shall enter into no person's doors against their will: but I am assured, when you have inquired farther into this matter, you will applaud, not blame, my proceeding; and so I humbly take my leave;" which he did with many bows, or at least many attempts at a bow.

CHAPTER III.

What passed between the lady and Lawyer Scout.

In the afternoon, the lady sent for Mr. Scout, whom she attacked most violently, for intermeddling with her servants; which he denied, and indeed with truth; for he had only asserted accidentally, and perhaps rightly, that a year's service gained a settlement; and so far, he owned, he might have formerly informed the parson, and believed it was law. "I am resolved," said the lady, "to have no discarded servants of mine settled here; and so, if this be your law, I shall send to another lawyer." Scout said, "If she sent to a hundred lawyers, not one or all of them could alter the law. The utmost that was in the power of a lawyer, was to prevent the law's taking effect; and that he himself could do for her ladyship as well as any other; and I believe," says he, "madam, your ladyship not being conversant in these matters, hath mistaken a difference; for I asserted only, that a man who served a year was settled. Now there is a material difference between being settled in law and settled in fact; and as I affirmed generally he was settled, and law is preferable to fact, my settlement must be understood in law, and not in fact. And suppose, madam, we admit he was settled in law, what use will they make of it? how doth that relate to fact? He is not settled

in fact; and if he be not settled in fact, he is not an inhabitant, he is not of this parish; and then, undoubtedly, he ought not to be published here; for Mr. Adams hath told me your ladyship's pleasure, and the reason, which is a very good one, to prevent burdening us with the poor; we have too many already, and I think we ought to have an act to hang or transport half of them. If we can prove in evidence that he is not settled in fact, it is another matter. What I said to Mr. Adams, was on a supposition that he was settled in fact; and, indeed, if that was the case, I should doubt."—"Don't tell me your facts and your ifs," said the lady; "I don't understand your gibberish; you take too much upon you, and are very impertinent, in pretending to direct in this parish; and you shall be taught better, I assure you, you shall. But as to the wench, I am resolved she shall not settle here; I will not suffer such beauties as these to produce children for us to keep."—"Beauties, indeed! your ladyship is pleased to be merry," answered Scout. "Mr. Adams described her so to me," said the lady. "Pray what sort of dowdy is it, Mr. Scout?"—"The ugliest creature almost I ever beheld; a poor, dirty drab; your ladyship never saw such a wretch."—"Well, but dear Mr. Scout, let her be what she will, these ugly women will bring children, you know; so that we must prevent the marriage."—"True, madam," replied Scout, "for the subsequent marriage co-operating with the law, will carry law into fact. When a man is married, he is settled in fact, and then he is not removable. I will see Mr. Adams, and I make no doubt of prevailing with him. His only objection is, doubtless, that he shall lose his fee; but that being once made easy, as it shall be, I am confident no farther objection will remain. No, no, it is impossible; but your ladyship can't discommend his unwillingness to depart from his fee. Every man ought to have a proper value for his fee.

"As to the matter in question, if your ladyship pleases to employ me in it, I will venture to promise you success. The laws of this land are not so vulgar, as to permit a mean fellow to contend with one of your ladyship's fortune. We have one sure card, which is, to carry him before Justice Frolick, who, upon hearing your ladyship's name, will commit him without

any farther questions. As for the dirty slut, we shall have nothing to do with her; for if we get rid of the fellow, the ugly jade will"—"Take what measures you please, good Mr. Scout," answered the lady: "but I wish you could rid the parish of both; for Slipslop tells me such stories of this wench, that I abhor the thoughts of her; and though you say she is such an ugly slut, yet you know, dear Mr. Scout, these forward creatures, who run after men, will always find some as forward as themselves; so that, to prevent the increase of beggars, we must get rid of her."—"Your ladyship is very much in the right," answered Scout; "but I am afraid the law is a little deficient in giving us any such power of prevention; however, the justice will stretch it as far as he is able, to oblige your ladyship. To say truth, it is a great blessing to the country that he is in the commission; for he hath taken several poor off our hands that the law would never lay hold on. I know some justices who think as much of committing a man to Bridewell, as his lordship at 'size would of hanging him; but it would do a man good to see his worship, our justice, commit a fellow to Bridewell, he takes so much pleasure in it; and when once we ha'um there we seldom hear any more o'um. He 's either starved or eat up by vermin in a month's time."—Here the arrival of a visitor put an end to the conversation, and Mr. Scout, having undertaken the cause, and promised it success, departed.

This Scout was one of those fellows who, without any knowledge of the law, or being bred to it, take upon them, in defiance of an act of parliament, to act as lawyers in the country, and are called so. They are the pests of society, and a scandal to a profession, to which indeed they do not belong, and which owes to such kind of rascallions the ill-will which weak persons bear towards it. With this fellow, to whom a little before she would not have condescended to have spoken, did a certain passion for Joseph, and the jealousy and the disdain of poor innocent Fanny, betray the Lady Booby into a familiar discourse, in which she inadvertently confirmed many hints with which Slipslop, whose gallant he was, had pre-acquainted him; and whence he had taken an opportunity to assert those severe

falsehoods of little Fanny, which possibly the reader might not have been well able to account for, if we had not thought proper to give him this information.

CHAPTER IV.

A short chapter, but very full of matter: particularly the arrival of Mr. Booby and his lady.

All that night, and the next day, the Lady Booby passed with the utmost anxiety; her mind was distracted, and her soul tossed up and down by many turbulent and opposite passions. She loved, hated, pitied, scorned, admired, despised the same person by fits, which changed in a very short interval. On Tuesday morning, which happened to be a holyday, she went to church, where, to her surprise, Mr. Adams published the banns again with as audible a voice as before.

It was lucky for her, that, as there was no sermon, she had an immediate opportunity of returning home to vent her rage, which she could not have concealed from the congregation five minutes; indeed, it was not then very numerous, the assembly consisting of no more than Adams, his clerk, his wife, the lady, and one of her servants. At her return she met Slipslop, who accosted her in these words: "O meam, what doth your ladyship think? To be sure, lawyer Scout hath carried Joseph and Fanny both before the justice. All the parish are in tears, and say they will certainly be hanged; for nobody knows what it is for."—"I suppose they deserve it," says the lady. "Why dost thou mention such wretches to me?"—"O dear madam!" answered Slipslop, "is it not a pity such a graceless young man should die a virulent death? I hope the judge will take commensuration on his youth! As for Fanny, I don't think it signifies much what becomes of her; and if poor Joseph hath done any thing, I could venture to swear she traduced him to it; few men ever come to fragrant punishment, but by those nasty creatures, which are a scandal to our sect." The lady was no more pleased at this news, after a moment's reflection, than Slipslop herself; for though she wished Fanny far enough, she

did not desire the removal of Joseph, especially with her. She was puzzled how to act, or what to say on this occasion, when a coach and six drove into the court, and a servant acquainted her with the arrival of her nephew Booby and his lady. She ordered them to be conducted into a drawing-room, whither she presently repaired, having composed her countenance as well as she could; and being a little satisfied that the wedding would by these means be at least interrupted, and that she should have an opportunity to execute any resolutions she might take, for which she saw herself provided with an excellent instrument in Scout.

The Lady Booby apprehended her servant had made a mistake, when he mentioned Mr. Booby's lady: for she had never heard of his marriage; but how great was her surprise, when at her entering the room, her nephew presented his wife to her! saying, "Madam, this is that charming Pamela, of whom I am convinced you have heard so much." The lady received her with more civility than he expected; indeed with the utmost; for she was perfectly polite, nor had any vice inconsistent with good-breeding. They passed some little time in ordinary discourse, when a servant came and whispered Mr. Booby, who presently told the ladies he must desert them a little on some business of consequence; and as their discourse during his absence would afford little improvement or entertainment to the reader, we will leave them for a while to attend Mr. Booby.

CHAPTER V.

Containing justice-business; curious precedents of depositions, and other matters necessary to be perused by all justices of the peace and their clerks.

THE young squire and his lady were no sooner alighted from their coach, than the servants began to inquire after Mr. Joseph, from whom they said their lady had not heard a word, to her great surprise, since he had left Lady Booby's. Upon this they were instantly informed of what had lately happened, with which they hastily acquainted their master, who took an immediate resolution to go himself, and endeavour to restore his Pamela her brother, before she even knew she had lost him.

The justice before whom the criminals were carried, and who lived within a short mile of the lady's house, was luckily Mr. Booby's acquaintance, by his having an estate in his neighbourhood. Ordering therefore his horses to his coach, he set out for the judgment-seat, and arrived when the justice had almost finished his business. He was conducted into a hall, where he was acquainted that his worship would wait on him in a moment; for he had only a man and a woman to commit to Bridewell first. As he was now convinced he had not a minute to lose, he insisted on the servant's introducing him directly into the room where the justice was then executing his office, as he called it. Being brought thither, and the first compliments being passed between the squire and his worship, the former asked the latter what crime those two young people had been guilty of? "No great crime," answered the justice; "I have only ordered them to Bridewell for a month."—"But what is their crime?" repeated the squire. "Larceny, an't please your honour," said Scout. "Ay," says the justice, "a kind of felonious larcenous thing. I believe I must order them a little correction too, a little stripping and whipping." (Poor Fanny, who had hitherto supported all with the thoughts of Joseph's company, trembled at that sound; but indeed, without reason; for none but the devil himself would have executed such a sentence on her.) "Still," said the squire, "I am ignorant of the crime—the fact I mean."—"Why, there it is in peaper," answered the justice, showing him a deposition, which, in the absence of his clerk, he had written himself, of which we have with great difficulty procured an authentic copy; and here it follows, *verbatim et literatim*: —

The depusition of James Scout, layer, and Thomas Trotter, yeoman, taken before me, one of his majesty's justasses of the piece for Zumersetshire.

"These deponants saith, and first Thomas Trotter for himself saith, that on the ——— of this instant October, being Sabbath-day, between the hours of 2 and 4 in the afternoon, he zeed Joseph Andrews and Francis Goodwill walk akross a certane felde belunging to layer Scout, and out of the path which ledes thru the said felde, and there he zede Joseph Andrews with a nife cut one hazel-twig, of the value, as he believes, of 3 halfpence, or thereabouts; and he saith that the said Francis

Goodwill was likewise walking on the grass out of the said path in the said felde, and did receive and karry in her hand the said twig, and so was comfarting, eading, and abating to the said Joseph therein. And the said James Scout for himself says, that he verily believes the said twig to be his own proper twig," &c.

"Jesu!" said the squire, "would you commit two persons to Bridewell for a twig?"—"Yes," said the lawyer, "and with great lenity too; for if we had called it a young tree, they would have been both hanged."—"Harkee," says the justice, taking aside the squire, "I should not have been so severe on this occasion, but Lady Booby desires to get them out of the parish; so lawyer Scout will give the constable orders to let them run away, if they please: but it seems they intend to marry together, and the lady hath no other means, as they are legally settled there, to prevent their bringing an incumbrance on her own parish."—"Well," said the squire, "I will take care my aunt shall be satisfied in this point; and likewise I promise you, Joseph here shall never be any incumbrance on her. I shall be obliged to you, therefore, if, instead of Bridewell, you will commit them to my custody."—"O! to be sure, sir, if you desire it," answered the justice: and without more ado, Joseph and Fanny were delivered over to Squire Booby, whom Joseph very well knew, but little guessed how nearly he was related to him.

The justice burnt his mittimus: the constable was sent about his business: the lawyer made no complaint for want of justice: and the prisoners, with exulting hearts, gave a thousand thanks to his honour, Mr. Booby; who did not intend their obligations to him should cease here; for, ordering his man to produce a cloak-bag, which he had caused to be brought from Lady Booby's on purpose, he desired the justice that he might have Joseph with him into a room; where, ordering a servant to take out a suit of his own clothes, with linen and other necessaries, he left Joseph to dress himself, who, not yet knowing the cause of all this civility, excused his accepting such a favour as long as decently he could. Whilst Joseph was dressing, the squire repaired to the justice, whom he found talking with Fanny; for, during the examination, she had

flopped her hat over her eyes, which were also bathed in tears, and had by that means concealed from his worship, what might perhaps have rendered the arrival of Mr. Booby unnecessary, at least for herself. The justice no sooner saw her countenance cleared up, and her bright eyes shining through her tears, than he secretly cursed himself for having once thought of Bridewell for her. He would willingly have sent his own wife thither, to have had Fanny in her place. And conceiving almost at the same instant desires and schemes to accomplish them, he employed the minutes, whilst the squire was absent with Joseph, in assuring her how sorry he was for having treated her so roughly before he knew her merit; and told her that since Lady Booby was unwilling that she should settle in her parish, she was heartily welcome to his, where he promised her his protection, adding, that he would take Joseph and her into his own family, if she liked; which assurance he confirmed with a squeeze by the hand. She thanked him very kindly, and said, "She would acquaint Joseph with the offer, which he would be certainly glad to accept; for that Lady Booby was angry with them both; though she did not know either had done any thing to offend her; but imputed it to madam Slipslop, who had always been her enemy."

The squire now returned, and prevented any farther continuance of this conversation; and the justice out of a pretended respect for his guest, but in reality from an apprehension of a rival, (for he knew nothing of his marriage,) ordered Fanny into the kitchen, whither she gladly retired: nor did the squire, who declined the trouble of explaining the whole matter, oppose it.

It would be unnecessary, if I was able, which indeed I am not, to relate the conversation between these two gentlemen, which rolled, as I have been informed, entirely on the subject of horse-racing. Joseph was soon dressed in the plainest dress he could find, which was a blue coat and breeches, with a gold edging, and a red waistcoat with the same: and as this suit, which was rather too large for the squire, exactly fitted him, so he became it so well, and looked so genteel, that no person would have doubted its being as well adapted to his quality as his shape; nor have suspected, as one might, when my lord

——, or Sir ——, or Mr. —— appear in lace or embroidery, that the tailor's man wore those clothes home on his back which he should have carried under his arm.

The squire now took leave of the justice; and, calling for Fanny, made her and Joseph, against their wills, get into the coach with him, which he then ordered to drive to the Lady Booby's. It had moved a few yards only, when the squire asked Joseph if he knew who that man was crossing the field; for, added he, I never saw one take such strides before. Joseph answered eagerly, "O sir, it is Parson Adams!" "O la, indeed and so it is," said Fanny; "poor man, he is coming to do what he could for us. Well, he is the worthiest best-natured creature."

"Ay," said Joseph; "God bless him! for there is not such another in the universe." "The best creature living sure," cries Fanny. "Is he?" says the squire; "then I am resolved to have the best creature living in my coach;" and so saying, he ordered it to stop, whilst Joseph, at his request, halloed to the parson, who, well knowing his voice, made all the haste imaginable, and soon came up with them. He was desired by the master, who could scarce refrain from laughter at his figure, to mount into the coach, which he with many thanks refused, saying he could walk by its side, and he'd warrant he kept up with it; but he was at length over-prevailed on. The squire now acquainted Joseph with his marriage; but he might have spared himself that labor; for his servant, whilst Joseph was dressing, had performed that office before. He continued to express the vast happiness he enjoyed in his sister, and the value he had for all who belonged to her. Joseph made many bows, and expressed as many acknowledgments: and Parson Adams, who now first perceived Joseph's new apparel, burst into tears with joy, and fell to rubbing his hands and snapping his fingers, as if he had been mad.

They were now arrived at the Lady Booby's, and the squire desiring them to wait a moment in the court, walked in to his aunt, and calling her out from his wife, acquainted her with Joseph's arrival; saying, "Madam, as I have married a virtuous and worthy woman, I am resolved to own her relations, and show them all a proper respect: I shall think myself there-

fore infinitely obliged to all mine, who will do the same. It is true, her brother hath been your servant, but he is now become my brother; and I have one happiness, that neither his character, his behaviour, or appearance, give me any reason to be ashamed of calling him so. In short he is now below, dressed like a gentleman, in which light I intend he shall hereafter be seen; and you will oblige me beyond expression, if you will admit him to be of our party; for I know it will give great pleasure to my wife, though she will not mention it."

This was a stroke of fortune beyond the Lady Booby's hopes or expectation; she answered him eagerly, "Nephew, you know how easily I am prevailed on to do any thing which Joseph Andrews desires—phoo, I mean which you desire me; and as he is now your relation, I cannot refuse to entertain him as such." The squire told her, he knew his obligation to her for her compliance; and going three steps, returned and told her—he had one more favour, which he believed she would easily grant, as she had accorded him the former. "There is a young woman——" "Nephew," says she, "don't let my good-nature make you desire, as is too commonly the case, to impose on me. Nor think, because I have with so much condescension agreed to suffer your brother-in-law to come to my table, that I will submit to the company of all my own servants, and all the dirty trollops in the country." "Madam," answered the squire, "I believe you never saw this young creature. I never beheld such sweetness and innocence joined with such beauty, and withal so genteel." "Upon my soul I won't admit her," replied the lady in a passion; "the whole world shan't prevail on me; I resent even the desire as an affront, and ——" The squire, who knew her inflexibility, interrupted her, by asking pardon, and promising not to mention it more. He then returned to Joseph, and she to Pamela. He took Joseph aside, and told him, he would carry him to his sister; but could not prevail as yet for Fanny. Joseph begged that he might see his sister alone, and then be with his Fanny; but the squire, knowing the pleasure his wife would have in her brother's company, would not admit it, telling Joseph there would be nothing in so short an absence from Fanny, whilst he was assured of her safety; adding, he hoped he could not so

easily quit a sister whom he had not seen so long, and who so tenderly loved him. Joseph immediately complied; for indeed no brother could love a sister more; and recommending Fanny, who rejoiced that she was not to go before Lady Booby, to the care of Mr. Adams, he attended the squire up stairs, whilst Fanny repaired with the parson to his house, where she thought herself secure of a kind reception.

CHAPTER VI.

Of which you are desired to read no more than you like.

THE meeting between Joseph and Pamela was not without tears of joy on both sides; and their embraces were full of tenderness and affection. They were, however, regarded with much more pleasure by the nephew than by the aunt, to whose flame they were fuel only; and being assisted by the addition of dress, which was indeed not wanted, to set off the lively colours in which Nature had drawn health, strength, comeliness, and youth. In the afternoon, Joseph, at their request, entertained them with an account of his adventures: nor could Lady Booby conceal her dissatisfaction at those parts in which Fanny was concerned, especially when Mr. Booby launched forth into such rapturous praises of her beauty. She said, applying to her niece, that she wondered her nephew, who had pretended to marry for love, should think such a subject proper to amuse his wife with; adding, that for her part, she should be jealous of a husband who spoke so warmly in praise of another woman. Pamela answered, "Indeed she thought she had cause; but it was an instance of Mr. Booby's aptness to see more beauty in women than they were mistresses of." At which words, both the women fixed their eyes on two looking-glasses; and Lady Booby replied, that men were, in general, very ill judges of beauty; and then, whilst both contemplated only their own faces, they paid a cross compliment to each other's charms. When the hour of rest approached, which the lady of the house deferred as long as decently she could, she informed Joseph, (whom, for the future, we shall call Mr. Joseph, he having as good a title to that appellation as many

others; I mean that incontested one of good clothes,) that she had ordered a bed to be provided for him. He declined this favour to his utmost; for his heart had long been with his Fanny; but she insisted on his accepting it, alleging that the parish had no proper accommodation for such a person as he was now to esteem himself. The squire and his lady both joining with her, Mr. Joseph was at last forced to give over his design of visiting Fanny that evening; who, on her side, as impatiently expected him till midnight; when, in complaisance to Mr. Adams' family, who had sat up two hours out of respect to her, she retired to bed, but not to sleep; the thoughts of her love kept her waking, and his not returning according to his promise, filled her with uneasiness; of which, however, she could not assign any other cause than merely that of being absent from him.

Mr. Joseph rose early in the morning, and visited her in whom his soul delighted. She no sooner heard his voice in the parson's parlour, than she leaped from her bed, and, dressing herself in a few minutes, went down to him. They passed two hours with inexpressible happiness together; and then, having appointed Monday, by Mr. Adams' permission, for their marriage, Mr. Joseph returned, according to his promise, to breakfast at the Lady Booby's, with whose behaviour, since the evening, we shall now acquaint the reader.

She was no sooner retired to her chamber, than she asked Slipslop, "What she thought of this wonderful creature her nephew had married?" "Madam!" said Slipslop, not yet sufficiently understanding what answer she was to make. "I ask you," answered the lady, "what you think of the dowdy, my niece, I think I am to call her?" Slipslop, wanting no further hint, began to pull her to pieces, and so miserably defaced her, that it would have been impossible for any one to have known the person. The lady gave her all the assistance she could, and ended with saying, "I think, Slipslop, you have done her justice; but yet, bad as she is, she is an angel, compared to that Fanny."

Slipslop then fell on Fanny, whom she hacked and hewed in the like barbarous manner, concluding with an observation, that there was always something in those low-life creatures

which must eternally extinguish them from their betters. "Really," said the lady, "I think there is one exception to your rule; I am certain you may guess who I mean."—"Not I, upon my word, madam," said Slipslop. "I mean a young fellow; sure you are the dullest wretch," said the lady. "O la! I am indeed. Yes, truly, madam, he is an accession," answered Slipslop. "Ay, is he not, Slipslop?" returned the lady. "Is he not so genteel, that a prince might, without a blush, acknowledge him for his son? His behaviour is such that would not shame the best education. He borrows from his station a condescension in every thing to his superiors, yet unattended by that mean servility which is called good-behaviour in such persons. Every thing he doth hath no mark of the base motive of fear, but visibly shows some respect and gratitude, and carries with it the persuasion of love. And then for his virtues; such piety to his parents, such tender affection to his sister, such integrity in his friendship, such bravery, such goodness; that if he had been born a gentleman, his wife would have possessed the most invaluable blessing."—"To be sure, ma'am," says Slipslop. "But as he is," answered the lady, "if he had a thousand more good qualities, it must render a woman of fashion contemptible, even to be suspected of thinking of him; yes, I should despise myself for such a thought."—"To be sure, ma'am," said Slipslop. "And why to be sure?" replied the lady; "thou art always one's echo. Is he not more worthy of affection than a dirty country clown, though born of a family as old as the flood? or an idle worthless rake, or little puisny beau of quality? And yet these we must condemn ourselves to, in order to avoid the censure of the world; to shun the contempt of others, we must ally ourselves to those we despise; we must prefer birth, title, and fortune, to real merit. It is a tyranny of custom, a tyranny we must comply with; for we people of fashion are the slaves of custom."—"Marry come up!" said Slipslop, who now well knew which party to take: "If I was a woman of your ladyship's fortune and quality, I would be a slave to nobody."—"Me," said the lady; "I am speaking, if a young woman of fashion, who had seen nothing of the world, should happen to like such a fellow.—Me, indeed! I hope thou dost not

imagine"—"No, ma'am, to be sure," cried Slipslop.—"No! what no?" cried the lady. "Thou art always ready to answer, before thou hast heard one. So far I must allow he is a charming fellow. Me, indeed! No, Slipslop, all thoughts of men are over with me. I have lost a husband, who—but if I should reflect, I should run mad. My future ease must depend upon forgetfulness. Slipslop, let me hear some of thy nonsense, to turn my thoughts another way. What dost thou think of Mr. Andrews?"—"Why, I think," says Slipslop, "he is the handsomest, most properest man I ever saw; and if I was a lady of the greatest degree, it would be well for some folks. Your ladyship may talk of custom, if you please; but I am confidous there is no more comparison between young Mr. Andrews, and most of the young gentlemen who come to your ladyship's house in London; a parcel of whipper-snapper sparks: I would sooner marry our old Parson Adams. Never tell me what people say, whilst I am happy in the arms of him I love. Some folks rail against other folks, because other folks have what some folks would be glad of."

"And so," answered the lady, "if you was a woman of condition, you would really marry Mr. Andrews?"—"Yes, I assure your ladyship," replied Slipslop, "if he would have me."—"Fool, idiot!" cries the lady; "if he would have a woman of fashion! is that a question?"—"No, truly, madam," said Slipslop, "I believe it would be none, if Fanny was out of the way; and I am confidous, if I was in your ladyship's place, and liked Mr. Joseph Andrews, she should not stay in the parish a moment. I am sure lawyer Scout would send her a-packing, if your ladyship would but say the word." This last speech of Slipslop raised a tempest in the mind of her mistress. She feared Scout had betrayed her, or rather that she had betrayed herself. After some silence, and a double change of her complexion, first to pale and then to red, she thus spoke: "I am astonished at the liberty you give your tongue. Would you insinuate that I employed Scout against this wench, on account of the fellow?"—"La, ma'am," said Slipslop, frighted out of her wits, "I assassinate such a thing!"—"I think you dare not," answered the lady; "I believe my conduct may defy malice itself to assert so cursed a slander.

If I had ever discovered any wantonness, any lightness in my behaviour; if I had followed the example of some whom thou hast, I believe, seen, in allowing myself indecent liberties, even with a husband; but the dear man who is gone," (here she began to sob,) "was he alive again," (then she produced tears,) "could not upbraid me with any one act of tenderness or passion. No, Slipslop, all the time I cohabited with him, he never obtained even a kiss from me, without my expressing reluctance in the granting it. I am sure he himself never suspected how much I loved him. Since his death, thou knowest, though it is almost six weeks (it wants but a day,) ago, I have not admitted one visitor, till this fool, my nephew, arrived. I have confined myself quite to one party of friends. And can such a conduct as this fear to be arraigned? To be accused of a passion which I have always despised, but of fixing it on such an object, a creature so much beneath my notice!" — "Upon my word, ma'am," says Slipslop, "I do not understand your ladyship; nor know I any thing of the matter." — "I believe, indeed, thou dost not understand me. Those are delicacies which exist only in superior minds; thy coarse ideas cannot comprehend them. Thou art a low creature of the Andrews' breed; a reptile of a lower order; a weed that grows in the common garden of the creation." — "I assure your ladyship," says Slipslop, whose passions were almost of as high an order as her lady's, "I have no more to do with the common garden than other folks. Really, your ladyship talks of servants, as if they were not born of the Christian specious. Servants have flesh and blood, as well as quality; and Mr. Andrews himself is a proof that they have as good, if not better. And for my own part, I can't perceive my dears* are coarser than other people's; and I am sure, if Mr. Andrews was a dear of mine, I should not be ashamed of him in company with gentlemen; for whoever hath seen him in his new clothes, must confess he looks as much like a gentleman as anybody. Coarse, quotha! I can't bear to hear the poor young fellow run down neither; for I will say this, I never heard him say an ill word of any body in his life. I am sure his coarseness doth not lay in his heart, for he is the

* Meaning, perhaps, ideas.

best-natured man in the world; and as for his skin, it is no coarser than other people's, I am sure. His bosom, when a boy, was as white as driven snow; and, where it is not covered with hairs, is so still. Ifackins! if I was Mrs. Andrews, with a hundred a-year, I should not envy the best she who wears a head. A woman that could not be happy with such a man, ought never to be so: for if he can't make a woman happy, I never yet beheld the man who could. I say again, I wish I was a great lady, for his sake. I believe when I had made a gentleman of him, he'd behave so, that nobody should deprecate what I had done; and I fancy, few would venture to tell him he was no gentleman, to his face, nor to mine neither." At which words, taking up the candles, she asked her mistress, who had been some time in her bed, if she had any farther commands? who mildly answered, she had none; and telling her she was a comical creature, bid her good-night.

CHAPTER VII.

Philosophical reflections, the like not to be found in any light French romance. Mr. Booby's grave advice to Joseph, and Fanny's encounter with a beau.

HABIT, my good reader, hath so vast a prevalence over the human mind, that there is scarce any thing too strange or too strong to be asserted of it. The story of the miser, who, from long accustoming to cheat others, came at last to cheat himself, and with great delight and triumph picked his own pocket of a guinea to convey to his hoard, is not impossible or improbable. In like manner it fares with the practisers of deceit, who, from having long deceived their acquaintance, gain at last a power of deceiving themselves, and acquire that very opinion, (however false,) of their own abilities, excellencies, and virtues, into which they have for years perhaps endeavoured to betray their neighbours. Now, reader, to apply this observation to my present purpose, thou must know, that as the passion generally called love, exercises most of the talents of the female or fair world; so in this they now and then discover a small inclination to deceit; for which thou wilt not be angry with the beautiful creatures, when thou hast considered, that at

the age of seven, or something earlier, miss is instructed by her mother, that master is a very monstrous kind of animal, who will, if she suffers him to come too near her, infallibly eat her up, and grind her to pieces: that so far from kissing or toying with him on her own accord, she must not admit him to kiss or toy with her: and lastly, that she must never have any affection towards him; for if she should, all her friends in petticoats would esteem her a traitress, point at her, and hunt her out of their society. These impressions being first received, are farther and deeper inculcated by their school-mistresses and companions; so that by the age of ten they have contracted such a dread and abhorrence of the above-named monster, that, whenever they see him, they fly from him as the innocent hare doth from the greyhound. Hence, to the age of fourteen or fifteen, they entertain a mighty antipathy to master; they resolve, and frequently profess, that they will never have any commerce with him, and entertain fond hopes of passing their lives out of his reach, of the possibility of which they have so visible an example in their good maiden aunt. But when they arrive at this period, and have now passed their second climacteric, when their wisdom, grown riper, begins to see a little farther, and, from almost daily falling in master's way, to apprehend the great difficulty of keeping out of it; and when they observe him look often at them, and sometimes very eagerly and earnestly too, (for the monster seldom takes any notice of them till at this age,) then they begin to think of their danger; and as they perceive they cannot easily avoid him, the wiser part bethink themselves of providing by other means for their security.

They endeavour by all the methods they can invent, to render themselves so amiable in his eyes, that he may have no inclination to hurt them; in which they generally succeed so well that his eyes, by frequent languishing, soon lessen their idea of his fierceness, and so far abate their fears, that they venture to parley with him; and when they perceive him so different from what he hath been described, all gentleness, softness, kindness, tenderness, fondness, their dreadful apprehensions vanish in a moment; and now, (it being usual with the human mind to skip from one extreme to its opposite, as easily, and

almost as suddenly, as a bird from one bough to another,) love instantly succeeds to fear: but as it happens to persons who have in their infancy been thoroughly frightened with certain no-persons called ghosts, that they retain their dread of those beings after they are convinced that there are no such things; so these young ladies, though they no longer apprehend devouring, cannot so entirely shake off all that hath been instilled into them; they still entertain the idea of that censure, which was so strongly imprinted on their tender minds, to which the declarations of abhorrence they every day hear from their companions greatly contribute. To avoid this censure, therefore, is now their only care; for which purpose they still pretend the same aversion to the monster; and the more they love him, the more ardently they counterfeit the antipathy. By the continual and constant practice of which deceit on others they at length impose on themselves, and really believe they hate what they love. Thus indeed, it happened to Lady Booby, who loved Joseph long before she knew it; and now loved him much more than she suspected. She had indeed, from the time of his sister's arrival in the quality of her niece, and from the instant she viewed him in the dress and character of a gentleman, began to conceive secretly a design which love had concealed from herself, till a dream betrayed it to her.

She had no sooner risen, than she sent for her nephew. When he came to her, after many compliments on his choice, she told him, "He might perceive in her condescension to admit her own servant to her table, that she looked on the family of Andrews as his relations, and indeed hers; that as he had married into such a family, it became him to endeavour by all methods to raise it as much as possible. At length she advised him to use all his art to dissuade Joseph from his intended match, which would still enlarge their relation to meanness and poverty; concluding, that by a commission in the army, or some other genteel employment, he might soon put young Mr. Andrews on the foot of a gentleman; and that being once done, his accomplishments might quickly gain him an alliance which would not be to their discredit."

Her nephew heartily embraced this proposal; and finding Mr. Joseph with his wife, at his return to her chamber, he im-

mediately began thus: "My love to my dear Pamela, brother, will extend to all her relations; nor shall I show them less respect than if I had married into the family of a duke. I hope I have given you some early testimonies of this, and shall continue to give you daily more. You will excuse me therefore, brother, if my concern for your interest makes me mention what may be, perhaps, disagreeable to you to hear; but I must insist upon it, that, if you have any value for my alliance or my friendship, you will decline any thoughts of engaging farther with a girl who is, as you are a relation of mine, so much beneath you. I know there may be at first some difficulty in your compliance, but that will daily diminish; and you will in the end sincerely thank me for my advice. I own indeed the girl is handsome; but beauty alone is a poor ingredient, and will make but an uncomfortable marriage."—"Sir," said Joseph, "I assure you her beauty is her least perfection; nor do I know a virtue which that young creature is not possessed of."

"As to her virtues," answered Mr. Booby, "you can be yet but a slender judge of them; but if she had never so many, you will find her equal in these among her superiors in birth and fortune, which now you are to esteem on a footing with yourself; at least I will take care they shall shortly be so, unless you prevent me by degrading yourself with such a match, a match I have hardly patience to think of, and which would break the hearts of your parents, who now rejoice in the expectation of seeing you make a figure in the world."—"I know not," replied Joseph, "that my parents have any power over my inclinations; nor am I obliged to sacrifice my happiness to their whim or ambition: besides, I shall be very sorry to see that the unexpected advancement of my sister should so suddenly inspire them with this wicked pride, and make them despise their equals. I am resolved on no account to quit my dear Fanny; no, though I could raise her as high above her present station as you have raised my sister."—"Your sister, as well as myself," said Booby, "are greatly obliged to you for the comparison; but, sir, she is not worthy to be compared in beauty to my Pamela; nor hath she half the merit. And besides, sir, as you civilly throw my marriage with your sister

in my teeth, I must teach you the wide difference between us; my fortune enabled me to please myself; and it would have been as overgrown a folly in me to have omitted it, as in you to do it."—"My fortune enables me to please myself likewise," said Joseph; "for all my pleasure is centred in Fanny; and whilst I have health, I shall be able to support her with my labour in that station to which she was born, and with which she is content."—"Brother," said Pamela, "Mr. Booby advises you as a friend; and no doubt my papa and mamma will be of his opinion, and will have great reason to be angry with you for destroying what his goodness hath done, and throwing down our family again, after he hath raised it. It would become you better, brother, to pray for the assistance of grace against such a passion, than to indulge it."—"Sure, sister, you are not in earnest; I am sure she is your equal at least."—"She was my equal," answered Pamela; "but I am no longer Pamela Andrews, I am now this gentleman's lady, and as such, am above her.—I hope I shall never behave with an unbecoming pride: but, at the same time, I shall always endeavour to know myself, and question not the assistance of grace to that purpose." They were now summoned to breakfast, and thus ended their discourse for the present, very little to the satisfaction of any of the parties.

Fanny was now walking in an avenue at some distance from the house, where Joseph had promised to take the first opportunity of coming to her. She had not a shilling in the world, and had subsisted, ever since her return, entirely on the charity of Parson Adams. A young gentleman, attended by many servants, came up to her, and asked her, if that was not the Lady Booby's house before him? This, indeed, he well knew; but had framed the question for no other reason than to make her look up, and discover if her face was equal to the delicacy of her shape. He no sooner saw it, than he was struck with amazement. He stopped his horse, and swore she was the most beautiful creature he ever beheld. Then instantly alighting, and delivering his horse to his servant, he rapt out half a dozen oaths that he would kiss her; to which she at first submitted, begging he would not be rude; but he was not satisfied with the civility of a salute, not even with the rudest attack he

could make on her lips, but caught her in his arms, and endeavoured to kiss her breasts, which with all her strength she resisted, and, as our spark was not of the Herculean race, with some difficulty prevented. The young gentleman, being soon out of breath in the struggle, quitted her, and remounting his horse, called one of his servants to him, whom he ordered to stay behind with her, and make her any offers whatever, to prevail on her to return home with him in the evening; and to assure her, he would take her into keeping. He then rode on with his other servants, and arrived at the lady's house, to whom he was a distant relation, and was come to pay a visit.

The trusty fellow, who was employed in an office he had long been accustomed to, discharged his part with all the fidelity and dexterity imaginable; but to no purpose. She was entirely deaf to his offers, and rejected them with the utmost disdain. At last the pimp, who had perhaps more warm blood about him than his master, began to solicit for himself; he told her, though he was a servant, he was a man of some fortune, which he would make her mistress of — and this without any insult to her virtue, for that he would marry her. She answered, if his master himself, or the greatest lord in the land, would marry her, she would refuse him. At last, being weary with persuasions, and on fire with charms which would have almost kindled a flame in the bosom of an ancient philosopher, or modern divine, he fastened his horse to the ground, and attacked her with much more force than the gentleman had exerted. Poor Fanny would not have been able to resist his rudeness a short time, but the deity who presides over chaste love sent her Joseph to her assistance. He no sooner came within sight, and perceived her struggling with a man, than like a cannon-ball, or like lightning, or anything that is swifter, if anything be, he ran towards her, and coming up just as the ravisher had torn her handkerchief from her breasts, before his lips had touched that seat of innocence and bliss, he dealt him so lusty a blow in that part of his neck which a rope would have become with the utmost propriety, that the fellow staggered backwards, and perceiving he had to do with something rougher than the little, tender, trembling hand of Fanny, he quitted her, and turning

about, saw his rival, with fire flashing from his eyes, again ready to assail him; and, indeed, before he could well defend himself, or return the first blow, he received a second, which, had it fallen on that part of the stomach to which it was directed, would have been probably the last he would have had any occasion for: but the ravisher, lifting up his hand, drove the blow upwards to his mouth, whence it dislodged three of his teeth; and now, not conceiving any extraordinary affection for the beauty of Joseph's person, nor being extremely pleased with this method of salutation, he collected all his force, and aimed a blow at Joseph's breast, which he artfully parried with one fist, so that it lost its force entirely in air; and stepping one foot backward, he darted his fist so fiercely at his enemy, that had he not caught it in his hand, (for he was a boxer of no inferior fame,) it must have tumbled him on the ground. And now the ravisher meditated another blow, which he aimed at that part of the breast where the heart is lodged; Joseph did not catch it as before, yet so prevented its aim, that it fell directly on his nose, but with abated force. Joseph, then, moving both fist and foot forwards at the same time, threw his head so dexterously into the stomach of the ravisher, that he fell a lifeless lump on the field, where he lay many minutes breathless and motionless.

When Fanny saw her Joseph receive a blow in his face, and blood running in a stream from him, she began to tear her hair, and invoke all human and divine power to his assistance. She was not, however, long under this affliction, before Joseph, having conquered his enemy, ran to her, and assured her he was not hurt; she then instantly fell on her knees, and thanked God that he made Joseph the means of her rescue, and at the same time preserved him from being injured in attempting it. She offered with her handkerchief to wipe his blood from his face; but he, seeing his rival attempting to recover his legs, turned to him, and asked him, if he had enough? To which the other answered, he had; for he believed he had fought with the devil, instead of a man; and loosening his horse, said he should not have attempted the wench, if he had known she had been so well provided for.

Fanny now begged Joseph to return with her to Parson Adams, and to promise that he would leave her no more. These were propositions so agreeable to Joseph, that, had he heard them, he would have given an immediate assent; but indeed his eyes were now his only sense; for you may remember, reader, that the ravisher had tore her handkerchief from Fanny's neck, by which he had discovered such a sight, that Joseph hath declared, all the statues he ever beheld were so much inferior to it in beauty, that it was more capable of converting a man into a statue, than of being imitated by the greatest master of that art. This modest creature, whom no warmth in summer could ever induce to expose her charms to the wanton sun, a modesty to which perhaps they owed their inconceivable whiteness, had stood many minutes bare-necked in the presence of Joseph, before her apprehension of his danger, and the horror of seeing his blood, would suffer her once to reflect on what concerned herself; till at last, when the cause of her concern had vanished, an admiration at his silence, together with observing the fixed position of his eyes, produced an idea in the lovely maid, which brought more blood into her face than had flowed from Joseph's nostrils. The snowy hue of her bosom was likewise changed to vermilion, at the instant when she clapped her handkerchief around her neck. Joseph saw the uneasiness she suffered, and immediately removed his eyes from an object, in surveying which he had felt the greatest delight which the organs of sight were capable of conveying to his soul;—so great was his fear of offending her, and so truly did his passion for her deserve the noble name of love.

Fanny, being now recovered from her confusion, which was almost equalled by what Joseph had felt from observing it, again mentioned her request; this was instantly and gladly complied with: and together they crossed two or three fields, which brought them to the habitation of Mr. Adams.

CHAPTER VIII.

A discourse which happened between Mr. Adams, Mrs. Adams, Joseph, and Fanny; with some behaviour of Mr. Adams, which will be called by some few readers very low, absurd, and unnatural.

THE parson and his wife had just ended a long dispute when the lovers came to the door. Indeed this young couple had been the subject of the dispute; for Mrs. Adams was one of those prudent people who never do anything to injure their families, or perhaps one of those good mothers who would even stretch their conscience to serve their children. She had long entertained hopes of seeing her eldest daughter succeed Mrs. Slipslop, and of making her second son an exciseman by Lady Booby's interest. These were expectations she could not endure the thoughts of quitting, and was therefore very uneasy to see her husband so resolute to oppose the lady's intention in Fanny's affair. She told him, "It behooved every man to take the first care of his family; that he had a wife and six children, the maintaining and providing for whom would be business enough for him without intermeddling in other folks' affairs; that he had always preached up submission to superiors, and would do ill to give an example of the contrary behaviour in his own conduct; that if Lady Booby did wrong, she must answer for it herself, and the sin would not lie at their door; that Fanny had been a servant, and bred up in the lady's own family, and consequently she must have known more of her than they did, and it was very improbable, if she had behaved herself well, that the lady would have been so bitterly her enemy; that perhaps he was too much inclined to think well of her, because she was handsome, but handsome women were often no better than they should be; that G— made ugly women as well as handsome ones, and that if a woman had virtue, it signified nothing whether she had beauty or no." For all which reasons she concluded he should oblige the lady, and stop the future publication of the banns.

But all these excellent arguments had no effect on the parson, who persisted in doing his duty without regarding the consequence it might have on his worldly interest. He endeavoured to answer her as well as he could; to which she had

just finished her reply, (for she had always the last word every where but at church,) when Joseph and Fanny entered their kitchen, where the parson and his wife then sat at breakfast over some bacon and cabbage. There was a coldness in the civility of Mrs. Adams, which persons of accurate speculation might have observed, but escaped her present guests; indeed, it was a good deal covered by the heartiness of Adams, who no sooner heard that Fanny had neither eat nor drank that morning, than he presented her a bone of bacon he had just been gnawing, being the only remains of his provision, and then ran nimbly to the tap, and produced a mug of small beer, which he called ale; however it was the best in his house. Joseph, addressing himself to the parson, told him the discourse which had passed between Squire Booby, his sister, and himself, concerning Fanny: he then acquainted him with the dangers whence he had rescued her, and communicated some apprehensions on her account. He concluded, that he should never have an easy moment till Fanny was absolutely his, and begged that he might be suffered to fetch a licence, saying he could easily borrow the money. The parson answered, That he had already given his sentiments concerning a licence, and that a very few days would make it unnecessary. "Joseph," says he, "I wish this haste doth not arise rather from your impatience than your fear; but as it certainly springs from one of these causes, I will examine both. Of each of these therefore in their turn; and first, for the first of these, namely, impatience. Now child, I must inform you, that if, in your purposed marriage with this young woman, you have no intention but the indulgence of carnal appetites, you are guilty of a very heinous sin. Marriage was ordained for nobler purposes, as you will learn when you hear the service provided on that occasion read to you. Nay, perhaps, if you are a good lad, I, child, shall give you a sermon *gratis*, wherein I shall demonstrate how little regard ought to be had to the flesh on such occasions. The text will be, Matthew the 5th, and part of the 28th verse, *Whosoever looketh on a woman, so as to lust after her*. The latter part I shall omit, as foreign to my purpose. Indeed, all such brutal lusts and affections are to be greatly subdued, if not totally eradicated, before the vessel can be said to be consecrated to honour. To

marry with a view of gratifying those inclinations, is a prostitution of that holy ceremony, and must entail a curse on all who so lightly undertake it. If, therefore, this haste arises from impatience, you are to correct, and not give way to it. Now, as to the second head which I proposed to speak to, namely, fear: it argues a diffidence highly criminal of that Power in which alone we should put our trust, seeing we may be well assured that he is able, not only to defeat the designs of our enemies, but even to turn their hearts. Instead of taking, therefore, any unjustifiable or desperate means to rid ourselves of fear, we should resort to prayer only, on these occasions; and we may be then certain of obtaining what is best for us. When any accident threatens us, we are not to despair, nor, when it overtakes us, to grieve; we must submit in all things to the will of Providence, and set our affections so much on nothing here, that we cannot quit it without reluctance.

"You are a young man, and can know but little of this world; I am older, and have seen a great deal. All passions are criminal in their excess; and even love itself, if it is not subservient to our duty, may render us blind to it. Had Abraham so loved his son Isaac, as to refuse the sacrifice required, is there any of us who would not condemn him? Joseph, I know your many good qualities, and value you for them; but as I am to render an account of your soul, which is committed to my care, I cannot see any fault without reminding you of it. You are too much inclined to passion, child, and have set your affections so absolutely on this young woman, that if G— required her at your hands, I fear you would reluctantly part with her. Now, believe me, no Christian ought so to set his heart on any person or thing in this world, but that whenever it shall be required, or taken from him in any manner by divine providence, he may be able peaceably, quietly, and contentedly to resign it." At which words one came hastily in and acquainted Mr. Adams, that his youngest son was drowned. He stood silent a moment, and soon began to stamp about the room and deplore his loss with the bitterest agony. Joseph, who was overwhelmed with concern likewise, recovered himself sufficiently to endeavour to comfort the parson; in which attempt he used many arguments, that he had at several times remem-

bered, out of his own discourses, both in private and public, (for he was a great enemy to the passions, and preached nothing more than the conquest of them by reason and grace,) but he was not at leisure now to hearken to his advice. "Child, child," said he, "do not go about impossibilities. Had it been any other of my children, I could have borne it with patience; but my little prattler, the darling and comfort of my old age, — the little wretch, to be snatched out of life just at his entrance into it; the best-tempered boy, who never did a thing to offend me. It was but this morning I gave him his first lesson in *Quæ Genus*. This was the very book he learnt; poor child! it is of no further use to thee now. He would have made the best scholar, and have been an ornament to the church; —such parts and such goodness, never met in one so young." "And the handsomest lad, too," says Mrs. Adams, recovering from a swoon in Fanny's arms. "My poor Jacky, shall I never see thee more?" cries the parson. "Yes, surely," says Joseph, "and in a better place, you will meet again, never to part more." I believe the parson did not hear these words, for he paid little regard to them, but went on lamenting, whilst the tears trickled down into his bosom. At last he cried out, "Where is my little darling?" and was sallying out, when, to his great surprise and joy, in which I hope the reader will sympathise, he met his son in a wet condition indeed, but alive, and running towards him. The person who brought the news of his misfortune, had been a little too eager, as people sometimes are, from, I believe, no very good principle, to relate ill news; and seeing him fall into the river, instead of running to his assistance, directly ran to acquaint his father of a fate which he had concluded to be inevitable, but whence the child was relieved by the same poor pedlar who had relieved his father before from a less distress. The parson's joy was now as extravagant as his grief had been before; he kissed and embraced his son a thousand times, and danced about the room like one frantic; but as soon as he discovered the face of his old friend the pedlar, and heard the fresh obligation he had to him, what were his sensations? not those which two courtiers feel in one another's embraces; not those with which a great man receives the vile treacherous engines of his wicked purposes; not those

with which a worthless younger brother wishes his elder joy of a son, or a man congratulates his rival on his obtaining a mistress, a place, or an honour. No, reader, he felt the ebullition, the overflowings of a full, honest, open heart, towards the person who had conferred a real obligation, and of which, if thou canst not conceive an idea within, I will not vainly endeavour to assist thee.

When these tumults were over, the parson taking Joseph aside, proceeded thus—"No, Joseph, do not give too much way to thy passions, if thou dost expect happiness."—The patience of Joseph, nor perhaps of Job, could bear no longer; he interrupted the parson, saying, "It was easier to give advice than take it; nor did he perceive he could so entirely conquer himself, when he apprehended he had lost his son, or when he found him recovered."—"Boy," replied Adams, raising his voice, "it doth not become green heads to advise grey hairs.—Thou art ignorant of the tenderness of fatherly affection: when thou art a father, thou wilt be capable then only of knowing what a father can feel. No man is obliged to impossibilities; and the loss of a child is one of those great trials, where our grief may be allowed to become immoderate."—"Well, sir," cries Joseph, "and if I love a mistress as well as you your child, surely her loss would grieve me equally."—"Yes, but such love is foolishness, and wrong in itself, and ought to be conquered," answered Adams; "it savours too much of the flesh."—"Sure, sir," says Joseph, "it is not sinful to love my wife, no, not even to dote on her to distraction!"—"Indeed, but it is," says Adams. "Every man ought to love his wife, no doubt; we are commanded so to do; but we ought to love her with moderation and discretion."—"I am afraid I shall be guilty of some sin, in spite of all my endeavours," says Joseph; "for I shall love without any moderation, I am sure."—"You talk foolishly and childishly," cries Adams.—"Indeed," says Mrs. Adams, who had listened to the latter part of their conversation, "you talk more foolish yourself. I hope, my dear, you will never preach any such doctrines, as that husbands can love their wives too well. If I knew you had such a sermon in the house, I am sure I would burn it; and I declare, if I had not been convinced you had loved me

as well as you could, I can answer for myself, I should have hated and despised you. Marry come up! Fine doctrine, indeed! A wife hath a right to insist on her husband's loving her as much as ever he can; and he is a sinful villain who doth not. Doth he not promise to love her, and comfort her, and to cherish her, and all that? I am sure I remember it all, as well as if I had repeated it over but yesterday, and shall never forget it. Besides, I am certain you do not preach as you practice; for you have been a loving and cherishing husband to me, that's the truth on't, and why you should endeavour to put such wicked nonsense into this young man's head I cannot devise. Don't hearken to him, Mr. Joseph; be as good a husband as you are able, and love your wife with all your body and soul too." Here a violent rap at the door put an end to their discourse, and produced a scene which the reader will find in the next chapter.

CHAPTER IX.

A visit which the polite Lady Booby and her polite friend paid to the Parson.

THE Lady Booby had no sooner had an account from the gentleman, of his meeting a wonderful beauty near her house, and perceiving the raptures with which he spoke of her, than immediately concluding it must be Fanny, she began to meditate a design of bringing them better acquainted; and to entertain hopes that the fine clothes, presents, and promises of this youth, would prevail on her to abandon Joseph: she therefore proposed to her company a walk in the fields before dinner, when she led them towards Mr. Adams' house; and, as she approached it, told them, if they pleased she would divert them with one of the most ridiculous sights they had ever seen, which was an old foolish parson, who, she said laughing, kept a wife and six brats on a salary of about twenty pounds a year; adding, that there was not such another ragged family in the parish.

They all readily agreed to this visit, and arrived whilst Mrs. Adams was declaiming, as in the last chapter. Beau Didapper, which was the name of the young gentleman we have seen riding

towards Lady Booby's, with his cane mimicked the rap of a London footman at the door. The people within, namely, Adams, his wife, and three children, Joseph, Fanny, and the pedlar, were all thrown into confusion by this knock; but Adams went directly to the door, which being opened, the Lady Booby and her company walked in, and were received by the parson with about two hundred bows, and by his wife with as many curtesies; the latter telling the lady, "She was ashamed to be seen in such a pickle, and that her house was in such a litter; but that if she had expected such an honour from her ladyship, she should have found her in a better manner." The parson made no apologies, though he was in his half cassock, and a flannel night-cap. He said, "They were heartily welcome to his poor cottage," and, turning to Mr. Didapper, cried out, "*Non mea renidet in domo lacunar.*" The beau answered, "He did not understand Welch;" at which the parson stared and made no reply.

Mr. Didapper, or Beau Didapper, was a young gentleman of about four foot five inches in height. He wore his own hair, though the scarcity of it might have given him sufficient excuse for a periwig. His face was thin and pale; the shape of his body and legs none of the best, for he had very narrow shoulders, and no calf; and his gait might more properly be called hopping than walking. The qualifications of his mind were well adapted to his person. We shall handle the first negatively. He was not entirely ignorant; for he could talk a little French, and sing two or three Italian songs: he had lived too much in the world to be bashful, and too much at court to be proud: he seemed not much inclined to avarice; for he was profuse in his expenses: nor had he all the features of prodigality; for he never gave a shilling: no hater of women, for he always dangled after them; yet so little subject to lust, that he had, among those who knew him best, the character of great moderation in his pleasures. No drinker of wine; nor so addicted to passion, but that a hot word or two from an adversary made him immediately cool.

Now, to give him only a dash or two on the affirmative side: though he was born to an immense fortune, he chose, for the pitiful and dirty consideration of a place of little consequence,

to depend entirely on the will of a fellow, whom they call a great man; who treated him with the utmost disrespect, and exacted of him a plenary obedience to his commands; which he implicitly submitted to, at the expense of his conscience, his honour, and of his country, in which he had himself so very large a share. And to finish his character, as he was entirely well satisfied with his own person and parts, so he was very apt to ridicule and laugh at any imperfection in another. Such was the little person, or rather thing, that hopped after Lady Booby into Mr. Adams' kitchen.

The parson and his company retreated from the chimney-side, where they had been seated, to give room to the lady and hers. Instead of returning any of the curtesies or extraordinary civility of Mrs. Adams, the lady, turning to Mr. Booby, cried out, "*Quelle bête! Quel animal!*" And presently after discovering Fanny, (for she did not need the circumstance of her standing by Joseph to assure the identity of her person,) she asked the beau, "Whether he did not think her a pretty girl?" "Begad, madam," answered he, "'tis the very same I met." "I did not imagine," replied the lady, "you had so good a taste." "Because I never liked you, I warrant," cries the beau. "Ridiculous!" said she; "you know you were always my aversion." "I would never mention aversion," answered the beau, "with that face;* dear Lady Booby, wash your face before you mention aversion, I beseech you." He then laughed, and turned about to coquet it with Fanny.

Mrs. Adams had been all this time begging and praying the ladies to sit down, a favour which she at last obtained. The little boy to whom the accident had happened, still keeping his place by the fire, was chid by his mother for not being more mannerly: but Lady Booby took his part, and commending his beauty, told the parson he was his very picture. She then seeing a book in his hand, asked, "If he could read?"—"Yes," cried Adams, "a little Latin, madam: he is just got into Quæ Genus."—"A fig for quere genius," answered she, "let me hear him read a little English."—"Lege, Dick, Lege," said Adams; but the boy made him no answer, till he saw the

* Lest this should appear unnatural to some readers, we think proper to acquaint them, that it is taken verbatim from very polite conversation.

parson knit his brows; and then cried, "I don't understand you, father."—"How, boy!" says Adams; "what doth Lego make in the imperative mood? Legito, doth it not?" "Yes," answered Dick.—"And what besides?" says the father. "Lege," quoth the son, after some hesitation. "A good boy," says the father: "and now, child, what is the English of Lego?"—To which the boy, after long puzzling, answered, he could not tell. "How," cries Adams, in a passion,—"what, hath the water washed away your learning? Why, what is Latin for the English verb, read? Consider before you speak."—The child considered some time, and the parson cried twice or thrice, "Le—, Le—." Dick answered, "Lego."—"Very well;—and then, what is the English," says the parson, "of the verb Lego?"—"To read," cried Dick.—"Very well," said the parson; "a good boy; you can do well if you will take pains.—I assure your ladyship he is not much above eight years old, and is out of his Propia quæ Maribus, already.—Come, Dick, read to her ladyship;"—which she again desiring, in order to give the beau time and opportunity with Fanny, Dick began as in the following chapter.

CHAPTER X.

The history of two friends, which may afford an useful lesson to all those persons who happen to take up their residence in married families.

"LEONARD and Paul were two friends"—"Pronounce it Lennard, child," cried the parson.—"Pray, Mr. Adams," says Lady Booby, "let your son read without interruption." Dick then proceeded. "Lennard and Paul were two friends, who, having been educated together at the same school, commenced a friendship which they preserved a long time for each other. It was so deeply fixed in both their minds, that a long absence, during which they had maintained no correspondence, did not eradicate nor lessen it: but it revived in all its force at their first meeting, which was not till after fifteen years' absence, most of which time Lennard had spent in the East Indi-es."—"Pronounce it short, Indies," says Adams.—"Pray, sir, be quiet," says the lady. The boy repeated,—

"in the East Indies, whilst Paul had served his king and country in the army. In which different services, they had found such different success, that Lennard was now married, and retired with a fortune of thirty thousand pound; and Paul was arrived to the degree of a lieutenant of foot: and was not worth a single shilling.

"The regiment in which Paul was stationed, happened to be ordered into quarters, within a small distance from the estate which Lennard had purchased, and where he was settled. This latter, who was now become a country gentleman, and a justice of peace, came to attend the quarter sessions, in the town where his old friend was quartered, soon after his arrival. Some affair, in which a soldier was concerned, occasioned Paul to attend the justices. Manhood, and time, and the change of climate, had so much altered Lennard, that Paul did not immediately recollect the features of his old acquaintance: but it was otherwise with Lennard. He knew Paul the moment he saw him; nor could he contain himself from quitting the bench, and running hastily to embrace him. Paul stood at first a little surprised; but had soon sufficient information from his friend, whom he no sooner remembered, than he returned his embrace, with a passion which made many of the spectators laugh, and gave to some few a much higher and more agreeable sensation.

"Not to detain the reader with minute circumstances, Lennard insisted on his friend's returning with him to his house that evening; which request was complied with, and leave for a month's absence obtained for Paul of the commanding officer.

"If it was possible for any circumstance to give any addition to the happiness which Paul proposed in this visit, he received that additional pleasure, by finding, on his arrival at his friend's house, that his lady was an old acquaintance which he had formerly contracted at his quarters, and who had always appeared to be of a most agreeable temper; a character she had ever maintained among her intimates, being of that number, every individual of which is called quite the best sort of woman in the world.

"But, good as this lady was, she was still a woman; that is to say, an angel, and not an angel."—"You must mistake,

child," cries the parson, "for you read nonsense."—"It is so in the book," answered the son. Mr. Adams was then silenced by authority, and Dick proceeded.—"For though her person was of that kind to which men attribute the name of angel, yet, in her mind, she was perfectly woman. Of which, a great degree of obstinacy gave the most remarkable, and, perhaps, most pernicious instance.

"A day or two passed after Paul's arrival, before any instances of this appeared; but it was impossible to conceal it long. Both she and her husband soon lost all apprehension from their friend's presence, and fell to their disputes with as much vigour as ever. These were still pursued with the utmost ardour and eagerness, however trifling the causes were whence they first arose. Nay, however incredible it may seem, the little consequence of the matter in debate was frequently given as a reason for the fierceness of the contention, as thus, "If you loved me, sure you would never dispute with me such a trifle as this." The answer to which is very obvious; for the argument would hold equally on both sides, and was constantly retorted, with some addition, as—"I am sure I have much more reason to say so, who am in the right." During all these disputes, Paul always kept strict silence, and preserved an even countenance, without showing the least visible inclination to either party. One day, however, when madam had left the room in a violent fury, Lennard could not refrain from referring his cause to his friend. Was ever any thing so unreasonable, says he, as this woman? What shall I do with her? I dote on her to distraction; nor have I any cause to complain of, more than this obstinacy in her temper; whatever she asserts, she will maintain against all the reason and conviction in the world. Pray give me your advice."

"First, says Paul, I will give my opinion, which is, flatly, that you are in the wrong; for supposing she is in the wrong, was the subject of your contention any ways material? What signified it whether you was married in a red or yellow waistcoat? for that was your dispute. Now, suppose she was mistaken, as you love her you say so tenderly, and I believe she deserves it, would it not have been wiser to have yielded, though you certainly knew yourself in the right, than to give

either her or yourself any uneasiness? For my own part, if ever I marry, I am resolved to enter into an agreement with my wife, that in all disputes, (especially about trifles,) that party who is most convinced they are right, shall always surrender the victory; by which means we shall both be forward to give up the cause. I own, said Lennard, my dear friend, shaking him by the hand, there is great truth and reason in what you say; and I will for the future endeavour to follow your advice. They soon after broke up their conversation, and Lennard, going to his wife, asked her pardon, and told her, his friend had convinced him he had been in the wrong. She immediately began a vast encomium on Paul, in which he seconded her, and both agreed he was the worthiest and wisest man upon earth. When next they met, which was at supper, though she had promised not to mention what her husband told her, she could not forbear casting the kindest and most affectionate looks on Paul, and asked him with the sweetest voice, whether she should help him to some potted woodcock? Potted partridge, my dear, you mean, says the husband. My dear, says she, I ask your friend if he will eat any potted woodcock; and I am sure I must know, who potted it. I think I should know, too, who shot them, replied the husband, and I am convinced that I have not seen a woodcock this year; however, though I know I am in the right, I submit, and the potted partridge is potted woodcock, if you desire to have it so. It is equal to me, says she, whether it is one or the other; but you would persuade one out of one's senses; to be sure, you are always in the right in your own opinion; but your friend, I believe, knows which he is eating. Paul answered nothing, and the dispute continued, as usual, the greatest part of the evening. The next morning the lady accidentally meeting Paul, and being convinced he was her friend, and of her side, accosted him thus:—I am certain, sir, you have long since wondered at the unreasonableness of my husband. He is indeed, in other respects, a good sort of man; but so positive, that no woman but one of my complying temper could possibly live with him. Why, last night now, was ever any creature so unreasonable? I am certain you must condemn him. Pray, answer me, was he not in the wrong? Paul, after

a short silence, spoke as follows: I am sorry, madam, that as good manners obliges me to answer against my will, so an adherence to truth forces me to declare myself of a different opinion. To be plain and honest, you was entirely in the wrong; the cause I own not worth disputing, but the bird was undoubtedly a partridge. O, sir! replied the lady, I cannot possibly help your taste. Madam, returned Paul, that is very little material; for had it been otherwise, a husband might have expected submission. — Indeed! sir, says she, I assure you!—Yes, madam, cried he, he might, from a person of your excellent understanding; and pardon me for saying such a condescension would have shown a superiority of sense even to your husband himself. — But, dear sir, said she, why should I submit when I am in the right? — For that very reason, answered he; it would be the greatest instance of affection imaginable; for can any thing be a greater object of our compassion than a person we love in the wrong?

"Ay, but I should endeavour, said she, to set him right Pardon me, madam, answered Paul: I will apply to your own experience, if you ever found your arguments had that effect. The more our judgments err, the less we are willing to own it; for my own part, I have always observed the persons who maintain the worst side in any contest are the warmest. Why, says she, I must confess there is truth in what you say, and I will endeavour to practise it. The husband then coming in, Paul departed. And Lennard approaching his wife, with an air of good-humour, told her, he was sorry for their foolish dispute the last night; but he was now convinced of his error. She answered smiling, she believed she owed his condescension to his complaisance; that she was ashamed to think a word had passed on so silly an occasion, especially as she was satisfied she had been mistaken. A little contention followed, but with the utmost good-will to each other, and was concluded by her asserting that Paul had thoroughly convinced her she had been in the wrong. Upon which they both united in the praises of their common friend.

"Paul now passed his time with great satisfaction; these disputes being much less frequent, as well as shorter than usual; but the devil, or some unlucky accident, in which per-

haps the devil had no hand, shortly put an end to his happiness. He was now eternally the private referee of every difference; in which, after having perfectly, as he thought, established the doctrine of submission, he never scrupled to assure both privately that they were in the right in every argument, as before he had followed the contrary method. One day a violent litigation happened in his absence; and both parties agreed to refer it to his decision. The husband professing himself sure the decision would be in his favour; the wife answered, he might be mistaken; for she believed his friend was convinced how seldom she was to blame—and that if he knew all—The husband replied — My dear, I have no desire of any retrospect; but I believe, if you knew all too, you would not imagine my friend so entirely on your side. Nay, says she, since you provoke me, I will mention one instance. You may remember our dispute about sending Jacky to school in cold weather, which point I gave up to you from mere compassion, knowing myself to be in the right; and Paul himself told me afterwards, he thought me so. My dear, replied the husband, I will not scruple your veracity; but I assure you solemnly, on my applying to him, he gave it absolutely on my side, and said, he would have acted in the same manner. They then proceeded to produce numberless other instances, in all which Paul had, on vows of secrecy, given his opinion on both sides. In the conclusion, both believing each other, they fell severely on the treachery of Paul, and agreed that he had been the occasion of almost every dispute which had fallen out between them. They then became extremely loving, and so full of condescension on both sides, that they vied with each other in censuring their own conduct, and jointly vented their indignation on Paul, whom the wife, fearing a bloody consequence, earnestly entreated her husband to suffer quietly to depart the next day, which was the time fixed for his return to quarters, and then drop his acquaintance.

"However ungenerous this behaviour in Lennard may be esteemed, his wife obtained a promise from him, (though with difficulty,) to follow her advice; but they both expressed such unusual coldness that day to Paul, that he, who was quick of apprehension, taking Lennard aside, pressed him so home, that

he at last discovered the secret. Paul acknowledged the truth, but told him the design with which he had done it—To which the other answered, He would have acted more friendly to have let him into the whole design; for that he might have assured himself of his secrecy. Paul replied, with some indignation, he had given him a sufficient proof how capable he was of concealing a secret from his wife. Lennard returned with some warmth—He had more reason to upbraid him, for he had caused most of the quarrels between them by his strange conduct, and might, (if they had not discovered the affair to each other,) have been the occasion of their separation. Paul then said"—But something now happened which put a stop to Dick's reading, and of which we shall treat in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XI.

In which the story is continued.

JOSEPH ANDREWS had borne with great uneasiness the impertinence of Beau Didapper to Fanny, who had been talking pretty freely to her, and offering her settlements; but the respect to the company had restrained him from interfering, whilst the beau confined himself to the use of his tongue only; but the said beau watching an opportunity whilst the ladies' eyes were disposed another way, offered a rudeness to her with his hands; which Joseph no sooner perceived, than he presented him with so sound a box on the ear, that it conveyed him several paces from where he stood. The ladies immediately screamed out, rose from their chairs; and the beau, as soon as he recovered himself, drew his hanger; which Adams observing, snatched up the lid of a pot in his left hand, and covering himself with it as with a shield, without any weapon of offence in his other hand, stepped in before Joseph, and exposed himself to the enraged beau, who threatened such perdition and destruction, that it frightened the women, who were all got in a huddle together, out of their wits, even to hear his denunciations of vengeance. Joseph was of a different complexion, and begged Adams to let his rival come on; for he had a good cudgel in his hand, and did not fear him.

Fanny now fainted into Mrs. Adams's arms, and the whole room was in confusion, when Mr. Booby, passing by Adams, who lay snug under the pot-lid, came up to Didapper, and insisted on his sheathing the hanger, promising he should have satisfaction: which Joseph declared he would give him, and fight him at any weapon whatever. The beau now sheathed his hanger, and taking out a pocket-glass, and vowing vengeance all the time, re-adjusted his hair; the parson deposited his shield, and Joseph running to Fanny, soon brought her back to life. Lady Booby chid Joseph for his insult on Didapper; but he answered, He would have attacked an army in the same cause. "What cause?" said the lady. "Madam," answered Joseph, "he was rude to that young woman."— "What," says the lady, "I suppose he would have kissed the wench; and is a gentleman to be struck for such an offer? I must tell you, Joseph, these airs do not become you."— "Madam," said Mr. Booby, "I saw the whole affair, and I do not commend my brother; for I cannot perceive why he should take upon him to be this girl's champion."—"I can commend him," said Adams; "he is a brave lad; and it becomes any man to be the champion of the innocent; and he must be the basest coward, who would not vindicate a woman with whom he is on the brink of marriage."—"Sir," says Mr. Booby, "my brother is not a match for such a young woman as this."—"No," says Lady Booby; "nor do you, Mr. Adams, act in your proper character, by encouraging any such doings; and I am very much surprised you should concern yourself in it. I think your wife and family your proper care."—"Indeed, madam, your ladyship says very true," answered Mrs. Adams: "he talks a pack of nonsense, and the whole parish are his children. I am sure I don't understand what he means by it; it would make some women suspect he had gone astray; but I acquit him of that; I can read scripture as well as he, and I never found that the parson was obliged to provide for other folks' children; and besides, he is but a poor curate, and hath little enough, as your ladyship knows, for me and mine."

"You say very well, Mrs. Adams," quoth the Lady Booby, who had not spoke a word to her before; "you seem to be a

very sensible woman; and I assure you, your husband is acting a very foolish part, and opposing his own interest, seeing my nephew is violently set against this match; and, indeed, I can't blame him; it is by no means one suitable to our family." In this manner the lady proceeded with Mrs. Adams; whilst the beau hopped about the room, shaking his head, partly from pain and partly from anger; and Pamela was chiding Fanny for assurance, in aiming at such a match as her brother. Poor Fanny answered only with tears, which had long since begun to wet her handkerchief; which Joseph perceiving, took her by the arm, and wrapping it in his, carried her off, swearing he would own no relation to any one who was an enemy to her he loved more than all the world. He went out with Fanny under his left arm, brandishing a cudgel in his right, and neither Mr. Booby nor the beau thought proper to oppose him. Lady Booby and her company made a very short stay behind him; for the lady's bell now summoned them to dress; for which they had just time before dinner.

Adams seemed now very much dejected, which his wife perceiving, began to apply some matrimonial balsam. She told him, he had reason to be concerned; for that he had probably ruined his family with his tricks almost; but perhaps he was grieved for the loss of his two children, Joseph and Fanny. His eldest daughter went on; "Indeed, father, it is very hard to bring strangers here to eat your children's bread out of their mouths. You have kept them ever since they came home; and for any thing I see to the contrary, may keep them a month longer: are you obliged to give her meat, tho'f she was never so handsome? But I don't see she is so much handsomer than other people. If people were to be kept for their beauty, she would scarce fare better than her neighbours, I believe. As for Mr. Joseph, I have nothing to say: he is a young man of honest principles, and will pay some time or other for what he hath: but for the girl, — why doth she not return to her place she ran away from? I would not give such a vagabond slut a halfpenny, though I had a million of money! no, though she was starving."—"Indeed, but I would," cries little Dick; "and father, rather than poor Fanny shall be starved, I will give her all this bread and cheese,"— (offering what he held

in his hand.) Adams smiled on the boy, and told him, he rejoiced to see he was a Christian; and that if he had a half-penny in his pocket, he would have given it him; telling him it was his duty to look upon all his neighbours as his brothers and sisters, and love them accordingly. "Yes, papa," says he, "I love them better than my sisters; for she is handsomer than any of them."—"Is she so, sauce-box?" says the sister, giving him a box on the ear; which the father would probably have resented, had not Joseph, Fanny, and the pedlar at that instant returned together. Adams bid his wife prepare some food for their dinner; she said, "Truly she could not, she had something else to do." Adams rebuked her for disputing his commands, and quoted many texts of scripture to prove, "That the husband is the head of the wife, and she is to submit and obey." The wife answered, "It was blasphemy to talk scripture out of church; that such things were very proper to be said in the pulpit; but it was profane to talk of them in common discourse." Joseph told Mr. Adams, "He was not come with any design to give Mrs. Adams any trouble; but to desire the favour of all their company to the George, (an alehouse in the parish,) where he had bespoke a piece of bacon and greens for their dinner." Mrs. Adams, who was a very good sort of woman, only rather too strict in economies, readily accepted this invitation, as did the parson himself by her example; and away they walked together, not omitting little Dick, to whom Joseph gave a shilling, when he heard of his intended liberality to Fanny.

CHAPTER XII.

Where the good-natured reader will see something which will give him no great pleasure.

The pedlar had been very inquisitive from the time he had first heard that the great house in this parish belonged to the Lady Booby; and had learnt that she was the widow of Sir Thomas, and that Sir Thomas had bought Fanny, at about the age of three or four years, of a travelling woman; and, now their homely but hearty meal was ended, he told Fanny, he

believed he could acquaint her with her parents. The whole company, especially she herself, started at the offer of the pedlar's. — He then proceeded thus, while they all lent their strictest attention: Though I am now contented with this humble way of getting my livelihood, I was formerly a gentleman; for so all those of my profession are called. In a word, I was a drummer in an Irish regiment on foot. Whilst I was in this honourable station, I attended an officer of our regiment into England, a recruiting. In our march from Bristol to Frome, (for since the decay of the woollen trade, the clothing towns have furnished the army with a great number of recruits,) we overtook on the road a woman, who seemed to be about thirty years old or thereabouts; not very handsome, but well enough for a soldier. As we came up to her, she mended her pace, and falling into discourse with our ladies, (for every man of the party, namely, a serjeant, two private men, and a drum, were provided with their woman, except myself,) she continued to travel on with us. I perceived she must fall to my lot, advanced presently to her, and made love to her in our military way, and quickly succeeded in my wishes. We struck a bargain within a mile, and lived together as man and wife to her dying day." — "I suppose," says Adams, interrupting him, "you were married with a licence; for I don't see how you could contrive to have the banns published, while you were marching from place to place." — "No, sir," said the pedlar, "we took a licence to go to bed together without any banns." — "Ay! ay!" said the parson: "*ex necessitate*, a licence may be allowable enough; but surely, surely, the other is more the regular and eligible way." — The pedlar proceeded thus: "she returned with me to our regiment, and removed with us from quarters to quarters, till at last, whilst we lay at Galway, she fell ill of a fever, and died. When she was on her death-bed she called me to her, and, crying bitterly, declared she could not depart this world without discovering a secret to me, which, she said, was the only sin which sat heavy on her heart. She said, she had formerly travelled in a company of gipsies, who had made a practice of stealing away children; that for her own part, she had been only once guilty of the crime; which, she said, she lamented more than all the rest of her sins, since probably it

might have occasioned the death of the parents; for, added she, it is almost impossible to describe the beauty of the young creature, which was about a year and a half old when I kidnapped it. We kept her, (for she was a girl,) above two years in our company, when I sold her myself, for three guineas, to Sir Thomas Booby, in Somersetshire. Now, you know whether there are any more of that name in this county."

"Yes," says Adams, "there are several Boobys who are squires, but I believe no baronet now alive; besides, it answers so exactly in every point, there is no room for doubt; but you have forgot to tell us the parents from whom the child was stolen."—"Their name," answered the pedlar, "was Andrews. They lived about thirty miles from the squire; and she told me that I might be sure to find them out by one circumstance; for that they had a daughter of a very strange name, *Pamĕla* or *Paměla;* some pronounced it one way, and some the other." Fanny, who had changed colour at the first mention of the name, now fainted away; Joseph turned pale, and poor Dicky began to roar; the parson fell on his knees, and ejaculated many thanksgivings that this discovery had been made before the dreadful sin of incest was committed; and the pedlar was struck with amazement, not being able to account for all this confusion; the cause of which was presently opened by the parson's daughter, who was the only unconcerned person, (for the mother was chafing Fanny's temples, and taking the utmost care of her;) and, indeed, Fanny was the only creature whom the daughter would not have pitied in her situation; wherein, though we compassionate her ourselves, we shall leave her for a little while, and pay a short visit to the Lady Booby.

CHAPTER XIII.

The history returning to the Lady Booby, gives some account of the terrible conflict in her breast between love and pride; with what happened on the present discovery.

THE lady sat down with her company to dinner, but ate nothing. As soon as her cloth was removed, she whispered Pamela, That she was taken a little ill, and desired her to

entertain her husband and Beau Didapper. She then went up into her chamber, sent for Slipslop, threw herself on the bed, in the agonies of love, rage, and despair; nor could she conceal these boiling passions longer, without bursting Slipslop now approached the bed, and asked how her ladyship did; but, instead of revealing her disorder, as she intended, she entered into a long encomium on the beauty and virtues of Joseph Andrews; ending, at last, with expressing her concern that so much tenderness should be thrown away on so despicable an object as Fanny. Slipslop, well knowing how to humour her mistress's frenzy, proceeded to repeat, with exaggeration, if possible, all her mistress had said, and concluded with a wish that Joseph had been a gentleman, and that she could see her lady in the arms of such a husband. The lady then started from the bed, and taking a turn or two across the room, cried out, with a deep sigh, "Sure he would make any woman happy!"—"Your ladyship," says she, "would be the happiest woman in the world with him. A fig for custom and nonsense. What 'vails what people say? Shall I be afraid of eating sweetmeats, because people may say I have a sweet tooth? If I had a mind to marry a man, all the world should not hinder me. Your ladyship hath no parents to tutelar your infections; besides, he is of your ladyship's family now, and as good a gentleman as any in the country; and why should not a woman follow her mind as well as a man? Why should not your ladyship marry the brother, as well as your nephew the sister? I am sure, if it was a fragrant crime, I would not persuade your ladyship to it."—"But, dear Slipslop," answered the lady, "if I could prevail on myself to commit such a weakness, there is that cursed Fanny in the way, whom the idiot—O, how I hate and despise him!"—"She! a little, ugly minx," cries Slipslop, "leave her to me. I suppose your ladyship hath heard of Joseph's fitting with one of Mr. Didapper's servants about her; and his master hath ordered them to carry her away by force this evening. I'll take care they shall not want assistance. I was talking with this gentleman, who was below just when your ladyship sent for me."—"Go back," says the Lady Booby, "this instant; for I expect Mr. Didapper will soon be going. Do all you can; for I am resolved

this wench shall not be in our family; I will endeavour to return to the company; but let me know as soon as she is carried off." Slipslop went away; and her mistress began to arraign her own conduct in the following manner:

"What am I doing? How do I suffer this passion to creep imperceptibly upon me! How many days are passed since I could have submitted to ask myself the question?—Marry a footman! Distraction! Can I afterwards bear the eyes of my acquaintance? But I can retire from them; retire with one, in whom I propose more happiness than the world without him can give me! Retire—to feed continually on beauties, which my inflamed imagination sickens with eagerly gazing on; to satisfy every appetite, every desire, with their utmost wish. Ha! and do I dote thus on a footman! I despise, I detest my passion.—Yet why? Is he not generous, gentle, kind?—Kind! to whom? to the meanest wretch, a creature below my consideration. Doth he not—yes, he doth prefer her. Curse his beauties, and the little low heart that possesses them; which can basely descend to this despicable wench, and be ungratefully deaf to all the honours I do him. And can I then love this monster! No, I will tear his image from my bosom, tread on him, spurn him. I will have those pitiful charms, which now I despise, mangled in my sight; for I will not suffer the little jade I hate, to riot in the beauties I contemn. No, though I despise him myself; though I would spurn him from my feet, was he to languish at them, no other shall taste the happiness I scorn. Why do I say happiness? To me it would be misery. To sacrifice my reputation, my character, my rank in life, to the indulgence of a mean and a vile appetite! How I detest the thought! How much more exquisite is the pleasure resulting from the reflection of virtue and prudence, than the faint relish of what flows from vice and folly! Whither did I suffer this improper, this mad passion to hurry me, only by neglecting to summon the aids of reason to my assistance? Reason, which hath now set before me my desires in their proper colours, and immediately helped me to expel them. Yes, I thank Heaven and my pride, I have now perfectly conquered this unworthy passion; and if there was no obstacle in its way, my pride would disdain any pleasures

which could be the consequence of so base, so mean, so vulgar" —Slipslop returned at this instant in a violent hurry, and with the utmost eagerness cried out, "O, madam! I have strange news. Tom the footman is just come from the George; where it seems Joseph and the rest of them are a jinketing; and he says there is a strange man, who hath discovered that Fanny and Joseph are brother and sister."—"How, Slipslop!" cries the lady in a surprise.—"I had not time, madam," cries Slipslop, "to inquire about particles, but Tom says it is most certainly true."

This unexpected account entirely obliterated all those admirable reflections which the supreme power of reason had so wisely made just before. In short, when despair, which had more share in producing the resolutions of hatred we have seen taken, began to retreat, the lady hesitated a moment, and then, forgetting all the purport of her soliloquy, dismissed her woman again, with orders to bid Tom attend her in the parlour, whither she now hastened to acquaint Pamela with the news. Pamela said, She could not believe it; for she had never heard that her mother had lost any child, or that she had any more than Joseph and herself. The lady flew into a very violent rage with her, and talked of upstarts and disowning relations who had so lately been on a level with her. Pamela made no answer; but her husband, taking up her cause, severely reprimanded his aunt for her behaviour to his wife: he told her, If it had been earlier in the evening, she should not have staid a moment longer in her house; that he was convinced if this young woman could be proved her sister, she would readily embrace her as such; and he himself would do the same. He then desired the fellow might be sent for, and the young woman with him; which Lady Booby immediately ordered; and thinking proper to make some apology to Pamela for what she had said, it was readily accepted, and all things reconciled.

The pedlar now attended, as did Fanny and Joseph, who would not quit her: the parson likewise was induced, not only by curiosity, of which he had no small portion, but his duty, as he apprehended it, to follow them; for he continued all the way to exhort them, who were now breaking their hearts, to offer up thanksgivings, and be joyful for so miraculous an escape.

When they arrived at Booby-Hall, they were presently called into the parlour, where the pedlar repeated the same story he had told before, and insisted on the truth of every circumstance; so that all who heard him were extremely well satisfied of the truth, except Pamela, who imagined, as she had never heard either of her parents mention such an accident, that it must be certainly false; and except the Lady Booby, who suspected the falsehood of the story from her ardent desire that it should be true; and Joseph, who feared its truth, from his earnest wishes that it might prove false.

Mr. Booby now desired them all to suspend their curiosity and absolute belief or disbelief, till the next morning, when he expected old Mr. Andrews and his wife to fetch himself and Pamela home in his coach, and then they might be certain of certainly knowing the truth or falsehood of this relation; in which, he said, as there were many strong circumstances to induce their credit, so he could not perceive any interest the pedlar could have in inventing it, or in endeavouring to impose such a falsehood on them.

The Lady Booby, who was very little used to such company, entertained them all — viz. her nephew, his wife, her brother and sister, the beau, and the parson, with great good-humour at her own table. As to the pedlar, she ordered him to be made as welcome as possible by her servants. All the company in the parlour, except the disappointed lovers, who sat sullen and silent, were full of mirth; for Mr. Booby had prevailed on Joseph to ask Mr. Didapper's pardon, with which he was perfectly satisfied. Many jokes passed between the beau and the parson, chiefly on each other's dress; these afforded much diversion to the company. Pamela chid her brother Joseph for the concern which he expressed at discovering a new sister. She said, If he loved Fanny as he ought, with a pure affection, he had no reason to lament being related to her.—Upon which Adams began to discourse on Platonic love; whence he made a quick transition to the joys in the next world, and concluded with strongly asserting, that there was no such thing as pleasure in this. At which Pamela and her husband smiled on one another.

This happy pair proposing to retire, (for no other person

gave the least symptom of desiring rest,) they all repaired to several beds provided for them in the same house; nor was Adams himself suffered to go home, it being a stormy night. Fanny, indeed, often begged she might go home with the parson; but her stay was so strongly insisted on, that she at last, by Joseph's advice, consented.

CHAPTER XIV.

Containing several curious night adventures, in which Mr. Adams fell into many hair-breadth escapes, partly owing to his goodness, and partly to his inadvertency.

About an hour after they had all separated, (it being now past three in the morning,) Beau Didapper, whose passion for Fanny permitted him not to close his eyes, but had employed his imagination in contrivances how to satisfy his desires, at last hit on a method by which he hoped to effect it. He had ordered his servant to bring him word where Fanny lay, and had received his information; he therefore arose, put on his breeches and night-gown, and stole softly along the gallery which led to her apartment; and being come to the door, as he imagined it, he opened it with the least noise possible, and entered the chamber. A savour now invaded his nostrils, which he did not expect in the room of so sweet a young creature, and which might have probably had no good effect on a cooler lover. However, he groped out the bed with difficulty, for there was not a glimpse of light, and opening the curtains, he whispered in Joseph's voice, (for he was an excellent mimic,) "Fanny, my angel; I am come to inform thee, that I have discovered the falsehood of the story we last night heard. I am no longer thy brother, but thy lover; nor will I be delayed the enjoyment of thee one moment longer. You have sufficient assurances of my constancy not to doubt my marrying you, and it would be want of love to deny me the possession of thy charms"—So saying, he disencumbered himself from the little clothes he had on, and leaping into bed, embraced his angel, as he conceived her, with great rapture. If he was surprised at receiving no answer, he was no less

pleased to find his hug returned with equal ardour. He remained not long in this sweet confusion; for both he and his paramour presently discovered their error. Indeed it was no other than the accomplished Slipslop whom he had engaged; but though she immediately knew the person whom she had mistaken for Joseph, he was at a loss to guess at the representative of Fanny. He had so little seen or taken notice of this gentlewoman, that light itself would have afforded him no assistance in his conjecture. Beau Didapper no sooner had perceived his mistake, than he attempted to escape from the bed with much greater haste than he had made to it: but the watchful Slipslop prevented him. For that prudent woman being disappointed of those delicious offerings which her fancy had promised her pleasure, resolved to make an immediate sacrifice to her virtue. Indeed, she wanted an opportunity to heal some wounds, which her late conduct had, she feared, given her reputation; and as she had a wonderful presence of mind, she conceived the person of the unfortunate beau to be luckily thrown in her way to restore her lady's opinion of her impregnable chastity. At that instant, therefore, when he offered to leap from the bed, she caught fast hold of his shirt, at the same time roaring out, "O thou villain! who hast attacked my chastity, and, I believe, ruined me in my sleep; I will swear a rape against thee, I will prosecute thee with the utmost vengeance." The beau attempted to get loose, but she held him fast, and when he struggled, she cried out, "Murder! murder! rape! robbery! ruin!" At which words, Parson Adams, who lay in the next chamber, wakeful, and meditating on the pedlar's discovery, jumping out of bed, without staying to put a rag of clothes on, hastened into the apartment whence the cries proceeded. He made directly to the bed in the dark, where laying hold of the beau's skin, (for Slipslop had torn his shirt almost off,) and finding his skin extremely soft, and hearing him in a low voice begging Slipslop to let him go, he no longer doubted but that this was the young woman in danger of ravishing, and immediately falling on the bed, and laying hold on Slipslop's chin, where he found a rough beard, his belief was confirmed; he therefore rescued the beau, who presently made his escape, and then turning towards Slipslop,

received such a cuff on his chops, that his wrath kindling instantly, he offered to return the favour so stoutly, that had poor Slipslop received the fist, which in the dark passed by her and fell on the pillow, she would most probably have given up the ghost.

Adams, missing his blow, fell directly on Slipslop, who cuffed and scratched as well as she could; nor was he behindhand with her in his endeavours; but happily the darkness of the night befriended her. She then cried, she was a woman; but Adams answered, she was rather the devil, and if she was, he would grapple with him; and being again irritated by another stroke on his chops, he gave her such a remembrance in the guts, that she began to roar loud enough to be heard all over the house. Adams then, seizing her by the hair, (for her double-clout had fallen off in the scuffle,) pinned her head down to the bolster, and then both called for lights together. The Lady Booby, who was as wakeful as any of her guests, had been alarmed from the beginning; and being a woman of a bold spirit, she slipped on a night-gown, petticoat, and slippers, and taking a candle, which always burnt in her chamber, in her hand, she walked undauntedly to Slipslop's room; where she entered just at the instant as Adams had discovered, by the two mountains which Slipslop carried before her, that he was concerned with a female. He then concluded her to be a witch, and said, he fancied those breasts gave suck to a legion of devils. Slipslop, seeing Lady Booby enter the room, cried Help! or I am ravished, with a most audible voice; and Adams, perceiving the light, turned hastily, and saw the lady, (as she did him,) just as she came to the feet of the bed; nor did her modesty, when she found the naked condition of Adams, suffer her to approach farther. — She then began to revile the parson as the wickedest of all men, and particularly railed at his impudence in choosing her house for the scene of his debaucheries, and her own woman for the object of his bestiality. Poor Adams had before discovered the countenance of his bedfellow, and now, first recollecting he was naked, he was no less confounded than Lady Booby herself, and immediately whipt under the bed-clothes, whence the chaste Slipslop endeavoured in vain to shut him out.

Then putting forth his head, on which, by way of ornament, he wore a flannel nightcap, he protested his innocence, and asked ten thousand pardons of Mrs. Slipslop, for the blows he had struck her, vowing he had mistaken her for a witch. Lady Booby then casting her eyes on the ground, observed something sparkle with great lustre, which, when she had taken it up, appeared to be a very fine pair of diamond buttons for the sleeves. A little farther she saw lie the sleeve itself of a shirt with laced ruffles. "Heyday!" says she, "what is the meaning of this?"—"O, madam!" says Slipslop, "I don't know what hath happened, I have been so terrified. Here may have been a dozen men in the room."—"To whom belongs this laced shirt and jewels!" says the lady.—"Undoubtedly," cries the parson, "to the young gentleman whom I mistook for a woman on coming into the room, whence proceeded all the subsequent mistakes; for if I had suspected him for a man, I would have seized him, had he been another Hercules, though indeed, he seems rather to resemble Hylas." He then gave an account of the reason of his rising from bed, and the rest, till the lady came into the room; at which, and the figures of Slipslop and her gallant, whose heads only were visible at the opposite corners of the bed, she could not refrain from laughter; nor did Slipslop persist in accusing the parson of any motions towards a rape. The lady therefore desired him to return to his bed as soon as she was departed, and then ordering Slipslop to rise and attend her in her own room, she returned herself thither.

When she was gone, Adams renewed his petitions for pardon to Mrs. Slipslop, who, with a most Christian temper, not only forgave, but began to move with much courtesy towards him, which he taking as a hint to begone, immediately quitted the bed, and made the best of his way towards his own; but unluckily, instead of turning to the right, he turned to the left, and went to the apartment where Fanny lay, who (as the reader may remember) had not slept a wink the preceding night, and who was so hagged out with what had happened to her in the day, that, notwithstanding all thoughts of her Joseph, she was fallen into so profound a sleep, that all the noise in the adjoining room had not been able to disturb her. Adams groped

out the bed, and turning the clothes down softly, a custom Mrs. Adams had long accustomed him to, crept in, and deposited his carcase on the bed-post, a place which that good woman had always assigned him.

As the cat or lap-dog of some lovely nymph, for whom ten thousand lovers languish, lies quietly by the side of the charming maid, and, ignorant of the scene of delight on which they repose, meditates the future capture of a mouse, or surprisal of a plate of bread and butter; so Adams lay by the side of Fanny, ignorant of the paradise to which he was so near; nor could the emanation of sweets which flowed from her breath, overpower the fumes of tobacco which played in the parson's nostrils. And now sleep had not overtaken the good man, when Joseph, who had secretly appointed Fanny to come to her at the break of day, rapped softly at the chamber door, which, when he had repeated twice, Adams cried, Come in, whoever you are. Joseph thought he had mistaken the door, though she had given him the most exact directions; however, knowing his friend's voice, he opened it, and saw some female vestments lying on a chair. Fanny waking at the same instant, and stretching out her hands on Adams's beard, she cried out, "O heavens! where am I?"—"Bless me! where am I?" said the parson. Then Fanny screamed, Adams leaped out of bed, and Joseph stood, as the tragedians call it, like the statue of surprise. "How came she into my room?" cried Adams. "How came you into hers?" cries Joseph in an astonishment. "I know nothing of the matter," answered Adams, "but that she is a vestal for me. As I am a Christian I know not whether she is a man or a woman. He is an infidel who doth not believe in witchcraft. They as surely exist now as in the days of Saul. My clothes are bewitched away too, and Fanny's brought into their place." For he still insisted he was in his own apartment; but Fanny denied it vehemently, and said, his attempting to persuade Joseph of such a falsehood, convinced her of his wicked designs. "How!" said Joseph in a rage, "hath he offered any rudeness to you?" —She answered, She could not accuse him of any more than villanously stealing to bed to her, which she thought rudeness sufficient, and what no man would do without a wicked intention.

Joseph's great opinion of Adams was not easily to be staggered, and when he heard from Fanny, that no harm had happened, he grew a little cooler; yet still he was confounded, and as he knew the house, and that the women's apartments were on this side Mrs. Slipslop's room, and the men's on the other, he was convinced that he was in Fanny's chamber. Assuring Adams therefore of this truth, he begged him to give some account how he came there. Adams then, standing in his shirt, which did not offend Fanny, as the curtains of the bed were drawn, related all that had happened; and when he had ended, Joseph told him, it was plain he had mistaken, by turning to the right instead of the left. "Odso!" cries Adams, "that's true: as sure as sixpence, you have hit on the very thing." He then traversed the room, rubbing his hands, and begged Fanny's pardon, assuring her he did not know whether she was man or woman. That innocent creature, firmly believing all he said, told him, she was no longer angry, and begged Joseph to conduct him into his own apartment, where he should stay himself till she had put her clothes on. Joseph and Adams accordingly departed, and the latter soon was convinced of the mistake he had committed; however, whilst he was dressing himself, he often asserted, he believed in the power of witchcraft notwithstanding, and did not see how a Christian could deny it

CHAPTER XV.

The arrival of gaffer and gammer Andrews, with another person not much expected; and a perfect solution of the difficulties raised by the pedlar.

As soon as Fanny was dressed, Joseph returned to her, and they had a long conversation together, the conclusion of which was, that if they found themselves to be really brother and sister, they vowed a perpetual celibacy, and to live together all their days, and indulge a Platonic friendship for each other.

The company were all very merry at breakfast, and Joseph and Fanny rather more cheerful than the preceding night. The Lady Booby produced the diamond button, which the beau most readily owned, and alleged that he was very subject to walk in his sleep. Indeed, he was far from being ashamed of

his amour, and rather endeavoured to insinuate that more than was really true had passed between him and the fair Slipslop.

Their tea was scarce over, when news came of the arrival of old Mr. Andrews and his wife. They were immediately introduced, and kindly received by the Lady Booby, whose heart went now pit-a-pat, as did those of Joseph and Fanny. They felt perhaps little less anxiety in this interval than Œdipus himself, whilst his fate was revealing.

Mr. Booby first opened the cause, by informing the old gentleman that he had a child in the company more than he knew of, and taking Fanny by the hand, told him, This was that daughter of his who had been stolen away by gipsies in her infancy. Mr. Andrews, after expressing some astonishment, assured his honour that he had never lost a daughter by gipsies, nor ever had any other children than Joseph and Pamela. These words were a cordial to the two lovers; but had a different effect on Lady Booby. She ordered the pedlar to be called, who recounted his story as he had done before. At the end of which, old Mrs. Andrews, running to Fanny, embraced her, crying out, "She is, she is my child!" The company were all amazed at this disagreement between the man and his wife; and the blood had now forsaken the cheeks of the lovers, when the old woman turning to her husband, who was more surprised than all the rest, and having a little recovered her own spirits, delivered herself as follows: "You may remember, my dear, when you went a sergeant to Gibraltar, you left me big with child; you staid abroad, you know, upwards of three years. In your absence I was brought to bed, I verily believe, of this daughter; whom I am sure I have reason to remember, for I suckled her at this very breast till the day she was stolen from me. One afternoon, when the child was about a year, or a year and a half old, or thereabouts, two gipsy women came to the door, and offered to tell my fortune. One of them had a child in her lap. I showed them my hand and desired to know if you was ever to come home again, which I remember as well as if it was but yesterday: they faithfully promised me that you should.

"I left the girl in the cradle, and went to draw them a cup of liquor, the best I had: when I returned with the pot, (I am

sure I was not absent longer than whilst I am telling it to you,) the women were gone. I was afraid they had stolen something, and looked, and looked, but to no purpose, and heaven knows I had very little for them to steal. At last, hearing the child cry in the cradle, I went to take it up—but, O the living! how was I surprised to find, instead of my own girl, that I had put into the cradle, who was as fine a fat thriving child as you shall see in a summer's day, a poor, sickly boy, that did not seem to have an hour to live. I ran out, pulling my hair off, and crying like any mad after the women, but never could hear a word of them from that day to this. When I came back, the poor infant, (which is our Joseph there, as stout as he now stands,) lifted up its eyes upon me so piteously, that to be sure, notwithstanding my passion, I could not find in my heart to do it any mischief. A neighbour of mine, happening to come in at the same time, and hearing the case, advised me to take care of this poor child, and God would perhaps one day restore me my own. Upon which, I took the child up, and suckled it, to be sure, all the world as if it had been born of my own natural body; and, as true as I am alive, in a little time I loved the boy all to nothing, as if it had been my own girl. Well, as I was saying, times growing very hard, I having two children, and nothing but my own work, which was little enough, God knows, to maintain them, was obliged to ask relief of the parish; but, instead of giving it me, they removed me, by justices' warrants, fifteen miles, to the place where I now live, where I had not been long settled, before you came home. Joseph, (for that was the name I gave him myself—the Lord knows whether he was baptized or no, or by what name,) Joseph, I say, seemed to me about five years old when you returned; for I believe he is two or three years older than our daughter here, (for I am thoroughly convinced she is the same,) and when you saw him, you said he was a chopping boy, without ever minding his age; and so I, seeing you did not suspect any thing of the matter, thought I might e'en as well keep it to myself, for fear you should not love him as well as I did. And all this is veritably true, and I will take my oath of it before any justice in the kingdom."

The pedlar, who had been summoned by the order of Lady

Booby, listened with the utmost attention to gammer Andrews' story; and when she had finished, asked her, If the supposititious child had no mark on its breast? To which she answered, "Yes, he had as fine a strawberry as ever grew in a garden." This Joseph acknowledged, and, unbuttoning his coat, at the intercession of the company, showed to them. "Well," says gaffer Andrews, who was a comical, sly old fellow, and very likely desired to have no more children than he could keep, "you have proved, I think, very plainly, that this boy doth not belong to us; but how are you certain that the girl is ours?" The parson then brought the pedlar forward, and desired him to repeat the story which he had communicated to him the preceding day at the alehouse; which he complied with, and related what the reader, as well as Mr. Adams, hath seen before. He then confirmed, from his wife's report, all the circumstances of the exchange, and of the strawberry on Joseph's breast. At the repetition of the word strawberry, Adams, who had seen it without any emotion, started, and cried, "Bless me! something comes into my head." But, before he had time to bring anything out, a servant called him forth. When he was gone, the pedlar assured Joseph, that his parents were persons of much greater circumstances than those he had hitherto mistaken for such; for that he had been stolen from a gentleman's house, by those whom they call gipsies, and had been kept by them during a whole year, when, looking on him as in a dying condition, they had exchanged him for the other healthier child, in the manner before related. He said, as to the name of his father, his wife had either never known or forgot it; but that she had acquainted him, he lived about forty miles from the place where the exchange had been made, and which way, promising to spare no pains in endeavouring with him to discover the place.

But Fortune, which seldom doth good or ill, or makes men happy or miserable by halves, resolved to spare him this labour. The reader may please to recollect, that Mr. Wilson had intended a journey to the west, in which he was to pass through Mr. Adams' parish, and had promised to call on him. He was now arrived at the Lady Booby's gates for that purpose, being directed thither from the parson's house, and had sent in

the servant whom we have above seen call Mr. Adams forth. This had no sooner mentioned the discovery of a stolen child, and had uttered the word strawberry, than Mr. Wilson, with wildness in his looks, and the utmost eagerness in his words, begged to be showed into the room, where he entered without the least regard to any of the company but Joseph, and embracing him with a complexion all pale and trembling, desired to see the mark on his breast; the parson following him capering, rubbing his hands, and crying out, *Hic est quem quæris; inventus est, &c.* Joseph complied with the request of Mr. Wilson, who no sooner saw the mark, than, abandoning himself to the most extravagant rapture of passion, he embraced Joseph with inexpressible ecstacy, and cried out in tears of joy, "I have discovered my son, I have him again in my arms!" Joseph was not sufficiently apprised yet, to taste the same delight with his father, (for so in reality he was;) however, he returned some warmth to his embraces: but he no sooner perceived, from his father's account, the agreement of every circumstance, of person, time, and place, than he threw himself at his feet, and embracing his knees, with tears, begged his blessing, which was given with much affection, and received with such respect, mixed with such tenderness on both sides, that it affected all present: but none so much as Lady Booby, who left the room in an agony, which was but too much perceived, and not very charitably accounted for by some of the company.

CHAPTER XVI.

Being the last. In which this true history is brought to a happy conclusion.

FANNY was very little behind her Joseph in the duty she expressed towards her parents, and the joy she evinced in discovering them. Gammer Andrews kissed her; and said, She was heartily glad to see her, but for her part, she could never love any one better than Joseph. Gaffer Andrews testified no remarkable emotion: he blessed and kissed her, but complained bitterly that he wanted his pipe, not having had a whiff that morning.

Mr. Booby, who knew nothing of his aunt's fondness, imputed

her abrupt departure to her pride, and disdain of the family into which he was married; he was therefore desirous to be gone with the utmost celerity: and now, having congratulated Mr. Wilson and Joseph on the discovery, he saluted Fanny, called her sister, and introduced her as such to Pamela, who behaved with great decency on the occasion.

He now sent a message to his aunt, who returned, that she wished him a good journey, but was too disordered to see any company: he therefore prepared to set out, having invited Mr. Wilson to his house; and Pamela and Joseph both so insisted on his complying, that he at last consented, having first obtained a messenger from Mr. Booby, to acquaint his wife with the news: which, as he knew it would render her completely happy, he could not prevail on himself to delay a moment in acquainting her with.

The company were ranged in this manner: the two old people with their two daughters, rode in the coach; the Squire, Mr. Wilson, Joseph, Parson Adams, and the pedlar, proceeded on horseback.

In their way Joseph informed his father of his intended match with Fanny; to which, though he expressed some reluctance at first, on the eagerness of his son's instances, he consented; saying, if she was so good a creature as she appeared, and he described her, he thought the disadvantages of birth and fortune might be compensated. He however insisted on the match being deferred, till he had seen his mother; in which Joseph perceiving him positive, with great duty obeyed him, to the great delight of Parson Adams, who by these means saw an opportunity of fulfilling the church forms, and marrying his parishioners without a licence.

Mr. Adams greatly exulting on this occasion, (for such ceremonies were matters of no small moment with him,) accidentally gave spurs to his horse, which the generous beast disdaining,—for he was of high mettle, and had been used to more expert riders than the gentleman who at present bestrode him, for whose horsemanship he had perhaps some contempt,—immediately ran away full speed, and played so many antic tricks, that he tumbled the parson from his back; which Joseph perceiving, came to his relief.

This accident afforded infinite merriment to the servants, and no less frightened poor Fanny, who beheld him as he passed by the coach; but the mirth of the one and terror of the other were soon determined, when the parson declared he had received no damage.

The horse having freed himself from his unworthy rider, as he probably thought him, proceeded to make the best of his way; but was stopped by a gentleman and his servants, who were travelling the opposite way, and were now at a little distance from the coach. They soon met; and as one of the servants delivered Adams his horse, his master hailed him, and looking up, presently recollected he was the justice of peace before whom he and Fanny had made their appearance. The parson presently saluted him very kindly; and the justice informed him, that he had found the fellow who attempted to swear against him and the young woman the very next day, and had committed him to Salisbury jail, where he was charged with many robberies.

Many compliments having passed between the parson and the justice, the latter proceeded on his journey: and the former having with some disdain refused Joseph's offer of changing horses, and declared he was as able a horseman as any in the kingdom, remounted his beast; and now the company again proceeded, and happily arrived at their journey's end. Mr. Adams, by good luck rather than by good riding, escaping a second fall.

The company arriving at Mr. Booby's house, were all received by him in the most courteous, and entertained in the most splendid manner, after the custom of the old English hospitality, which is still preserved in some very few families in the remote parts of England. They all passed that day with the utmost satisfaction; it being perhaps impossible to find any set of people more solidly and sincerely happy. Joseph and Fanny found means to be alone upwards of two hours, which were the shortest but the sweetest imaginable.

In the morning Mr. Wilson proposed to his son to make a visit with him to his mother; which, notwithstanding his dutiful inclinations, and a longing desire he had to see her, a little concerned him, as he must be obliged to leave his Fanny;

but the goodness of Mr. Booby relieved him; for he proposed to send his own coach and six for Mrs. Wilson, whom Pamela so very earnestly invited, that Mr. Wilson at length agreed with the entreaties of Mr. Booby and Joseph, and suffered the coach to go empty for his wife.

On Saturday night the coach returned with Mrs. Wilson, who added one more to this happy assembly. The reader may imagine much better and quicker too than I can describe, the many embraces and tears of joy which succeeded her arrival. It is sufficient to say, she was easily prevailed with to follow her husband's example, in consenting to the match.

On Sunday Mr. Adams performed the service at the squire's parish church, the curate of which very kindly exchanged duty, and rode twenty miles to the Lady Booby's parish so to do; being particularly charged not to omit publishing the banns, being the third and last time.

At length the happy day arrived, which was to put Joseph in the possession of all his wishes. He arose, and dressed himself in a neat but plain suit of Mr. Booby's, which exactly fitted him; for he refused all finery; as did Fanny likewise, who could be prevailed on by Pamela to attire herself in nothing richer than a white dimity nightgown. Her shift indeed, which Pamela presented her, was of the finest kind, and had an edging of lace round the bosom. She likewise equipped her with a pair of fine white thread stockings, which were all she would accept; for she wore one of her own short round-eared caps, and over it a little straw hat, lined with cherry-colored silk, and tied with a cherry-colored riband. In this dress she came forth from her chamber, blushing and breathing sweets; and was by Joseph, whose eyes sparkled fire, led to church, the whole family attending, where Mr. Adams performed the ceremony; at which nothing was so remarkable, as the extraordinary and unaffected modesty of Fanny, unless the true Christian piety of Adams, who publicly rebuked Mr. Booby and Pamela for laughing in so sacred a place and on so solemn an occasion. Our parson would have done no less to the highest prince on earth; for though he paid all submission and deference to his superiors in other matters, where the least spice of religion intervened he immediately lost all respect of

persons. It was his maxim, that he was a servant of the Highest, and could not, without departing from his duty, give up the least article of his honour or of his cause, to the greatest earthly potentate. Indeed, he always asserted, that Mr. Adams at church with his surplice on, and Mr. Adams without that ornament, in any other place, were two very different persons.

When the church rites were over, Joseph led his blooming bride back to Mr. Booby's, (for the distance was so very little they did not think proper to use a coach;) the whole company attended them likewise on foot; and now a most magnificent entertainment was provided, at which Parson Adams demonstrated an appetite surprising, as well as surpassing every one present. Indeed the only persons who betrayed any deficiency on this occasion, were those on whose account the feast was provided. They pampered their imaginations with the much more exquisite repast which the approach of night promised them; the thoughts of which filled both their minds, though with different sensations; the one all desire, while the other had her wishes tempered with fears.

At length, after a day passed with the utmost merriment, corrected by the strictest decency; in which, however, parson Adams, being well filled with ale and pudding, had given a loose to more facetiousness than was usual to him; the happy, the blessed moment arrived, when Fanny retired with her mother, her mother-in-law, and her sister.

She was soon undressed; for she had no jewels to deposit in their caskets, nor fine laces to fold with the nicest exactness. Undressing to her was properly discovering, not putting off ornaments; for as all her charms were the gift of nature, she could divest herself of none. — How, reader, shall I give thee an adequate idea of this lovely young creature? the bloom of roses and lilies might a little illustrate her complexion, or their smell her sweetness: but to comprehend her entirely, conceive youth, health, bloom, neatness, and innocence, in her bridal bed; conceive all these in their utmost perfection, and you may place the charming Fanny's picture before your eyes.

Joseph no sooner heard she was in bed, than he fled with the utmost eagerness to her. A minute carried him into her arms,

where we shall leave this happy couple to enjoy the private rewards of their constancy; rewards so great and sweet, that I apprehend Joseph neither envied the noblest duke, nor Fanny the finest duchess, that night.

The third day, Mr. Wilson and his wife, with their son and daughter, returned home; where they now live together in a state of bliss scarce ever equalled. Mr. Booby hath with unprecedented generosity given Fanny a fortune of two thousand pounds, which Joseph had laid out in a little estate in the same parish with his father, which he now occupies, (his father having stocked it for him;) and Fanny presides with most excellent management in his dairy; where, however, she is not at present very able to bustle much, being, as Mr. Wilson informs me in his last letter, extremely big with her first child.

Mr. Booby hath presented Mr. Adams with a living of one hundred and thirty pounds a-year. He at first refused it, resolving not to quit his parishioners, with whom he had lived so long; but, on recollecting he might keep a curate at this living, he hath been lately inducted into it.

The pedlar, besides several handsome presents both from Mr. Wilson and Mr. Booby, is, by the latter's interest, made an exciseman; a trust which he discharged with such justice, that he is greatly beloved in his neighbourhood.

As for the Lady Booby, she returned to London in a few days, where a young captain of dragoons, together with eternal parties at cards, soon obliterated the memory of Joseph.

Joseph remains blessed with his Fanny, whom he dotes on with the utmost tenderness, which is all returned on her side. The happiness of this couple is a perpetual fountain of pleasure to their fond parents; and what is particularly remarkable, he declares he will imitate them in their retirement; nor will he be prevailed on by any booksellers, or their authors, to make his appearance in high life.

END OF JOSEPH ANDREWS.

HISTORY

OF

THE LIFE

OF THE LATE

MR. JONATHAN WILD

THE GREAT.

BY

HENRY FIELDING.

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MR. JONATHAN WILD THE GREAT.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

Showing the wholesome uses drawn from recording the achievements of those wonderful productions of nature called GREAT MEN.

As it is necessary that all great and surprising events, the designs of which are laid, conducted, and brought to perfection by the utmost force of human invention and art, should be produced by great and eminent men, so the lives of such may be justly and properly styled the quintessence of history. In these, when delivered to us by sensible writers, we are not only most agreeably entertained, but most usefully instructed; for besides the attaining hence a consummate knowledge of human nature in general; of its secret springs, various windings, and perplexed mazes; we have here before our eyes lively examples of whatever is amiable or detestable, worthy of admiration or abhorrence, and are consequently taught, in a manner infinitely more effectual than by precept, what we are eagerly to imitate or carefully to avoid.

But besides the two obvious advantages of surveying, as it were in a picture, the true beauty of virtue, and deformity of vice, we may moreover learn from Plutarch, Nepos, Suetonius, and other biographers, this useful lesson, not too hastily, nor in the gross, to bestow either our praise or censure; since we shall often find such a mixture of good and evil in the same character, that it may require a very accurate judgment in a very elaborate inquiry to determine on which side the balance turns: for though we sometimes meet with an Aristides or a

Brutus, a Lysander or a Nero, yet far the greater number are of the mixed kind; neither totally good nor bad; their greatest virtues being obscured and alloyed by their vices, and those again softened and coloured over by their virtues.

Of this kind was the illustrious person whose history we now undertake; to whom, though nature had given the greatest and most shining endowments, she had not given them absolutely pure and without alloy. Though he had much of the admirable in his character, as much perhaps as is usually to be found in a hero, I will not yet venture to affirm that he was entirely free from all defects, or that the sharp eyes of censure could not spy out some little blemishes lurking amongst his many great perfections.

We would not therefore be understood to affect giving the reader a perfect or consummate pattern of human excellence; but rather, by faithfully recording some little imperfections, which shadowed over the lustre of those great qualities which we shall here record, to teach the lesson we have above mentioned; to induce our reader with us to lament the frailty of human nature, and to convince him that no mortal, after a thorough scrutiny, can be a proper object of our adoration.

But before we enter on this great work, we must endeavour to remove some errors of opinion which mankind have, by the disingenuity of writers, contracted: for these, from their fear of contradicting the obsolete and absurd doctrines of a set of simple fellows, called, in derision, sages or philosophers, have endeavoured, as much as possible, to confound the ideas of greatness and goodness; whereas no two things can possibly be more distinct from each other: for greatness consists in bringing all manner of mischief on mankind, and goodness in removing it from them. It seems therefore very unlikely that the same person should possess them both; and yet nothing is more usual with writers, who find many instances of greatness in their favourite hero, than to make him a compliment of goodness into the bargain; and this, without considering that by such means they destroy the great perfection called uniformity of character. In the history of Alexander and Cæsar, we are frequently, and indeed impertinently, reminded of their benevolence and generosity, of their clemency and kindness.

When the former had with fire and sword overrun a vast empire, had destroyed the lives of an immense number of innocent wretches, had scattered ruin and desolation like a whirlwind, we are told, as an example of his clemency, that he did not cut the throat of an old woman, and ravish her daughters, but was content with only undoing them. And when the mighty Cæsar, with wonderful greatness of mind, had destroyed the liberties of his country, and with all the means of fraud and force had placed himself at the head of his equals, had corrupted and enslaved the greatest people whom the sun ever saw; we are reminded, as an evidence of his generosity, of his largesses to his followers and tools, by whose means he had accomplished his purpose, and by whose assistance he was to establish it.

Now, who doth not see that such sneaking qualities as these are rather to be bewailed as imperfections, than admired as ornaments in these great men; rather obscuring their glory, and holding them back in their race to greatness, indeed unworthy the end for which they seem to have come into the world, viz., of perpetrating vast and mighty mischief?

We hope our reader will have reason justly to acquit us of any such confounding ideas in the following pages, in which, as we are to record the actions of a great man, so we have no where mentioned any spark of goodness, which had discovered itself either faintly in him, or more glaringly in any other person, but as a meanness and imperfection, disqualifying them for undertakings which lead to honour and esteem among men.

As our hero had as little as perhaps is to be found of that meanness, indeed only enough to make him partaker of the imperfection of humanity, instead of the perfection of Diabolism, we have ventured to call him *The Great;* nor do we doubt but our reader, when he hath perused his story, will concur with us in allowing him that title.

CHAPTER II.

Giving an account of as many of our hero's ancestors as can be gathered out of the rubbish of antiquity, which hath been carefully sifted for that purpose.

It is the custom of all biographers, at their entrance into their work, to step a little backwards, (as far, indeed, generally, as they are able,) and to trace up their hero, as the ancients did the river Nile, till an incapacity of proceeding higher puts an end to their search.

What first gave rise to this method, is somewhat difficult to determine. Sometimes I have thought that the hero's ancestors have been introduced as foils to himself. Again, I have imagined it might be to obviate a suspicion that such extraordinary personages were not produced in the ordinary course of nature, and may have proceeded from the author's fear, that if we were not told who their fathers were, they might be in danger, like Prince Prettyman, of being supposed to have had none. Lastly, and perhaps more truly, I have conjectured, that the design of the biographer hath been no more than to show his great learning and knowledge of antiquity. A design to which the world hath probably owed many notable discoveries, and indeed most of the labours of our antiquarians.

But whatever original this custom had, it is now too well established to be disputed. I shall therefore conform to it in the strictest manner.

Mr. Jonathan Wild, or Wyld, then, (for he himself did not always agree in one method of spelling his name,) was descended from the great Wolfstan Wild, who came over with Hengist, and distinguished himself very eminently at that famous festival, where the Britons were so treacherously murdered by the Saxons; for when the word was given, *i. e.*, *Nemet eour Saxes, take out your swords*, this gentleman being a little hard of hearing, mistook the sound for *Nemet her Sacs, Take out their purses;* instead therefore of applying to the throat, he immediately applied to the pocket of his guest, and contented himself with taking all that he had, without attempting his life.

The next ancestor of our hero, who was remarkably eminent,

was Wild, surnamed Langfanger, or Longfinger. He flourished in the reign of Henry III., and was strictly attached to Hubert de Burgh, whose friendship he was recommended to by his great excellence in an art, of which Hubert was himself the inventor; he could, without the knowledge of the proprietor, with great ease and dexterity, draw forth a man's purse from any part of his garment where it was deposited, and hence he derived his surname. This gentleman was the first of his family who had the honour to suffer for the good of his country; on whom a wit of that time made the following ehitaph:

O shame o' Justice, Wild is hang'd,
For thatten he a pocket fang'd,
While safe old Hubert, and his gang,
Doth pocket o' the nation fang.

Langfanger left a son named Edward, whom he had carefully instructed in the art for which he himself was so famous. This Edward had a grandson, who served as a volunteer under the famous Sir John Falstaff, and by his gallant demeanour, so recommended himself to his captain, that he would have certainly been promoted by him, had Harry the fifth kept his word with his old companion.

After the death of Edward, the family remained in some obscurity down to the reign of Charles the first, when James Wild distinguished himself on both sides the question in the civil wars, passing from one to t'other, as heaven seemed to declare itself in favour of either party. At the end of the war, James not being rewarded according to his merits, as is usually the case of such impartial persons, he associated himself with a brave man of those times, whose name was Hind, and declared open war with both parties. He was successful in several actions, and spoiled many of the enemy; till at length, being overpowered and taken, he was, contrary to the law of arms, put basely and cowardly to death, by a combination between twelve men of the enemy's party, who, after some consultation, unanimously agreed on the said murder.

This Edward took to wife Rebecca the daughter of the above mentioned John Hind, Esq. by whom he had issue John, Edward, Thomas, and Jonathan, and three daughters, namely Grace, Charity, and Honour. John followed the fortunes of

his father, and suffering with him, left no issue. Edward was so remarkable for his compassionate temper, that he spent his life in soliciting the causes of the distressed captives in Newgate, and is reported to have held a strict friendship with an eminent divine, who solicited the spiritual causes of the said captives. He married Editha, daughter and coheiress of Geoffry Snap, Gent. who long enjoyed an office under the high sheriff of London and Middlesex, by which, with great reputation, he acquired a handsome fortune: by her he had no issue. Thomas went very young abroad to one of our American colonies, and hath not been since heard of. As for the daughters, Grace was married to a merchant of Yorkshire, who dealt in horses. Charity took to husband an eminent gentleman, whose name I cannot learn; but who was famous for so friendly a disposition, that he was bail for a hundred persons in one year. He had likewise a remarkable humour of walking in Westminster-hall with a straw in his shoe. Honour, the youngest, died unmarried. She lived many years in this town, was a great frequenter of plays, and used to be remarkable for distributing oranges to all who would accept of them.

Jonathan married Elizabeth, daughter of Scragg Hollow, of Hockley in the Hole, Esq. and by her had Jonathan, who is the illustrious subject of these memoirs.

CHAPTER III.

The birth, parentage, and education of Mr. Jonathan Wild the Great.

It is observable that nature seldom produces any one who is afterwards to act a notable part on the stage of life, but she gives some warning of her intention; and as the dramatic poet generally prepares the entry of every considerable character, with a solemn narrative, or at least a great flourish of drums and trumpets; so doth this our *Alma Mater* by some shrewd hints pre-admonish us of her intention, giving us warning as it were, and crying:

——Venienti occurrite morbo.

Thus Astyages, who was the grandfather of Cyrus, dreamt that his daughter was brought to bed of a vine, whose branches

overspread all Asia; and Hecuba, while big with Paris, dreamt that she was delivered of a firebrand that set all Troy in flames; so did the mother of our Great Man, while she was with child of him, dream that she was enjoyed in the night by the gods Mercury and Priapus. This dream puzzled all the learned astrologers of her time, seeming to imply in it a contradiction; Mercury being the god of ingenuity, and Priapus the terror of those who practised it. What made this dream the more wonderful, and perhaps the true cause of its being remembered, was a very extraordinary circumstance, sufficiently denoting something preternatural in it; for though she had never heard even the name of either of these gods, she repeated these very words in the morning, with only a small mistake of the quantity of the latter, which she chose to call *Priăpus*, instead of *Priāpus;* and her husband swore that though he might possibly have named Mercury to her, (for he had heard of such an heathen god,) he never in his life could have any wise put her in mind of that other deity, with whom he had no acquaintance.

Another remarkable incident was, that during her whole pregnancy she constantly longed for every thing she saw; nor could be satisfied with her wish unless she enjoyed it clandestinely; and as nature, by true and accurate observers, is remarked to give us no appetites without furnishing us with the means of gratifying them; so had she at this time a most marvellous glutinous quality attending her fingers, to which, as to birdlime, every thing closely adhered that she handled.

To omit other stories, some of which may be perhaps the growth of superstition, we proceed to the birth of our hero, who made his first appearance on this great theatre, the very day when the plague first broke out in 1665. Some say his mother was delivered of him in an house of an orbicular, or round form, in Covent-Garden; but of this we are not certain. He was some years afterwards baptized by the famous Mr. Titus Oates.

Nothing very remarkable passed in his years of infancy, save, that as the letters *Th* are the most difficult of pronounciation, and the last which a child attains to the utterance of, so they were the first that came with any readiness from young master

Wild. Nor must we omit the early indications which he gave of the sweetness of his temper; for though he was by no means to be terrified into compliance, yet might he by a sugarplum be brought to your purpose: indeed, to say the truth, he was to be bribed to any thing, which made many say, he was certainly born to be a Great Man.

He was scarce settled at school before he gave marks of his lofty and aspiring temper; and was regarded by all his schoolfellows with that deference which men generally pay to those superior geniuses who will exact it of them. If an orchard was to be robbed, Wild was consulted, and though he was himself seldom concerned in the execution of the design, yet was he always concerter of it, and treasurer of the booty; some little part of which he would now and then, with wonderful generosity, bestow on those who took it. He was generally very secret on these occasions; but if any one offered to plunder of his own head, without acquainting master Wild, and making a deposit of the booty, he was sure to have an information against him lodged with the schoolmaster, and to be severely punished for his pains.

He discovered so little attention to school learning, that his master, who was a very wise and worthy man, soon gave over all care and trouble on that account, and acquainting his parents that their son proceeded extremely well in his studies, he permitted his pupil to follow his own inclinations; perceiving they led him to nobler pursuits than the sciences; which are generally acknowledged to be a very unprofitable study, and indeed greatly to hinder the advancement of men in the world; but though master Wild was not esteemed the readiest at making his exercise, he was universally allowed to be the most dexterous at stealing it of all his schoolfellows: being never detected in such furtive compositions, nor indeed in any other exercitations of his great talents, which all inclined the same way, but once when he had laid violent hands on a book called *Gradus ad Parnassum*, i. e. *A step towards Parnassus:* on which account his master, who was a man of most wonderful wit and sagacity, is said to have told him, he wished it might not prove in the event *Gradus ad Patibulum*, i. e. *A step towards the gallows.*

But though he would not give himself the pains requisite to acquire a competent sufficiency in the learned languages, yet did he readily listen with attention to others, especially when they translated the classical authors to him; nor was he in the least backward, at all such times, to express his approbation. He was wonderfully pleased with that passage in the eleventh Iliad, where Achilles is said to have bound two sons of Priam upon a mountain, and afterwards to have released them for a sum of money. This was, he said, alone sufficient to refute those who affected a contempt for the wisdom of the ancients, and an undeniable testimony of the great antiquity of Priggism.* He was ravished with the account which Nestor gives, in the same book, of the rich booty which he bore off (*i. e.* stole) from the Eleans. He was desirous of having this often repeated to him; and, at the end of every repetition, he constantly fetched a deep sigh, and said, *It was a glorious booty.*

When the story of Cacus was read to him, out of the eighth Æneid, he generously pitied the unhappy fate of that great man, to whom he thought Hercules much too severe; one of his schoolfellows commending the dexterity of drawing the oxen backward by their tails into his den, he smiled, and with some disdain said, *he could have taught him a better way.*

He was a passionate admirer of heroes, particularly of Alexander the Great, between whom and the late king of Sweden he would frequently draw parallels. He was much delighted with the accounts of the Czar's retreat from the latter, who carried off the inhabitants of great cities, to people his own country. *This*, he said, *was not once thought of by* Alexander; but added, *perhaps he did not want them.*

Happy had it been for him, if he had confined himself to this sphere; but his chief, if not only blemish, was, that he would sometimes, from a humility in his nature, too pernicious to true greatness, condescend to an intimacy with inferior things and persons. Thus, the Spanish Rogue was his favourite book, and the Cheats of Scapin his favourite play.

The young gentleman being now at the age of seventeen, his father, from a foolish prejudice to our universities, and out of a false as well as excessive regard to his morals, brought

* This word, in the cant language, signifies thievery.

his son to town, where he resided with him till he was of an age to travel. Whilst he was here, all imaginable care was taken of his instruction, his father endeavouring his utmost to inculcate principles of honour and gentility into his son.

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Wild's first entrance into the world. His acquaintance with Count La Ruse.

AN accident happened soon after his arrival in town, which almost saved the father his whole labour on this head, and provided Master Wild a better tutor than any after-care or expense could have furnished him with. The old gentleman, it seems, was a FOLLOWER of the fortunes of Mr. Snap, son of Mr. Geoffry Snap, whom we have before mentioned to have enjoyed a reputable office under the sheriff of London and Middlesex, and the daughter of which Geoffry had intermarried with the Wilds. Mr. Snap the younger, being thereto well warranted, had laid violent hands on, or, as the vulgar express it, arrested one Count La Ruse, a man of considerable figure in those days, and confined him to his own house, till he could find two seconds, who would, in a formal manner, give their words that the count should, to a certain day and place appointed, answer all that one Thomas Thimble, a tailor, had to say to him; which Thomas Thimble, it seems, alleged that the count had, according to the law of the realm, made over his body to him, as a security for some suits of clothes, to him delivered by the said Thomas Thimble.

Now, as the count, though perfectly a man of honour, could not immediately find these seconds, he was obliged for some time to reside at Mr. Snap's house; for it seems the law of the land is, that whoever owes another 10*l.*, or indeed 2*l.*, may be, on the oath of that person, immediately taken up and carried away from his own house and family, and kept abroad till he is made to owe 50*l.*, whether he will or no; for which he is, perhaps, afterwards obliged to lie in jail; and all these without any trial had, or any other evidence of the debt than the above-said oath, which if untrue, as it often happens, you have no remedy against the perjurer; he was, forsooth, mistaken.

But though Mr. Snap would not, (as perhaps by the nice rules of honour he was obliged,) discharge the count on his parole; yet did he not, (as by the strict rules of law he was enabled,) confine him in his chamber. The count had his liberty of the whole house, and Mr. Snap using only the precaution of keeping his doors well locked and barred, took his prisoner's word that he would not go forth.

Mr. Snap had by his second lady two daughters, who were now in the bloom of their youth and beauty. These young ladies, like damsels in romance, compassionated the captive count, and endeavoured by all means to make his confinement less irksome to him; which, though they were both very beautiful, they could not attain by any other way so effectually, as by engaging with him at cards, in which contentions, as will appear hereafter, the count was greatly skilful.

As whist and swabbers was the game then in the chief vogue, they were obliged to look for a fourth person, in order to make up their parties. Mr. Snap himself would sometimes relax his mind, from the violent fatigues of his employment, by these recreations; and sometimes a neighbouring gentleman, or lady, came in to their assistance: but the most frequent guest was young Master Wild, who had been educated from his infancy with the Miss Snaps, and was, by all the neighbours, allotted for the husband of Miss Tishy, or Letitia, the younger of the two; for though, being his cousin-german, she was perhaps, in the eye of a strict conscience, somewhat too nearly related to him, yet the old people on both sides, though sufficiently scrupulous in nice matters, agreed to overlook this objection.

Men of great genius as easily discover one another, as freemasons can. It was therefore no wonder that the count soon conceived an inclination to an intimacy with our young hero, whose vast abilities could not be concealed from one of the count's discernment: for though this latter was so expert at his cards, that he was proverbially said to *play the whole game*, he was no match for Master Wild, who, inexperienced as he was, notwithstanding all the art, the dexterity, and often the fortune of his adversary, never failed to send him away from the table with less in his pocket than he brought to it, for indeed Langfanger himself could not have extracted a purse with more ingenuity than our young hero.

His hands made frequent visits to the count's pocket, before the latter had entertained any suspicion of him, imputing the several losses he sustained rather to the innocent and sprightly frolic of Miss Doshy, or Theodosia, with which, as she indulged him with little innocent freedoms about her person in return, he thought himself obliged to be contented; but one night, when Wild imagined the count asleep, he made so unguarded an attack upon him, that the other caught him in the fact: however, he did not think proper to acquaint him with the discovery he had made; but, preventing him from any booty at that time, he only took care for the future to button his pockets, and to pack the cards with double industry.

So far was this detection from causing any quarrel between these two prigs, [thieves,] that in reality it recommended them to each other: for a wise man, that is to say a rogue, considers a trick in life as a gamester doth a trick at play. It sets him on his guard; but he admires the dexterity of him who plays it. These, therefore, and many other such instances of ingenuity, operated so violently on the count, that notwithstanding the disparity which age, title, and above all, dress, had set between them, he resolved to enter into an acquaintance with Wild. This soon produced a perfect intimacy, and that a friendship, which had a longer duration than is common to that passion between persons who only propose to themselves the common advantages of eating, drinking, whoring, or borrowing money: which ends, if they soon fail, so doth the friendship founded upon them. Mutual interest, the greatest of all purposes, was the cement of this alliance, which nothing of consequence, but superior interest, was capable of dissolving.

CHAPTER V.

A dialogue between young Master Wild and Count La Ruse, which, having extended to the rejoinder, had a very quiet, easy, and natural conclusion.

One evening, after the Miss Snaps were retired to rest, the count thus addressed himself to young Wild: "You cannot, I apprehend, Mr. Wild, be such a stranger to your own great capacity, as to be surprised when I tell you I have often viewed,

with a mixture of astonishment and concern, your shining qualities confined to a sphere where they can never reach the eyes of those who would introduce them properly into the world, and raise you to an eminence, where you may blaze out to the admiration of all men. I assure you I am pleased with my captivity, when I reflect I am likely to owe to it an acquaintance, and I hope friendship, with the greatest genius of my age; and, what is still more, when I indulge my vanity with a prospect of drawing from obscurity, (pardon the expression,) such talents as were, I believe, never before like to have been buried in it; for I make no question, but, at my discharge from confinement, which will now soon happen, I shall be able to introduce you into company, where you may reap the advantage of your superior parts.

"I will bring you acquainted, sir, with those, who as they are capable of setting a true value on such qualifications, so they will have it both in their power and inclination to prefer you for them. Such an introduction is the only advantage you want, without which your merit might be your misfortune; for those abilities which would entitle you to honour and profit in a superior station, may render you only obnoxious to danger and disgrace in a lower."

Mr. Wild answered: "Sir, I am not insensible of my obligations to you, as well for the overvalue you have set on my small abilities, as for the kindness you express in offering to introduce me among my superiors. I must own, my father hath often persuaded me to push myself into the company of my betters; but, to say the truth, I have an awkward pride in my nature, which is better pleased with being at the head of the lowest class, than at the bottom of the highest. Permit me to say, though the idea may be somewhat coarse, I had rather stand on the summit of a dunghill, than at the bottom of a hill in Paradise; I have always thought it signifies little into what rank of life I am thrown, provided I make a great figure therein; and should be as well satisfied with exerting my talents well at the head of a small party or gang, as in the command of a mighty army: for I am far from agreeing with you, that great parts are often lost in a low situation; on the contrary, I am convinced it is impossible they should be lost. I have often

persuaded myself that there were not fewer than a thousand in Alexander's troops, capable of performing what Alexander himself did.

"But because such spirits were not elected or destined to an imperial command, are we therefore to imagine they came off without a booty? Or that they contented themselves with the share in common with their comrades? Surely, no. In civil life, doubtless, the same genius, the same endowments, have often composed the statesman and the prig; for so we call what the vulgar name a thief. The same parts, the same actions, often promote men to the head of superior societies, which raise them to the head of lower; and where is the essential difference, if the one ends on Tower-hill, or the other at Tyburn? Hath the block any preference to the gallows, or the axe to the halter, but that given them by the ill-guided judgment of men? You will pardon me, therefore, if I am not so hastily inflamed with the common outside of things, nor join the general opinion in preferring one state to another. A guinea is as valuable in a leathern as in an embroidered purse; and a cod's head is a cod's head still, whether in a pewter or a silver dish."

The count replied as follows: "What you have now said doth not lessen my idea of your capacity; but confirms my opinion of the ill effects of bad and low company. Can any man doubt whether it is better to be a great statesman, or a common thief? I have often heard that the devil used to say, where, or to whom, I know not, that it was better to reign in hell, than to be a valet-de-chambre in Heaven, and perhaps he was in the right; but surely if he had had the choice of reigning in either, he would have chosen better. The truth therefore is, that by low conversation we contract a greater awe for high things than they deserve. We decline great pursuits not from contempt, but despair. The man who prefers the high road to a more reputable way of making his fortune, doth it because he imagines the one easier than the other; but you yourself have asserted, and with undoubted truth, that the same abilities qualify you for undertaking, and the same means will bring you to your end in both journeys; as in music, it is the same tune, whether you play it in a higher or a lower key. To instance

in some particulars: is it not the same qualifications which enable this man to hire himself as a servant, and to get into the confidence and secrets of his master, in order to rob him, and that to undertake trusts of the highest nature, with a design to break and betray them? Is it less difficult by false tokens to deceive a shop-keeper into the delivery of his goods, which you afterwards run away with, than to impose upon him by outward splendour, and the appearance of fortune, into a credit by which you gain, and he loses twenty times as much? doth it not require more dexterity in the fingers to draw out a man's purse from his pocket, or to take a lady's watch from her side, without being perceived of any, (an excellence in which, without flattery, I am persuaded you have no superior,) than to cog a die, or to shuffle a pack of cards? Is not as much art, as many excellent qualities, required to make a pimping porter at a common bawdy-house, as would enable a man to prostitute his own or his friend's wife or child? Doth it not ask as good a memory, as nimble an invention, as steady a countenance, to forswear yourself in Westminster Hall, as would furnish out a complete fool in state, or perhaps a statesman himself? It is needless to particularize every instance; in all we shall find, that there is a nearer connexion between high and low life than is generally imagined, and that a highwayman is entitled to more favour with the great than he usually meets with. If, therefore, as I think I have proved, the same parts which qualify a man for eminence in a low sphere, qualify him likewise for eminence in a higher, sure it can be no doubt in which he would choose to exert them. Ambition, without which no one can be a great man, will immediately instruct him, in your own phrase, to prefer a hill in Paradise to a dunghill; nay, even fear, a passion the most repugnant to greatness, will show him how much more safely he may indulge himself in the full and free exertion of his mighty abilities in the higher, than in the lower rank: since experience teaches him, that there is a crowd oftener in one year at Tyburn, than on Tower-hill in a century."

Mr. Wild with much solemnity rejoined, That the same capacity which qualifies a millken,* a bridle-cull,† or a but-

* A housebreaker. † A highwayman.

tock and file,* to arrive at any degree of eminence in his profession, would likewise raise a man in what the world esteem a more honourable calling, I do not deny; nay, in many of your instances it is evident, that more ingenuity, more art is necessary to the lower, than the higher proficients. If therefore you had only contended, that every prig might be a statesman if he pleased, I had readily agreed to it; but when you conclude, that it is his interest to be so, that ambition would bid him take that alternative, in a word, that a statesman is greater or happier than a prig, I must deny my assent. But, in comparing these two together, we must carefully avoid being misled by the vulgar erroneous estimation of things: for mankind err in disquisitions of this nature, as physicians do, who, in considering the operations of a disease, have not a due regard to the age and complexion of the patient. The same degree of heat, which is common in this constitution, may be a fever in that; in the same manner, that which may be riches or honour to me, may be poverty or disgrace to another: for all those things are to be estimated by relation to the person who possesses them. A booty of 10*l.* looks as great in the eye of a bridle-cull, and gives as much real happiness to his fancy, as that of as many thousands to the statesman; and doth not the former lay out his acquisitions, in whores and fiddles, with much greater joy and mirth, than the latter in palaces and pictures? What are the flattery, the false compliments of his gang, to the statesman, when he himself must condemn his own blunders, and is obliged against his will to give fortune the whole honour of his success: what is the pride, resulting from such sham applause, compared to the secret satisfaction which a prig enjoys in his mind in reflecting on a well contrived and well executed scheme? Perhaps indeed the greater danger is on the prig's side; but then you must remember, that the greater honour is so too. When I mention honour, I mean that which is paid them by their gang; for that weak part of the world, which is vulgarly called THE WISE, see both in a disadvantageous and disgraceful light: And as the prig enjoys (and merits too) the greater degree of honour from his gang, so doth he suffer the less disgrace from

* A shoplifter. Terms used in cant Dictionary.

the world, who think his misdeeds, as they call them, sufficiently at last punished with a halter, which at once puts an end to his pain and infamy; whereas the other is not only hated in power, but detested and contemned at the scaffold; and future ages vent their malice on his fame, while the other sleeps quiet and forgotten. Besides, let us a little consider the secret quiet of their consciences; how easy is the reflection of having taken a few shillings or pounds from a stranger, without any breach of confidence, or perhaps any great harm to the person who loses it, compared to that of having betrayed a public trust, and ruined the fortunes of thousands, perhaps of a great nation! How much braver is an attack on the highway, than at the gaming-table; and how much more innocent the character of a b—dy-house than a court pimp?" He was eagerly proceeding when, casting his eyes on the count, he perceived him to be fast asleep; wherefore having first picked his pocket of three shillings, then gently jogged him in order to take his leave, and promised to return to him the next morning to breakfast, they separated; the count retired to rest, and Master Wild to a night-cellar.

CHAPTER VI.

Further conferences between the count and Master Wild, with other matters of the great kind.

The count missed his money the next morning, and very well knew who had it; but, as he knew likewise how fruitless would be any complaint, he chose to pass it by without mentioning it. Indeed it may appear strange to some readers, that these gentlemen, who knew each other to be thieves, should never once give the least hint of this knowledge in all their discourse together; but on the contrary, should have the words honesty, honour, and friendship, as often in their mouths as any other men. This, I say, may appear strange to some; but those who have lived long in cities, courts, jails, or such places, will perhaps be able to solve the seeming absurdity.

When our two friends met the next morning, the count, (who, though he did not agree with the whole of his friend's doctrine, was, however, highly pleased with his argument,)

began to bewail the misfortune of his captivity, and the backwardness of friends to assist each other in their necessities; but what vexed him, he said, most, was the cruelty of the fair; for he intrusted Wild with the secret of his having had an intrigue with Miss Theodosia, the elder of the Miss Snaps, ever since his confinement, though he could not prevail with her to set him at liberty. Wild answered, with a smile: "It was no wonder a woman should wish to confine her lover where she might be sure of having him entirely to herself; but added, he believed he could tell him a method of certainly procuring his escape." The count eagerly besought him to acquaint him with it. Wild told him, bribery was the surest means; and advised him to apply to the maid. The count thanked him, but returned, "That he had not a farthing left besides one guinea, which he had then given her to change." To which Wild said, "He must make it up with promises, which he supposed he was courtier enough to know how to put off." The count greatly applauded the advice, and said, he hoped he should be able in time to persuade him to condescend to be a great man, for which he was so perfectly well qualified.

This method being concluded on, the two friends sat down to cards, a circumstance which I should not have mentioned, but for the sake of observing the prodigious force of habit; for though the count knew, if he won ever so much of Mr. Wild, he should not receive a shilling, yet could he not refrain from packing the cards; nor could Wild keep his hands out of his friend's pockets, though he knew there was nothing in them.

When the maid came home, the count began to put it to her; offered her all he had, and promised mountains *in futuro;* but all in vain; the maid's honesty was impregnable. She said, "She would not break her trust for the whole world; no, not if she could gain a hundred pound by it." Upon which Wild stepping up, and telling her: "She need not fear losing her place, for it would never be found out: that they could throw a pair of sheets into the street, by which it might appear he got out at a window; that he himself would swear he saw him descending; that the money would be so much gains in her pocket; that, besides his promises, which she might depend on being performed, she would receive from him

twenty shillings and ninepence in ready money, (for she had only laid out threepence in plain Spanish,) and lastly, that, besides his honour, the count should leave a pair of gold buttons (which afterwards turned out to be brass) of great value in her hands, as a further pawn.

The maid still remained inflexible, till Wild offered to lend his friend a guinea more, and to deposit it immediately in her hands. This reinforcement bore down the poor girl's resolution, and she faithfully promised to open the door to the count that evening.

Thus did our young hero not only lend his rhetoric, which few people care to do without a fee, but his money too, a sum which many a good man would have made fifty excuses before he would have parted with, to his friend, and procured him his liberty.

But it would be highly derogatory from the GREAT character of Wild, should the reader imagine he lent such a sum to his friend without the least view of serving himself. As, therefore, the reader may easily account for it in a manner more advantageous to our hero's reputation, by concluding that he had some interested view in the count's enlargement, we hope he will judge with charity, especially as the sequel makes it not only reasonable, but necessary, to suppose he had some such view.

A long intimacy and friendship subsisted between the count and Mr. Wild, who, being by the advice of the count dressed in good clothes, was by him introduced into the best company. They constantly frequented the assemblies, auctions, gaming-tables, and playhouses; at which last they saw two acts every night, and then retired without paying, this being, it seems, an immemorial privilege which the beaus of the town prescribe for to themselves. This, however, did not suit Wild's temper, who called it a cheat, and objected against it, as requiring no dexterity but what every blockhead might put in execution. He said it was a custom very much savouring of the sneaking budge, [shop-lifting,] but neither so honourable nor so ingenious.

Wild now made a considerable figure, and passed for a gentleman of great fortune in the funds. Women of quality

treated him with great familiarity, young ladies began to spread their charms for him, when an accident happened that put a stop to his continuance in a way of life too insipid and inactive to afford employment for those great talents, which were designed to make a much more considerable figure in the world than attends the character of a beau or a pretty gentleman.

CHAPTER VII.

Master Wild sets out on his travels, and returns home again. A very short chapter, containing infinitely more time and less matter than any other in the whole story.

We are sorry we cannot indulge our readers's curiosity with a full and perfect account of this accident; but as there are such various accounts, one of which only can be true, and possibly, and indeed probably none, instead of following the general method of historians, who in such cases set down the various reports, and leave to your own conjecture which you will choose, we shall pass them all over.

Certain it is, that whatever this accident was, it determined our hero's father to send his son immediately abroad, for seven years; and which may seem somewhat remarkable, to his majesty's plantations in America. That part of the world being, as he said, freer from vices than the courts and cities of Europe, and consequently less dangerous to corrupt a young man's morals. And as for the advantages, the old gentleman thought they were equal there with those attained in the politer climates; for traversing, he said, was travelling in one part of the world as well as another: It consisted in being such a time from home, and in traversing so many leagues; and appealed to experience, whether most of our travellers in France and Italy, did not prove at their return, that they might have been sent as profitably to Norway and Greenland?

According to these resolutions of his father, the young gentleman went aboard a ship, and with a great deal of good company, set out for the American hemisphere. The exact time of his stay is somewhat uncertain; most probably longer than was intended: but howsoever long his abode there was,

it must be a blank in this history; as the whole story contains not one adventure worthy the reader's notice; being, indeed, a continued scene of whoring, drinking, and removing from one place to another.

To confess a truth, we are so ashamed of the shortness of this chapter, that we would have done a violence to our history, and have inserted an adventure or two of some other traveller: to which purpose we borrowed the journals of several young gentlemen who have lately made the tour of Europe; but to our great sorrow, could not extract a single incident strong enough to justify the theft to our conscience.

When we consider the ridiculous figure this chapter must make, being the history of no less than eight years, our only comfort is that the histories of some men's lives, and perhaps of some men who have made a noise in the world, are in reality as absolute blanks as the travels of our hero. As, therefore, we shall make sufficient amends in the sequel for this inanity, we shall hasten on to matters of true importance, and immense greatness. At present we content ourselves with setting down our hero where we took him up, after acquainting our reader that he went abroad, stayed seven years, and then came home again.

CHAPTER VIII.

An adventure where Wild, in the division of the booty, exhibits an astonishing instance of Greatness.

The count was one night very successful at the hazard-table, where Wild, who was just returned from his travels, was then present; as was likewise a young gentleman, whose name was Bob Bagshot, an acquaintance of Mr. Wild's, and of whom he entertained a great opinion; taking, therefore, Mr. Bagshot aside, he advised him to provide himself (if he had them not about him) with a case of pistols, and to attack the count, in his way home, promising to plant himself near, with the same arms, as a *corps de reserve*, and to come up on occasion. This was accordingly executed, and the count obliged to surrender to savage force, what he had, in so genteel and civil a manner, taken at play.

And as it is a wise and philosophical observation, that one misfortune never comes alone, the count had hardly passed the examination of Mr. Bagshot, when he fell into the hands of Mr. Snap, who, in company with Mr. Wild the elder, and one or two more gentlemen, being, it seems, thereto well warranted, laid hold of the unfortunate count, and conveyed him back to the same house, from which, by the assistance of his good friend, he had formerly escaped.

Mr. Wild and Mr. Bagshot went together to the tavern, where Mr. Bagshot (generously, as he thought,) offered to share the booty; and having divided the money into two unequal heaps, and added a golden snuff-box to the lesser heap, he desired Mr. Wild to take his choice.

Mr. Wild immediately conveyed the larger share of the ready into his pocket, according to an excellent maxim of his: "First secure what share you can, before you wrangle for the rest:" and then, turning to his companion, he asked, with a stern countenance, whether he intended to keep all that sum to himself? Mr. Bagshot answered, with some surprise, that he thought Mr. Wild had no reason to complain; for it was surely fair, at least on his part, to content himself with an equal share of the booty, who had taken the whole. "I grant you took it," replied Wild; "but, pray, who proposed or counselled the taking it? Can you say that you have done more than executed my scheme? and might not I, if I had pleased, employed another, since you well know there was not a gentleman in the room but would have taken the money, if he had known how conveniently and safely to do it?"—"That is very true," returned Bagshot; "but did not I execute the scheme? did not I run the whole risk? should not I have suffered the whole punishment, if I had been taken? and is not the labourer worthy of his hire?"—"Doubtless," says Jonathan, "he is so; and your hire I shall not refuse you, which is all that the labourer is entitled to, or ever enjoys. I remember, when I was at school, to have heard some verses, which, for the excellence of their doctrine, made an impression on me, purporting that the birds of the air and the beasts of the field work not for themselves. It is true, the farmer allows fodder to his oxen, and pasture to his sheep; but it is for his own

service, not theirs. In the same manner, the ploughman, the shepherd, the weaver, the builder, and the soldier, work not for themselves, but for others; they are contented with a poor pittance, (the labourer's hire,) and permit us the GREAT, to enjoy the fruits of their labours. Aristotle, as my master told us, hath plainly proved, in the first book of his politics, that the low, mean, useful part of mankind, are born slaves to the wills of their superiors, and are, indeed, as much their property as the cattle. It is well said of us, the higher order of mortals, that we are born only to devour the fruits of the earth; and it may be as well said of the lower class, that they are born only to produce them for us.

"Is not the battle gained by the sweat and danger of the common soldier? Are not the honour and fruits of the victory the general's who laid the scheme? Is not the house built by the labour of the carpenter, and the bricklayer? Is it not built for the profit only of the architect, and for the use of the inhabitant, who could not easily have placed one brick upon another? Is not the cloth, or the silk, wrought into its form, and variegated with all the beauty of its colours, by those who are forced to content themselves with the coarsest and vilest part of their work, while the profit and enjoyment of their labours fall to the share of others? Cast your eye abroad, and see who is it lives in the most magnificent buildings, feasts his palate with the most luxurious dainties, his eyes with the most beautiful sculptures and delicate paintings, and clothes himself in the finest and richest apparel; and tell me, if all these do not fall to his lot, who had not any the least share in producing all these conveniences, nor the least ability so to do? Why then should the state of a prig [a thief] differ from all others? Or why should you, who are the labourer only, the executor of my scheme, expect a share in the profit? Be advised, therefore, deliver the whole booty to me, and trust to my bounty for your reward." Mr. Bagshot was some time silent, and looked like a man thunderstruck; but at last recovering himself from his surprise, he thus began; "If you think, Mr. Wild, by the force of your arguments to get the money out of my pocket, you are greatly mistaken. What is all this stuff to me? D—n me, I am a man of honour,

and though I can't talk as well as you, by G— you shall not make a fool of me; and if you take me for one, I must tell you, you are a rascal." At which words, he laid his hand to his pistol. Wild perceiving the little success the great strength of his arguments had met with, and the hasty temper of his friend, gave over his design for the present, and told Bagshot, he was only in jest. But this coolness with which he treated the other's flame had rather the effect of oil than of water. Bagshot replied, in a rage, "D—n me, I don't like such jests; I see you are a pitiful rascal and a scoundrel." Wild, with a philosophy worthy of great admiration, returned, "As for your abuse, I have no regard to it; but to convince you I am not afraid of you, let us lay the whole booty on the table, and let the conqueror take it all." And having so said, he drew out his shining hanger, whose glittering so dazzled the eyes of Bagshot, that, in a tone entirely altered, he said, "No! he was contented with what he had already; that it was mighty ridiculous in them to quarrel among themselves; that they had common enemies enough abroad, against whom they should unite their common force; that if he had mistaken Wild, he was sorry for it; and as for a jest, he could take a jest as well as another." Wild, who had a wonderful knack of discovering and applying to the passions of men, beginning now to have a little insight into his friend, and to conceive what arguments would make the quickest impression on him, cried out, in a loud voice, that he had bullied him into drawing his hanger, and since it was out, he would not put it up without satisfaction. "What satisfaction would you have?" answered the other. "Your money or your blood," said Wild. "Why look'e, Mr. Wild, (said Bagshot,) if you want to borrow a little of my part, since I know you to be a man of honour, I don't care if I lend you:—For though I am not afraid of any man living, yet rather than break with a friend, and as it may be necessary for your occasions."—Wild, who often declared that he looked upon borrowing to be as good a way of taking as any, and, as he called it, the genteelest kind of sneaking-budge, putting up his hanger, and shaking his friend by the hand, told him, he had hit the nail on the head; it was really his present necessity only that prevailed with him against his

will; for that his honour was concerned to pay a considerable sum the next morning. Upon which, contenting himself with one-half of Bagshot's share, so that he had three parts in four of the whole, he took leave of his companion, and retired to rest.

CHAPTER IX.

Wild pays a visit to Miss Lætitia Snap. A description of that lovely young creature, and the successless issue of Mr. Wild's addresses.

THE next morning when our hero waked, he began to think of paying a visit to Miss Tishy Snap; a woman of great merit, and of as great generosity; yet Mr. Wild found a present was ever most welcome to her, as being a token of respect in her lover. He therefore went directly to a toy-shop, and there purchased a genteel snuff-box, with which he waited upon his mistress; whom he found in the most beautiful undress. Her lovely hair hung wantonly over her forehead, being neither white with, nor yet free from, powder: a neat double clout, which seemed to have been worn a few weeks only, was pinned under her chin; some remains of that art with which ladies improve nature, shone on her cheeks: her body was loosely attired, without stays or jumps; so that her breasts had uncontrolled liberty to display their beauteous orbs, which they did as low as her girdle; a thin covering of a rumpled muslin handkerchief almost hid them from the eyes, save in a few parts, where a good-natured hole gave opportunity to the naked breast to appear. Her gown was a satin of a whitish colour, with about a dozen little silver spots upon it, so artificially interwoven at great distance, that they looked as if they had fallen there by chance. This flying open, discovered a fine yellow petticoat, beautifully edged round the bottom with a narrow piece of half gold lace, which was now almost become fringe: beneath this appeared another petticoat stiffened with whalebone, vulgarly called a hoop, which hung six inches at least, below the other; and under this again appeared an undergarment of that colour which Ovid intends when he says,

——Qui color albus erat nunc est contrarius albo.

She likewise displayed two pretty feet, covered with silk, and

adorned with lace; and tied, the right with a handsome piece of blue riband; the left, as more unworthy, with a piece of yellow stuff, which seemed to have been a strip of her upper petticoat. Such was the lovely creature whom Mr. Wild attended. She received him at first with some of that coldness which women of strict virtue, by a commendable, though sometimes painful, restraint, enjoin themselves to their lovers. The snuff-box being produced, was at first civilly, and indeed gently, refused; but on a second application, accepted. The tea-table was soon called for, at which a discourse passed between these young lovers, which, could we set down with any accuracy, would be very edifying, as well as entertaining to our reader; let it suffice then that the wit, together with the beauty of this young creature, so inflamed the passion of Wild, which, though an honourable sort of passion, was at the same time so extremely violent, that it transported him to freedoms too offensive to the nice chastity of Lætitia, who was, to confess the truth, more indebted to her own strength for the preservation of her virtue, than to the awful respect or backwardness of her lover: he was indeed so very urgent in his addresses, that had he not with many oaths promised her marriage, we could scarce have been strictly justified in calling his passion honourable; but he was so remarkably attached to decency, that he never offered any violence to a young lady without the most earnest promises of that kind, these being, he said, a ceremonial due to female modesty, which cost so little, and were so easily pronounced, that the omission could arise from nothing but the mere wantonness of brutality. The lovely Lætitia, either out of prudence, or perhaps religion, of which she was a liberal professor, was deaf to all his promises, and luckily invincible by his force; for though she had not yet learnt the art of clenching her fist, nature had not however left her defenceless: for at the ends of her fingers she wore arms, which she used with such admirable dexterity, that the hot blood of Mr. Wild soon began to appear in several little spots on his face, and his full-blown cheeks to resemble that part which modesty forbids a boy to turn up any where but in a public school, after some pedagogue, strong of arm, hath exercised his talents thereon. Wild now retreated from the con-

flict, and the victorious Lætitia, with becoming triumph, and noble spirit, cried out, "D—n your eyes, if this be your way of showing your love, I'll warrant I gives you enough on't." She then proceeded to talk of her virtue, which Wild bid her carry to the devil with her; and thus our lovers parted.

CHAPTER X.

A discovery of some matters concerning the chaste Lætitia, which must wonderfully surprise, and perhaps affect our reader.

Mr. Wild was no sooner departed, than the fair conqueress, opening the door of a closet, called forth a young gentleman, whom she had there enclosed at the approach of the other. The name of this gallant was Tom Smirk. He was clerk to an attorney, and was indeed the greatest beau, and the greatest favourite of the ladies, at the end of the town where he lived. As we take dress to be the characteristic or efficient quality of a beau, we shall, instead of giving any character of this young gentleman, content ourselves with describing his dress only to our readers. He wore, then, a pair of white stockings on his legs, and pumps on his feet; his buckles were a large piece of pinchbeck plate, which almost covered his whole foot. His breeches were of red plush, which hardly reached his knees; his waistcoat was a white dimity, richly embroidered with yellow silk, over which he wore a blue plush coat with metal buttons, a smart sleeve, and a cape reaching half way down his back. His wig was of a brown colour, covering almost half his pate, on which was hung, on one side, a laced hat, but cocked with great smartness. Such was the accomplished Smirk, who, at his issuing forth from the closet, was received with open arms by the amiable Lætitia. She addressed him by the tender name of dear Tommy, and told him she had dismissed the odious creature whom her father intended for her husband, and had now nothing to interrupt her happiness with him.

Here, reader, thou must pardon us if we stop a while to lament the capriciousness of nature in forming this charming part of the creation, designed to complete the happiness of man; with their soft innocence to allay his ferocity, with their

sprightliness to soothe his cares, and with their constant friendship to relieve all the troubles and disappointments which can happen to him. Seeing then that these are the blessings chiefly sought after, and generally found in every wife, how must we lament that disposition in these lovely creatures, which leads them to prefer in their favour those individuals of the other sex, who do not seem intended by nature as so great a master-piece. For surely, however useful they may be in the creation, as we are taught that nothing, not even a louse, is made in vain; yet these beaus, even that most splendid and honoured part, which, in this our island, nature loves to distinguish in red, are not as some think, the noblest work of the Creator. For my own part, let any man choose to himself two beaus, let them be captains or colonels, as well-dressed men as ever lived, I would venture to oppose a single Sir Isaac Newton, a Shakspeare, a Milton, or perhaps some few others, to both these beaus; nay, and I very much doubt, whether it had not been better for the world in general, that neither of these beaus had ever been born, than than it should have wanted the benefit arising to it from the labour of any one of those persons.

If this be true, how melancholy must be the consideration, that any single beau, especially if he have but half a yard of riband in his hat, shall weigh heavier, in the scale of female affection, than twenty Sir Isaac Newtons! How must our reader, who perhaps had wisely accounted for the resistance which the chaste Lætitia had made to the violent addresses of the ravished (or rather ravishing) Wild, from that lady's impregnable virtue, how must we blush, I say, to perceive her quit the strictness of her carriage, and abandon herself to those loose freedoms which she indulged to Smirk! But, alas! when we discover all, as to preserve the fidelity of our history we must, when we relate that every familiarity had past between them, and that the FAIR Lætitia (for we must, in this single sentence, imitate Virgil, when he drops the *pius* and the *pater*, and drop our favourite epithet of *chaste*,) the FAIR Lætitia had, I say, made Smirk as happy as Wild desired to be, what then must be our reader's confusion! We will, therefore, draw a curtain over this scene, from that philogyny which is in us, and proceed to matters which, instead of dishonouring the human species, will greatly raise and ennoble it.

CHAPTER XI.

Containing as notable instances of human greatness as are to be met with in ancient or modern history. Concluding with some wholesome hints to the gay part of mankind.

WILD no sooner parted from the chaste Lætitia, than, recollecting that his friend, the count, was returned to his lodgings in the same house, he resolved to visit him: for he was none of those half-bred fellows, who are ashamed to see their friends when they have plundered and betrayed them: from which base and pitiful temper, many monstrous cruelties have been transacted by men, who have sometimes carried their modesty so far, as to the murder or utter ruin of those, against whom their consciences have suggested to them, that they have committed some small trespass, either by the debauching a friend's wife or daughter, belying or betraying the friend himself, or some other such trifling instance. In our hero, there was nothing not truly great: he could, without the least abashment, drink a bottle with the man who knew he had the moment before picked his pocket; and, when he had stripped him of every thing he had, never desired to do him any further mischief; for he carried good-nature to that wonderful and uncommon height, that he never did a single injury to man or woman, by which he himself did not expect to reap some advantage. He would often indeed say, that by the contrary practice men often made a bad bargain with the devil, and did his work for nothing.

Our hero found the captive count, not basely lamenting his fate, nor abandoning himself to despair; but, with due resignation, employing himself in preparing several packs of cards for future exploits. The count, little suspecting that Wild had been the sole contriver of the misfortune which had befallen him, rose up, and eagerly embraced him; and Wild returned his embrace with equal warmth. They were no sooner seated, than Wild took an occasion, from seeing the cards lying on the table, to inveigh against gaming; and, with an usual and highly commendable freedom, after first exaggerating the distressed circumstances in which the count was then involved, imputed all his misfortunes to that cursed itch of play, which,

he said, he concluded had brought his present confinement upon him, and must unavoidably end in his destruction. The other, with great alacrity, defended his favourite amusement, (or rather employment;) and, having told his friend the great success he had, after his unluckily quitting the room, acquainted him with the accident which followed, and which the reader, as well as Mr. Wild, hath had some intimation of before; adding, however, one circumstance not hitherto mentioned, viz. that he had defended his money with the utmost bravery, and had dangerously wounded at least two of the three men that had attacked him. This behaviour Wild, who not only knew the extreme readiness with which the booty had been delivered, but also the constant frigidity of the count's courage, highly applauded, and wished he had been present to assist him.

The count then proceeded to animadvert on the carelessness of the watch, and the scandal it was to the laws, that honest people could not walk the streets in safety; and, after expatiating some time on that subject, he asked Mr. Wild if he ever saw so prodigious a run of luck; (for so he chose to call winning, though he knew Wild was well acquainted with his having loaded dice in his pocket;) the other answered, it was indeed prodigious, and almost sufficient to justify any person, who did not know him better, in suspecting his fair play. "No man, I believe, dares call that in question," replied he. "No surely," says Wild; "you are well known to be a man of more honour; but pray, sir," continued he, "did the rascals rob you of all?"—"Every shilling," cries the other, with an oath; "they did not leave me a single stake."

While they were discoursing, Mr. Snap, with a gentleman who followed him, introduced Mr. Bagshot into the company. It seems Mr. Bagshot, immediately after his separation from Mr. Wild, returned to the gaming-table, where, having trusted to fortune that treasure, which he had procured by his industry, the faithless goddess committed a breach of trust, and sent Mr. Bagshot away with as empty pockets as are to be found in any laced coat in the kingdom. Now, as that gentleman was walking to a certain reputable house or shed in Covent-garden market, he fortuned to meet with Mr. Snap, who had just returned from conveying the count to his lodgings, and was then

walking to and fro before the gaming-house door; for you are to know, my good reader, if you have never been a man of wit and pleasure about town, that as the voracious pike lieth snug under some weed, before the mouth of any of those little streams which discharge themselves into a large river, waiting for the small fry which issue thereout; so hourly, before the door or mouth of these gaming-houses doth Mr. Snap, or some other gentleman of his occupation, attend the issuing forth of the small fry of young gentlemen, to whom they deliver little slips of parchment, containing invitations of the said gentlemen to their houses, together with one Mr. John Doe,* a person whose company is in great request. Mr. Snap, among many others of these billets, happened to have one directed to Mr. Bagshot, being at the suit or solicitation of one Mrs. Anne Sample, at whose house the said Bagshot had lodged several months, and whence he had inadvertently departed, without taking a formal leave; on which account, Mrs. Anne had taken this method of *speaking with* him.

Mr. Snap's house being now very full of good company, he was obliged to introduce Mr. Bagshot into the count's apartment; it being, as he said, the only chamber he had to *lock up* in. Mr. Wild no sooner saw his friend, than he ran eagerly to embrace him, and immediately presented him to the count, who received him with great civility.

CHAPTER XII.

Further particulars relating to Miss Tishy, which perhaps may not greatly surprise, after the former. The description of a very fine gentleman. And a dialogue between Wild and the count, in which public virtue is just hinted at, with, &c.

Mr. Snap had turned the key a very few minutes, before a servant of the family called Mr. Bagshot out of the room, telling him there was a person below who desired to speak with him; and this was no other than Miss Lætitia Snap, whose admirer Mr. Bagshot had long been, and in whose tender

* This is a fictitious name, which is put into every writ; for what purpose, the lawyers best know.

breast his passion had raised a more ardent flame than that which any of his rivals had been able to raise. Indeed, she was so extremely fond of this youth, that she often confessed to her female confidants, if she could have ever listened to the thought of living with any one man, Mr. Bagshot was he. — Nor was she singular in this inclination, many other young ladies being her rivals in this lover, who had all the great and noble qualifications necessary to form a true gallant, and which nature is seldom so extremely bountiful as to indulge to any one person. We will endeavour, however, to describe them all with as much exactness as possible. He was, then, six feet high; had large calves, broad shoulders, a ruddy complexion, with brown curled hair, a modest assurance, and clean linen. He had, indeed, it must be confessed, some small deficiencies to counterbalance these heroic qualities; for he was the silliest fellow in the world; could neither write nor read; nor had he a single grain or spark of honour, honesty, or good-nature, in his whole composition.

As soon as Mr. Bagshot had quitted the room, the count, taking Wild by the hand, told him he had something to communicate to him of very great importance: "I am very well convinced," said he, "that Bagshot is the person who robbed me." — Wild started with great amazement at this discovery, and answered with a most serious countenance, "I advise you to take care how you cast any such reflections on a man of Mr. Bagshot's nice honour; for I am certain he will not bear it."— "D—n his honour," quoth the enraged count, "nor can I bear being robbed: I will apply to a justice of peace." Wild replied, with great indignation, "Since you dare entertain such a suspicion against my friend, I will henceforth disclaim all acquaintance with you. Mr. Bagshot is a man of honour, and my friend, and consequently it is impossible he should be guilty of a bad action." He added much more to the same purpose, which had not the expected weight with the count; for the latter seemed still certain as to the person, and resolute in applying for justice, which, he said, he thought he owed to the public, as well as to himself. Wild then changed his countenance into a kind of derision, and spoke as follows: "Suppose it should be possible that Mr. Bagshot had, in a

frolic, (for I will call it no other,) taken this method of borrowing your money, what will you get by prosecuting him? Not your money again; for you hear he was stripped at the gaming-table;" (of which Bagshot had, during their short confabulation, informed them;) "you will get then an opportunity of being still more out of pocket by the prosecution. Another advantage you may promise yourself, is the being blown up at every gaming-house in town, for that I will assure you of; and then much good may it do you, to sit down with the satisfaction of having discharged what it seems you owe the public. I am ashamed of my own discernment, when I mistook you for a great man. Would it not be better for you to receive part (perhaps all) of your money again by a wise concealment; for however *seedy* [poor] Mr. Bagshot may be now, if he hath really played this frolic with you, you may believe he will play it with others, and when he is in cash, you may depend on a restoration; the law will be always in your power, and that is the last remedy which a brave or a wise man would resort to. Leave the affair therefore to me; I will examine Bagshot, and if I find he hath played you this trick, I will engage my own honour, you shall in the end be no loser." The count answered: "If I was sure to be no loser, Mr. Wild, I apprehend you have a better opinion of my understanding than to imagine I would prosecute a gentleman for the sake of the public. These are foolish words, of course, which we learn a ridiculous habit of speaking, and will often break from us without any design or meaning. I assure you, all I desire is a reimbursement, and if I can by your means obtain that, the public may ——" concluding with a phrase too coarse to be inserted in a history of this kind.

They were now informed that dinner was ready, and the company assembled below stairs, whither the reader may, if he please, attend these gentlemen.

There sat down at the table Mr. Snap, and the two Miss Snaps, his daughters, Mr. Wild the elder, Mr. Wild the younger, the count, Mr. Bagshot, and a grave gentleman, who had formerly had the honour of carrying arms in a regiment of foot, and who was now engaged in the office (perhaps a more profit-

able one) of assisting or following Mr. Snap in the execution of the laws of his country.

Nothing very remarkable passed at dinner. The conversation (as is usual in polite company) rolled chiefly on what they were then eating, and what they had lately eaten. In this the military gentleman, who had served in Ireland, gave them a very particular account of a new manner of roasting potatoes, and others gave an account of other dishes. In short, an indifferent bystander would have concluded from their discourse, that they had all come into this world for no other purpose than to fill their bellies; and indeed, if this was not the chief, it is probable it was the most innocent design nature had in their formation.

As soon as *the dish* was removed, and the ladies retired, the count proposed a game at hazard, which was immediately assented to by the whole company, and the dice being immediately brought in, the count took up the box, and demanded who would set him: to which no one made any answer, imagining perhaps the count's pockets to be more empty than they were; for, in reality, that gentleman (notwithstanding what he had heartily swore to Mr. Wild) had, since his arrival at Mr. Snap's, conveyed a piece of plate to pawn, by which means he had furnished himself with ten guineas. The count, therefore, perceiving this backwardness in his friends, and probably somewhat guessing at the cause of it, took the said guineas out of his pocket, and threw them on the table; when lo! (such is the force of example,) all the rest began to produce their funds, and immediately a considerable sum glittering in their eyes, the game began.

CHAPTER XIII.

A chapter of which we are extremely vain; and which indeed we look on as our chef d'œuvre, containing a wonderful story concerning the devil, and as nice a scene of honour as ever happened.

My reader, I believe, even if he be a gamester, would not thank me for an exact relation of every man's success; let it suffice then that they played till the whole money vanished from

the table.—Whether the devil himself carried it away, as some suspected, I will not determine; but very surprising it was, that every person protested he had lost, nor could any one guess who, unless *the devil*, had won.

But though very probable it is, that this arch fiend had some share in the booty, it is likely he had not all; Mr. Bagshot being imagined to be a considerable winner, notwithstanding his assertions to the contrary; for he was seen by several to convery money often into his pocket; and what is still a little stronger presumption is, that the grave gentleman, whom we have mentioned to have served his country in two honourable capacities, not being willing to trust alone to the evidence of his eyes, had frequently dived into the said Bagshot's pocket, whence, (as he tells us in the apology for his life, afterwards published,*) though he might extract a few pieces, he was very sensible he had left many behind.

The gentleman had long indulged his curiosity in this way before Mr. Bagshot, in the heat of gaming, had perceived him: but as Bagshot was now leaving off play, he discovered this ingenious feat of dexterity; upon which, leaping from his chair in violent passion, he cried out, "I thought I had been among gentlemen, and men of honour, but d——n me, I find we have a pickpocket in company." The scandalous sound of this word extremely alarmed the whole board, nor did they all show less surprise than the *Con—n* (whose not sitting of late is much lamented) would express at hearing there was an atheist in the room; but it more particularly affected the gentleman at whom it was levelled, though it was not addressed to him. He likewise started from his chair, and, with a fierce countenance and accent, said, "Do you mean me? D——n your eyes, you are a rascal and a scoundrel." Those words would have been immediately succeeded by blows, had not the company interposed, and with strong arm withheld the two antagonists from each other. It was, however, a long time before they could be prevailed on to sit down; which being at last happily

* Not in a book by itself, in imitation of some other such persons, but in the ordinary's account, &c. where all the apologies for the lives of rogues and whores, which have been published within these twenty years, should have been inserted.

brought about, Mr. Wild the elder, who was a well-disposed old man, advised them to shake hands and be friends; but the gentleman, who had received the first affront, absolutely refused it, and swore, *He would have the villain's blood.*

Mr. Snap highly applauded the resolution, and affirmed that the affront was by no means to be put up by any who bore the name of a gentleman, and that unless his friend resented it properly, he would never execute another warrant in his company; that he had always looked upon him as a man of honour, and doubted not but he would prove himself so; and that if it was his own case, nothing should persuade him to put up such an affront without proper satisfaction. The count likewise spoke on the same side, and the parties themselves muttered several short sentences, purporting their intentions. At last Mr. Wild, our hero, rising slowly from his seat, and having fixed the attention of all present, began as follows: "I have heard with infinite pleasure every thing which the two gentlemen who spoke last have said with relation to honour, nor can any man possibly entertain a higher and nobler sense of that word, nor a greater esteem of its inestimable value, than myself. If we have no name to express it by in our Cant Dictionary, it were well to be wished we had. It is indeed the essential quality of a gentleman, and which no man who ever was great in the field, or on the road, (as others express it,) can possibly be without. But alas! gentlemen, what pity is it, that a word of such sovereign use and virtue should have so uncertain and various an application that scarce two people mean the same thing by it? Do not some by honour mean good-nature and humanity, which weak minds call virtues? How, then! Must we deny it to the great, the brave, the noble; to the sackers of towns, the plunderers of provinces, and the conquerors of kingdoms? Were not these men of honour? and yet they scorn those pitiful qualities I have mentioned. Again, some few (or I am mistaken) include the idea of honesty in their honour. And shall we then say, that no man who withholds from another what law, or justice perhaps, calls his own, or who greatly and boldly deprives him of such property, is a man of honour? Heaven forbid I should say so in this, or, indeed, in any other good company. Is honour truth? No, it is not in the lie's going from us, but

in its coming to us, our honour is injured. Doth it then consist in what the vulgar call cardinal virtues? It would be an affront to your understandings to suppose it, since we see every day so many men of honour without any. In what then doth the word honour consist? Why in itself alone. A man of honour is he that is called a man of honour; and while he is so called, he so remains, and no longer. Think not any thing a man commits can forfeit his honour. Look abroad into the world, the PRIG while he flourishes is a man of honour; when in jail, at the bar or the tree, he is so no longer. And why is this distinction? Not from his actions; for those are often as well known in his flourishing estate, as they are afterwards; but because men, I mean those of his own party, or gang, call him a man of honour in the former, and cease to call him so in the latter condition. Let us see, then; how hath Mr. Bagshot injured the gentleman's honour? Why, he hath called him a pickpocket; and that, probably, by a severe construction, and a long round-about way of reasoning, may seem a little to derogate from his honour, if considered in a very nice sense. Admitting it, therefore, for argument's sake, to be some small imputation on his honour, let Mr. Bagshot give him satisfaction; let him doubly and triply repair this oblique injury by directly asserting, that he believes he is a man of honour." The gentleman answered, he was content to refer it to Mr. Wild, and whatever satisfaction he thought sufficient, he would accept. "Let him give me my money again first," said Bagshot, "and then I will call him a man of honour with all my heart." The gentleman then protested he had not any, which Snap seconded, declaring he had his eyes on him all the while; but Bagshot remained still unsatisfied, till Wild, rapping out a hearty oath, swore he had not taken a single farthing, adding, that whoever asserted the contrary gave him the lie, and he would resent it. And now, such was the ascendancy of this Great Man, that Bagshot immediately acquiesced, and performed the ceremonies required; and thus, by the exquisite address of our hero, this quarrel, which had so fatal an aspect, and which, between two persons so extremely jealous of their honour, would most certainly have produced very dreadful consequences, was happily concluded.

Mr. Wild was indeed a little interested in this affair, as he himself had set the gentleman to work, and had received the greatest part of the booty: and as to Mr. Snap's deposition in his favour, it was the usual height to which the ardour of that worthy person's friendship too frequently hurried him. It was his constant maxim, that he was a pitiful fellow, who would stick at a little *rapping** for his friend.

CHAPTER XIV.

In which the history of Greatness is continued.

MATTERS being thus reconciled, and the gaming over, from reasons before hinted, the company proceeded to drink about with the utmost cheerfulness and friendship; drinking healths, shaking hands, and professing the most perfect affection for each other. All which were not in the least interrupted by some designs which they then agitated in their minds, and which they intended to execute, as soon as the liquor had prevailed over some of their understandings. Bagshot and the gentleman intending to rob each other; Mr. Snap and Mr. Wild the elder meditating what other creditors they could find out, to charge the gentlemen then in custody with; the count hoping to renew the play; and Wild, our hero, laying a design to put Bagshot out of the way, or, as the vulgar express it, to hang him with the first opportunity. But none of these great designs could at present be put in execution; for Mr. Snap being soon after summoned abroad, on business of great moment, which required, likewise, the assistance of Mr. Wild the elder and his other friend, and as he did not care to trust to the nimbleness of the count's heels, of which he had already had some experience, he declared he must *lock up* for that evening. Here, reader, if thou pleasest, as we are in no great haste, we will stop and make a simile. As when their lap is finished, the cautious huntsman to their kennel gathers the nimble-footed hounds, they with lank ears and tails slouch sullenly on, whilst he, with his whippers-in, follows close to their heels, regardless of their dogged humour, till having seen

* *Rapping* is a cant word for perjury.

them safe within the door, he turns the key, and then retires to whatever business or pleasure calls him thence; so, with lowering countenance and reluctant steps, mounted the count and Bagshot to their chamber, or rather kennel, whither they were attended by Snap and those who followed him, and where Snap, having seen them deposited, very contentedly locked the door, and departed. And now, reader, we will, in imitation of the truly laudable custom of the world, leave these our good friends to deliver themselves as they can, and pursue the thriving fortunes of Wild, our hero, who, with that great aversion to satisfaction and content which is inseparably incident to great minds, began to enlarge his views with his prosperity: for this restless amiable disposition, this noble avidity, which increases with feeding, is the first principle or constituent quality of these our Great Men; to whom, in their passage on to greatness, it happens as to a traveller over the Alps, or, if this be a too far-fetched simile, to one who travels westward over the hills near Bath, where the simile was indeed made. He sees not the end of his journey at once; but passing on from scheme to scheme, and from hill to hill, with noble constancy, resolving still to attain the summit on which he hath fixed his eye, however dirty the roads may be through which he struggles, he at length arrives at——some vile inn, where he finds no kind of entertainment nor conveniency for repose.

I fancy, reader, if thou hast ever travelled in these roads, one part of my simile is sufficiently apparent, (and indeed, in all these illustrations, one side is generally much more apparent than the other,) but, believe me, if the other doth not so evidently appear to thy satisfaction, it is from no other reason, than because thou art unacquainted with these Great Men, and hast not had sufficient instruction, leisure, or opportunity, to consider what happens to those who pursue what is generally understood by GREATNESS: for surely, if thou hadst animadverted not only on the many perils to which great men are daily liable while they are in their progress, but hadst discerned, as it were through a microscope, (for it is invisible to the naked eye,) that diminutive speck of happiness which they attain even in the consummation of their wishes, thou wouldst lament with me the unhappy fate of these great men, on whom

nature hath set so superior a mark, that the rest of mankind are born for their use and emolument only, and be apt to cry out, "It is pity that THOSE, for whose pleasure and profit mankind are to labour and sweat, to be hacked and hewed, to be pillaged, plundered, and every way destroyed, should reap so LITTLE advantage from all the miseries they occasion to others." For my part, I own myself of that humble kind of mortals, who consider themselves born for the behoof of some Great Man or other, and could I behold his happiness carved out of the labour and ruin of a thousand such reptiles as myself, I might with satisfaction exclaim, *Sic, sic juvat:* but when I behold one Great Man starving with hunger, and freezing with cold, in the midst of fifty thousand, who are suffering the same evils for his diversion; when I see another, whose own mind is a more abject slave to his own greatness, and is more tortured and racked by it than those of all his vassals; lastly, when I consider whole nations rooted out only to bring tears into the eyes of a Great Man, not indeed because he had extirpated so many, but because he had no more nations to extirpate, then truly I am almost inclined to wish that nature had spared us this her MASTERPIECE, and that no GREAT MAN had ever been born into the world.

But to proceed with our history, which will, we hope, produce much better lessons and more instructive than any we can preach: Wild was no sooner retired to a night-cellar, than he began to reflect on the sweets he had that day enjoyed from the labours of others, viz. first from Mr. Bagshot, who had for his use robbed the count; and, secondly, from the gentleman, who for the same good purpose had picked the pocket of Bagshot. He then proceeded to reason thus with himself: "The art of policy is the art of multiplication; the degrees of greatness being constituted by those two little words *more* and *less*. Mankind are first properly to be considered under two grand divisions, those that use their own hands, and those who employ the hands of others. The former are the base and rabble; the latter, the genteel part of the creation. The mercantile part of the world, therefore, wisely use the term *employing hands*, and justly prefer each other, as they employ more or fewer; for thus one merchant says he is greater than

another, because he employs more hands. And now indeed the merchant should seem to challenge some character of greatness, did we not necessarily come to a second division, viz. Of those who employ hands for the use of the community in which they live, and of those who employ hands merely for their own use, without any regard to the benefit of society. Of the former sort are the yeoman, the manufacturer, the merchant, and perhaps the gentleman. The first of these being to manure and cultivate his native soil, and to employ hands to produce the fruits of the earth. The second being to improve them by employing hands likewise, and to produce from them those useful commodities, which serve as well for the conveniences as necessaries of life. The third is to employ hands for the exportation of the redundance of our own commodities, and to exchange them with the redundances of foreign nations, that thus every soil and every climate may enjoy the fruits of the whole earth. The gentleman is, by employing hands likewise, to embellish his country with the improvement of arts and sciences, with the making and executing good and wholesome laws for the preservation of property, and the distribution of justice, and in several other manners to be useful to society.

"Now we come to the second part of this division, viz. Of those who employ hands for their own use only; and this is that noble and great part, who are generally distinguished into *conquerors*, *absolute princes*, *statesmen*, and *prigs* [thieves.] Now all these differ from each other in greatness only as they employ *more* or *fewer* hands. And Alexander the Great was only *greater* than a captain of one of the Tartarian or Arabian hordes, as he was at the head of a larger number. In what, then, is a single *prig* inferior to any other Great Man, but because he employs his own hands only; for he is not on that account to be levelled with the base and vulgar, because he employs his hands for his own use only. Now, suppose a *prig* had as many tools as any prime minister ever had, would he not be as great as any prime minister whatsoever? Undoubtedly he would. What then have I to do in the pursuit of greatness, but to procure a gang, and to make the use of

this gang centre in myself. This gang shall rob for me only, receiving very moderate rewards for their actions; out of this gang I will prefer to my favour the boldest and most iniquitous; (as the vulgar express it;) the rest I will, from time to time, as I see occasion, transport and hang at my pleasure; and thus (which I take to be the highest excellence of a *prig*) convert those laws which are made for the benefit and protection of society, to my single use."

Having thus preconceived his scheme, he saw nothing wanting to put it in immediate execution, but that which is indeed the beginning as well as the end of all human devices; I mean money. Of which commodity he was possessed of no more than sixty-five guineas, being all that remained from the double benefits he had made of Bagshot, and which did not seem sufficient to furnish his house, and every other convenience necessary for so grand an undertaking. He resolved therefore to go immediately to the gaming-house, which was then sitting, not so much with an intention of trusting to fortune, as to play the surer card of attacking the winner in his way home. On his arrival, however, he thought he might as well try his success at the dice, and reserve the other resource as his last expedient. He accordingly sat down to play; and as fortune, no more than others of her sex, is observed to distribute her favours with strict regard to great mental endowments, so our hero lost every farthing in his pocket. This loss however he bore with great constancy of mind, and with as great composure of aspect. To say truth, he considered the money as only lent for a short time, or rather indeed as deposited with a banker. He then resolved to have immediate recourse to his surer stratagem; and casting his eyes round the room, he soon perceived a gentleman sitting in a disconsolate posture, who seemed a proper instrument or tool for his purpose. In short, (to be as concise as possible in these least shining parts of our history,) Wild accosted this man, sounded him, found him fit to execute, proposed the matter, received a ready assent, and having fixed on the person who seemed that evening the greatest favourite of fortune, they posted themselves in the most proper place to surprise the enemy as he was re-

tiring to his quarters, where he was soon attacked, subdued, and plundered; but indeed of no considerable booty; for it seems this gentleman played on a common stock, and had deposited his winnings at the scene of action; nor had he any more than two shillings in his pocket when he was attacked.

This was so cruel a disappointment to Wild, and so sensibly affects us, as no doubt it will the reader; that, as it must disqualify us both from proceeding any further at present, we will now take a little breath; and therefore we shall here close this book.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

Characters of silly people, with the proper uses for which such are designed.

One reason why we chose to end our first book as we did, with the last chapter, was, that we are now obliged to produce two characters, of a stamp entirely different from what we have hitherto dealt in. These persons are of that pitiful order of mortals, who are in contempt called good-natured; being, indeed, sent into the world by nature with the same design with which men put little fish into a pike-pond, in order to be devoured by that voracious water-hero.

But to proceed with our history. Wild, having shared the booty in much the same manner as before, *i. e.* taken three-fourths of it, amounting to eighteen pence, was now retiring to rest, in no very happy mood, when, by accident, he met with a young fellow, who had formerly been his companion, and indeed intimate friend, at school. It hath been thought that friendship is usually nursed by similitude of manners; but the contrary had been the case between these lads: for, whereas Wild was rapacious and intrepid, the other had always more regard for his skin than his money. Wild, therefore, had very generously compassionated this defect in his schoolfellow, and had brought him off from many scrapes, into most of which he had first drawn him, by taking the fault and whipping to himself. He had always, indeed, been well paid on such occa-

sions; but there are a sort of people, who, together with the best of the bargain, will be sure to have the obligation too on their side: so it had happened here; for this poor lad had considered himself in the highest degree obliged to Mr. Wild, and had contracted a very great esteem and friendship for him; the traces of which an absence of many years had not in the least effaced in his mind. He no sooner knew Wild, therefore, than he accosted him in the most friendly manner, and invited him home with him to breakfast, (it being now near nine in the morning,) which invitation our hero, with no great difficulty, consented to. This young man, who was about Wild's age, had some time before set up in the trade of a jeweller, in the materials or stock for which, he had laid out the greatest part of a little fortune, and had married a very agreeable woman for love, by whom he had two children. As our reader is to be more acquainted with this person, it may not be improper to open somewhat of his character, especially as it will serve as a kind of foil to the noble and great disposition of our hero, and as the one seems sent into this world as a proper object on which the talents of the other were to be displayed with a proper and just success.

Mr. Thomas Heartfree, then, (for that was his name,) was of an honest and open disposition. He was of that sort of men, whom experience only, and not their own natures, must inform, that there are such things as deceit and hypocrisy in the world; and who, consequently, are not, at five-and-twenty, so difficult to be imposed upon as the oldest and most subtle. He was possessed of several great weaknesses of mind; being good-natured, friendly, and generous to great excess. He had, indeed, too little regard to common justice; for he had forgiven some debts to his acquaintance, only because they could not pay him, and had entrusted a bankrupt, on his setting up a second time, from having been convinced, that he had dealt in his bankruptcy with a fair and honest heart, and that he had broke through misfortune only, and not from neglect or imposture. He was withal so silly a fellow, that he never took the least advantage of the ignorance of his customers, and contented himself with very moderate gains on his

goods; which he was the better enabled to do, notwithstanding his generosity, because his life was extremely temperate, his expenses being solely confined to the cheerful entertainment of his friends at home, and now and then a moderate glass of wine, in which he indulged himself in the company of his wife, who, with an agreeable person, was a mean-spirited, poor, domestic, low-bred animal, who confined herself mostly to the care of her family, placed her happiness in her husband and her children, followed no expensive fashions or diversions, and indeed rarely went abroad, unless to return the visits of a few plain neighbours, and twice a-year afforded herself, in company with her husband, the diversion of a play, where she never sat in a higher place than the pit.

To this silly woman did this silly fellow introduce the GREAT WILD, informing her at the same time of their school-acquaintance, and the many obligations he had received from him. This simple woman no sooner heard her husband had been obliged to her guest, than her eyes sparkled on him with a benevolence, which is an emanation from the heart, and of which great and noble minds, whose hearts never swell but with an injury, can have no very adequate idea; it is therefore no wonder that our hero should misconstrue, as he did, the poor, innocent, and simple affection of Mrs. Heartfree towards her husband's friend, for that great and generous passion, which fires the eyes of a modern heroine, when the colonel is so kind as to indulge his city creditor with partaking of his table to-day, and of his bed to-morrow. Wild therefore instantly returned the compliment as he understood it, with his eyes, and presently after bestowed many encomiums on her beauty, with which perhaps she, who was a woman, though a good one, and misapprehended the design, was not displeased any more than the husband.

When breakfast was ended, and the wife retired to her household affairs, Wild, who had a quick discernment into the weaknesses of men, and who, besides the knowledge of his good (or foolish) disposition when a boy, had now discovered several sparks of goodness, friendship, and generosity in his friend, began to discourse over the accidents which had happened in

their childhood, and took frequent occasions of reminding him of those favours which we have before mentioned his having conferred on him; he then proceeded to the most vehement professions of friendship, and to the most ardent expressions of joy in this renewal of their acquaintance. He at last told him with great seeming pleasure, that he believed he had an opportunity of serving him by the recommendation of a gentleman to his custom, who was then on the brink of marriage, and, if he be not already engaged, "I will," says he, "endeavour to prevail on him to furnish his lady with jewels at your shop."

Heartfree was not backward in thanks to our hero, and, after many earnest solicitations to dinner, which were refused, they parted for the first time.

But here, as it occurs to our memory, that our readers may be surprised (an accident which sometimes happens in histories of this kind) how Mr. Wild the elder, in his present capacity, should have been able to maintain his son at a reputable school, as this appears to have been, it may be necessary to inform him, that Mr. Wild himself was then a tradesman in good business; but by misfortunes in the world, to wit, extravagance and gaming, he had reduced himself to that honourable occupation which we have formerly mentioned.

Having cleared up this doubt, we will now pursue our hero, who forthwith repaired to the count, and having first settled preliminary articles concerning distributions, he acquainted him with the scheme which he had formed against Heartfree; and after consulting proper methods to put it in execution, they began to concert measures for the enlargement of the count; on which the first, and indeed only point to be considered, was to raise money, not to pay his debts, for that would have required an immense sum, and was contrary to his inclination or intention, but to procure him bail; for as to his escape, Mr. Snap had taken such precautions that it appeared absolutely impossible.

CHAPTER II.

Great examples of GREATNESS *in Wild, shown as well by his behaviour to Bagshot, as in a scheme laid, first, to impose on Heartfree by means of the count, and then to cheat the count of the booty.*

WILD undertook, therefore, to extract some money from Bagshot, who, notwithstanding the depredations made on him, had carried off a pretty considerable booty from their engagement at dice the preceding day. He found Mr. Bagshot in expectation of his bail, and, with a countenance full of concern, which he could at any time, with wonderful art, put on, told him, that all was discovered; that the count knew him, and intended to prosecute him for the robbery, had not I exerted (said he) my utmost interest, and with great difficulty prevailed on him in case you refund the money.

"Refund the money!" cried Bagshot, "that is in your power; for you know what an inconsiderable part of it fell to my share." "How!" replied Wild, "is this your gratitude to me for saving your life? For your own conscience must convince you of your guilt, and with how much certainty the gentleman can give evidence against you." "Marry come up," quoth Bagshot, "I believe my life alone will not be in danger. I know those who are as guilty as myself. Do you tell me of conscience?" "Yes, sirrah!" answered our hero, taking him by the collar, "and since you dare threaten me, I will show you the difference between committing a robbery, and conniving at it, which is all I can charge myself with. I own, indeed, I suspected when you showed me a sum of money, that you had not come honestly by it." "How," says Bagshot, frightened out of one-half of his wits, and amazed out of the other, "can you deny?" "Yes, you rascal," answered Wild, "I do deny everything, and do you find a witness to prove it; and to show you how little apprehensions I have of your power to hurt me, I will have you apprehended this moment." At which words he offered to break from him; but Bagshot laid hold of his skirts, and, with an altered tone and manner, begged him not to be so impatient. "Refund, then, sirrah," cries Wild, "and perhaps I may take pity on you." "What must I refund?" answered Bagshot. "Every farthing

in your pocket," replied Wild; "then I may have some compassion on you, and not only save your life, but, out of an excess of generosity, may return you something. At which words Bagshot seeming to hesitate, Wild pretended to make to the door, and rapt out an oath of vengeance with so violent an emphasis, that his friend no longer presumed to balance, but suffered Wild to search his pockets, and draw forth all he found, to the amount of twenty-one guineas and a half, which last piece our generous hero returned him again; telling him, he might now sleep secure, but advised him for the future never to threaten his friends.

Thus did our hero execute the greatest exploits with the utmost ease imaginable, by means of those transcendent qualities which nature had indulged him with, viz. a bold heart, a thundering voice, and a steady countenance.

Wild now returned to the count, and informed him that he had got ten guineas of Bagshot; for, with great and commendable prudence, he sunk the other eleven into his own pocket; and told him, with that money he would procure him bail, which he after prevailed on his father, and another gentleman of the same occupation, to become, for two guineas each; so that he made lawful prize of six more, making Bagshot debtor for the whole ten; for such were his great abilities, and so vast the compass of his understanding, that he never made any bargain without over-reaching, (or in the vulgar phrase, cheating,) the person with whom he dealt.

The count being, by these means, enlarged, the first thing they did, in order to procure credit from tradesmen, was the taking a handsome house, ready furnished, in one of the new streets; in which, as soon as the count was settled, they proceeded to furnish him with servants and equipage, and all the *insignia* of a large estate proper to impose on poor Heartfree. These being all obtained, Wild made a second visit to his friend, and with much joy in his countenance, acquainted him that he had succeeded in his endeavours, and that the gentleman had promised to deal with him for the jewels which he intended to present his bride, and which were designed to be very splendid and costly; he therefore appointed him to go to the count the next morning, and carry with him a set of the

richest and most beautiful jewels he had, giving him at the same time some hints of the count's ignorance of that commodity, and that he might extort of him what price of him he pleased; but Heartfree told him, not without some disdain, that he scorned to take any such advantage; and, after expressing much gratitude to his friend for his recommendation, he promised to carry the jewels at the hour, and to the place appointed.

I am sensible that the reader, if he hath but the least notion of greatness, must have such a contempt for the extreme folly of this fellow, that he will be very little concerned at any misfortunes which may befal him in the sequel; for, to have no suspicion that an old school-fellow, with whom he had, in his tenderest years, contracted a friendship, and who, on the accidental renewing of their acquaintance, had professed the most passionate regard for him, should be very ready to impose on him; in short, to conceive that a friend should, of his own accord, without any view to his own interest, endeavour to do him a service, must argue such weakness of mind, such ignorance of the world, and such an artless, simple, undesigning heart, as must render the person possessed of it the lowest creature, and the properest object of contempt imaginable, in the eyes of every man of understanding and discernment.

Wild remembered that his friend Heartfree's faults were rather in his heart than in his head; that though he was so mean a fellow that he was never capable of laying a design to injure any human creature, yet was he by no means a fool, nor liable to any gross imposition, unless where his heart betrayed him. He therefore instructed the count to take only one of his jewels at the first interview, and to reject the rest as not fine enough, and order him to provide some richer. He said, this management would prevent Heartfree from expecting ready-money for the jewel he brought with him, which the count was presently to dispose of, and by means of that money, and his great abilities at cards and dice, to get together as large a sum as possible, which he was to pay down to Heartfree, at the delivery of the set of jewels, who would be thus void of all manner of suspicion, and would not fail to give him credit for the residue.

By this contrivance it will appear in the sequel, that Wild did not only propose to make the imposition on Heartfree, who was (hitherto) void of all suspicion, more certain; but to rob the count himself of this sum. This double method of cheating the very tools who are our instruments to cheat others, is the superlative degree of greatness, and is probably, as far as any spirit crusted over with clay can carry it, falling very little short of Diabolism itself.

This method was immediately put in execution, and the count, the first day, took only a single brilliant, worth about three hundred pounds, and ordered a necklace, ear-rings, and solitaire, of the value of three thousand more, to be prepared by that day sevennight.

This interval was employed by Wild in prosecuting his scheme of raising a gang, in which he met with such success, that within a few days he had levied several bold and resolute fellows, fit for any enterprise, how dangerous or great soever.

We have before remarked, that the truest mark of greatness is insatiability. Wild had covenanted with the count to receive three-fourths of the booty, and had, at the same time, covenanted with himself, to secure the other fourth part likewise, for which he had formed a very great and noble design; but he now saw with concern, that sum, which was to be received in hand by Heartfree, in danger of being absolutely lost. In order, therefore, to possess himself of that likewise, he contrived that the jewels should be brought in the afternoon, and that Heartfree should be detained before the count could see him; so that the night should overtake him in his return, when two of his gang were ordered to attack and plunder him.

CHAPTER III.

Containing scenes of softness, love, and honour, all in the great style.

THE count had disposed of his jewel for its full value, and this he had, by dexterity, raised to a thousand pounds; this sum, therefore, he paid down to Heartfree, promising him the rest within a month. His house, his equipage, his appearance, but, above all, a certain plausibility in his voice and behaviour,

would have deceived any, but one whose great and wise heart had dictated to him something within, which would have secured him from any danger of imposition from without. Heartfree, therefore, did not in the least scruple giving him credit; but as he had in reality procured those jewels of another, his own little stock not being able to furnish any thing so valuable, he begged the count would be so kind to give his note for the money, payable at the time he mentioned: which that gentleman did not in the least scruple: so he paid him the thousand pounds in specie, and gave his note for two thousand eight hundred pounds more to Heartfree, who burnt with gratitude to Wild, for the noble customer he had recommended to him.

As soon as Heartfree was departed, Wild, who waited in another room, came in, and received the casket from the Count; it having been agreed between them, that this should be deposited in his hands, as he was the original contriver of the scheme, and was to have the largest share. Wild having received the casket, offered to meet the count late that evening, to come to a division; but such was the latter's confidence in the honour of our hero, that, he said, if it was any inconvenience to him, the next morning would do altogether as well. This was more agreeable to Wild, and accordingly an appointment being made for that purpose, he set out in haste to pursue Heartfree to the place where the two gentlemen were ordered to meet and attack him.—Those gentlemen, with noble resolution, executed their purpose; they attacked and spoiled the enemy of the whole sum he had received from the count.

As soon as the engagement was over, and Heartfree left sprawling on the ground, our hero, who wisely declined trusting the booty in his friends' hands, though he had good experience in their honour, made off after the conquerors; at length they being all at a place of safety, Wild, according to a previous agreement, received nine-tenths of the booty; the subordinate heroes did, indeed, profess some little unwillingness (perhaps more than was strictly consistent with honour) to perform their contract; but Wild, partly by argument, but more by oaths, and threatenings, prevailed with them to fulfil their promise.

Our hero having thus, with wonderful address, brought this great and glorious action to a happy conclusion, resolved to relax his mind after his fatigue, in the conversation of the fair He, therefore, set forwards to his lovely Lætitia; but in his way, accidentally met with a young lady of his acquaintance, Miss Molly Straddle, who was taking the air in Bridges-street. Miss Molly seeing Mr. Wild, stopped him, and with a familiarity peculiar to a genteel town education, tapp'd or rather slapp'd him on the back, and asked him to treat her with a pint of wine, at a neighbouring tavern. The hero, though he loved the chaste Lætitia with excessive tenderness, was not of that low snivelling breed of mortals, who, as it is generally expressed, *tie themselves to a woman's apron-strings;* in a word, who are tainted with that mean, base, low vice, or virtue as it is called, of constancy; therefore he immediately consented, and attended her to a tavern famous for excellent wine, known by the name of the Rummer and Horse-shoe, where they retired to a room by themselves. Wild was very vehement in his addresses, but to no purpose; the young lady declared she would grant no favour till he had made her a present; this was immediately complied with, and the lover made as happy as he could desire.

The immoderate fondness which Wild entertained for his dear Lætitia, would not suffer him to waste any considerable time with Miss Straddle. Notwithstanding, therefore, all the endearments and caresses of that young lady, he soon made an excuse to go down stairs, and thence immediately set forward to Lætitia, without taking any formal leave of Miss Straddle, or indeed of the drawer, with whom the lady was afterwards obliged to come to an account for the reckoning.

Mr. Wild, on his arrival at Mr. Snap's, found only Miss Doshy at home; that young lady being employed alone, in imitation of Penelope, with her thread or worsted; only with this difference, that whereas Penelope unravelled by night what she had knit or wove, or spun by day, so what our young heroine unravelled by day, she knit again by night. In short, she was mending a pair of blue stockings with red clocks; a circumstance which, perhaps, we might have omitted, had it not served to show that there are still some ladies of this age, who imitate the simplicity of the ancients.

Wild immediately asked for his beloved, and was informed that she was not at home. He then inquired where she was to be found, and declared, he would not depart till he had seen her; nay, not till he had married her; for, indeed, his passion for her was truly honourable; in other words, he had so ungovernable a desire for her person, that he would go any length to satisfy it. He then pulled out the casket, which he swore was full of the finest jewels, and that he would give them all to her, with other promises; which so prevailed on Miss Doshy, who had not the common failure of sisters in envying, and often endeavouring to disappoint each other's happiness, that she desired Mr. Wild to sit down a few minutes, whilst she endeavoured to find her sister, and to bring her to him. The lover thanked her, and promised to stay till her return; and Miss Doshy, leaving Mr. Wild to his meditations, fastened him in the kitchen by barring the door, (for most of the doors in this mansion were made to be bolted on the outside,) and then slapping to the door of the house with great violence, without going out at it, she stole softly up stairs, where Miss Lætitia was engaged in close conference with Mr. Bagshot. Miss Letty, being informed by her sister in a whisper of what Mr. Wild had said, and what he had produced, told Mr. Bagshot, that a young lady was below to visit her, whom she would despatch with all imaginable haste, and return to him. She desired him, therefore, to stay with patience for her in the mean time, and that she would leave the door unlocked, though her papa would never forgive her if he should discover it. Bagshot promised on his honour, not to step without his chamber; and the two young ladies went softly down stairs: when pretending first to make their entry into the house, they repaired to the kitchen, where not even the presence of the chaste Lætitia could restore that harmony to the countenance of her lover, which Miss Theodosia had left him possessed of; for, during her absence, he had discovered the absence of a purse containing bank-notes for 900*l.* which had been taken from Mr. Heartfree, and which, indeed, Miss Straddle had, in the warmth of his amorous caresses, unperceived drawn from him. However, as he had that perfect mastery of his temper or rather of his muscles,

which is as necessary to the forming a great character, as to the personating it on the stage, he soon conveyed a smile into his countenance, and concealing as well his misfortune as his chagrin at it, began to pay honourable addresses to Miss Letty. This young lady, among many other good ingredients, had three very predominant passions; to wit, vanity, wantonness, and avarice. To satisfy the first of these she employed Mr. Smirk and company; to the second, Mr. Bagshot and company; and our hero had the honour and happiness of solely engrossing the third. Now, these three sorts of lovers she had very different ways of entertaining. With the first, she was all gay and coquette; with the second, all fond and rampant; and with the last, all cold and reserved. She therefore told Mr. Wild, with a most composed aspect, that she was glad he had repented of his manner of treating her at their last interview, where his behaviour was so monstrous, that she had resolved never to see him any more; that she was afraid her own sex would hardly pardon her the weakness she was guilty of in receding from that resolution, which she was persuaded she never should have brought herself to, had not her sister, who was there to confirm what she said, (as she did with many oaths,) betrayed her into his company, by pretending it was another person to visit her; but however, as he now thought proper to give her more convincing proofs of his affections, (for he had now the casket in his hand,) and since she perceived his designs were no longer against her virtue, but were such as a woman of honour might listen to, she must own—and then she feigned an hesitation, when Theodosia began:—"Nay, sister, I am resolved you shall counterfeit no longer. I assure you, Mr. Wild, she hath the most violent passion for you in the world; and indeed, dear Tishy, if you offer to go back, since I plainly see Mr. Wild's designs are honourable, I will betray all you have ever said." "How, sister," answered Lætitia, "I protest you will drive me out of the room: I did not expect this usage from you." Wild then fell on his knees, and taking hold of her hand, repeated a speech, which as the reader may easily suggest it to himself, I shall not here set down. He then offered her the casket, but she gently rejected it; and on

a second offer, with a modest countenance and voice, desired to know what it contained. Wild then opened it, and took forth (with sorrow I write it, and with sorrow will it be read) one of those beautiful necklaces, with which, at the fair of Bartholomew, they deck the well-bewhitened neck of Thalestris, queen of Amazons, Anna Bullen, Queen Elizabeth, or some other high princess in Drollic story. It was indeed composed of that paste, which Derdæus Magnus, an ingenious toyman, doth at a very moderate price dispense of to the second-rate beaus of the metropolis. For to open a truth, which we ask our reader's pardon for having concealed from him so long, the sagacious count, wisely fearing lest some accident might prevent Mr. Wild's return at the appointed time, had carefully conveyed the jewels which Mr. Heartfree had brought with him, into his own pocket; and in their stead had placed in the casket these artificial stones, which, though of equal value to a philosopher, and perhaps of a much greater to a true admirer of the compositions of art, had not however the same charms in the eyes of Miss Letty, who had indeed some knowledge of jewels; for Mr. Snap, with great reason, considering how valuable a part of a lady's education it would be to be well instructed in these things, in an age when young ladies learn little more than how to dress themselves, had in her youth placed Miss Letty as the handmaid (or housemaid as the vulgar call it) of an eminent pawnbroker. The lightning, therefore, which should have flashed from the jewels, flashed from her eyes, and thunder immediately followed from her voice. She be-knaved, be-rascalled, be-rogued the unhappy hero, who stood silent, confounded with astonishment, but more with shame and indignation, at being thus out-witted and over-reached. At length he recovered his spirits, and throwing down the casket in a rage, he snatched the key from the table: and without making any answer to the ladies, who both very plentifully opened upon him, and without taking any leave of them, he flew out at the door, and repaired with the utmost expedition to the count's habitation.

CHAPTER IV.

In which Wild, after many fruitless endeavours to discover his friend, moralizes on his misfortune in a speech, which may be of use (if rightly understood) to some other considerable speech-makers.

Not the highest-fed footman of the highest-bred woman of quality knocks with more impetuosity, than Wild did at the count's door, which was immediately opened by a well-dressed liveryman, who answered that his master was not at home. Wild, not satisfied with this, searched the house, but to no purpose; he then ransacked all the gaming-houses in town, but found no count: indeed, that gentleman had taken leave of his house the same instant Mr. Wild had turned his back, and, equipping himself with boots and a post-horse, without taking with him either servants, clothes, or any necessaries for the journey of a great man, made such mighty expedition, that he was now upwards of twenty miles on his way to Dover.

Wild, finding his search ineffectual, resolved to give it over for that night; he then retired to his seat of contemplation, a night-cellar; where, without a single farthing in his pocket, he called for a sneaker of punch, and placing himself on a bench by himself, he softly vented the following soliloquy:

"How vain is human GREATNESS! What avail superior abilities, and a noble defiance of those narrow rules and bounds which confine the vulgar; when our best concerted schemes are liable to be defeated! How unhappy is the state of PRIGGISM! How impossible for human prudence to foresee and guard against every circumvention! It is even as a game of chess, where, while the rook, or knight, or bishop, is busied in forecasting some great enterprise, a worthless pawn interposes, and disconcerts his scheme. Better had it been for me to have observed the simple laws of friendship and morality, than thus to ruin my friend for the benefit of others. I might have commanded his purse to any degree of moderation; I have now disabled him from the power of serving me. Well! but that was not my design. If I cannot arraign my own conduct, why should I, like a woman or a child, sit down and lament the disappointment of chance? But can I acquit myself of all neglect? Did I not misbehave in putting it into the power of

others to outwit me? But that is impossible to be avoided. In this a *prig* is more unhappy than any other: a cautious man may, in a crowd, preserve his own pockets by keeping his hands in them; but while the *prig* employs his hands in another's pocket, how shall he be able to defend his own! Indeed, in this light what can be imagined more miserable than a *prig*? How dangerous are his acquisitions! how unsafe, how unquiet his possessions! why then should any man wish to be a *prig*, or where is his greatness? I answer, in his mind: 'tis the inward glory, the secret consciousness of doing great and wonderful actions, which can alone support the truly GREAT MAN, whether he be a CONQUEROR, a TYRANT, a STATESMAN or a PRIG. These must bear him up against the private curse and public imprecation, and while he is hated and detested by all mankind, must make him inwardly satisfied with himself. For what but some such inward satisfaction as this, could inspire men possessed of power, of wealth, of every human blessing, which pride, avarice, or luxury could desire, to forsake their homes, abandon ease and repose, and at the expense of riches and pleasures, at the price of labour and hardship, and at the hazard of all that fortune hath liberally given them, could send them at the head of a multitude of *prigs* called an army, to molest their neighbours: to introduce rape, rapine, bloodshed, and every kind of misery among their own species? What but some such glorious appetite of mind could inflame princes, endowed with the greatest honours, and enriched with the most plentiful revenues, to desire maliciously to rob those subjects of their liberties, who are content to sweat for the luxury, and to bow their knees to the pride of those very princes? What but this can inspire them to destroy one half of their subjects, in order to reduce the rest to an absolute dependence on their own wills, and on those of their brutal successors? What other motive could seduce a subject, possessed of great property in his community, to betray the interest of his fellow-subjects, of his brethren, and his posterity, to the wanton disposition of such princes? Lastly, what less inducement could persuade the *prig* to forsake the methods of acquiring a safe, an honest, and a plentiful livelihood, and, at the hazard of even life itself and what is mistakingly called dishonour, to break

openly and bravely through the laws of his country, for uncertain, unsteady, and unsafe gain? Let me then hold myself contented with this reflection, that I have been wise though unsuccessful, and am a GREAT though an unhappy man."

His soliloquy and his punch concluded together; for he had at every pause comforted himself with a sip. And now it came first into his head, that it would be more difficult to pay for it, than it was to swallow it, when, to his great pleasure, he beheld, at another corner of the room, one of the gentlemen whom he had employed in the attack on Heartfree, and who, he doubted not, would readily lend him a guinea or two; but he had the mortification, on applying to him, to hear that the gaming-table had stripped him of all the booty which his own generosity had left in his possession. He was therefore obliged to pursue his usual method on such occasions: so, cocking his hat fiercely, he marched out of the room without making any excuse, or any one daring to make the least demand.

CHAPTER V.

Containing many surprising adventures, which our hero, with GREAT GREATNESS, *achieved.*

WE will now leave our hero to take a short repose, and return to Mr. Snap's, where, at Wild's departure, the fair Theodosia had again betaken herself to her stocking, and Miss Letty had retired up stairs to Mr. Bagshot; but that gentleman had broken his parole, and, having conveyed himself below stairs behind a door, he took the opportunity of Wild's sally to make his escape. We shall only observe, that Miss Letty's surprise was the greater, as she had, notwithstanding her promise to the contrary, taken the precaution to turn the key; but, in her hurry, she did it ineffectually. How wretched must have been the situation of this young creature, who had not only lost a lover, on whom her tender heart perfectly doted, but was exposed to the rage of an injured father, tenderly jealous of his honour, which was deeply engaged to the sheriff of London and Middlesex for the safe custody of the said Bagshot, and for which, two very good responsible friends had given not only their words but their bonds.

But let us remove our eyes from this melancholy object, and survey our hero, who, after a successless search for Miss Straddle, with wonderful greatness of mind, and steadiness of countenance, went early in the morning to visit his friend Heartfree, at a time when the common herd of friends would have forsaken and avoided him. He entered the room with a cheerful air, which he presently changed into surprise on seeing his friend in a night-gown, with his wounded head bound about with linen, and looking extremely pale from a great effusion of blood. When Wild was informed by Heartfree what had happened, he first expressed great sorrow, and afterwards suffered as violent agonies of rage against the robbers to burst from him. Heartfree, in compassion to the deep impression his misfortunes seemed to make on his friend, endeavoured to lessen it as much as possible, at the same time exaggerating the obligation he owed to Wild, in which his wife likewise seconded him; and they breakfasted with more comfort than was reasonably to be expected after such an accident. Heartfree expressing great satisfaction that he had put the count's note in another pocket-book, adding, that such a loss would have been fatal to him; "for, to confess the truth to you, my dear friend," said he, "I have had some losses lately, which have greatly perplexed my affairs; and though I have many debts due to me from people of great fashion, I assure you I know not where to be certain of getting a shilling." Wild greatly felicitated him on the lucky accident of preserving his note, and then proceeded with much acrimony, to inveigh against the barbarity of people of fashion, who kept tradesmen out of their money.

While they amused themselves with discourses of this kind, Wild, meditating within himself whether he should borrow or steal from his friend, or indeed whether he could not effect both, the apprentice brought a bank-note of 500*l.* in to Heartfree, which, he said, a gentlewoman in the shop, who had been looking at some jewels, desired him to exchange. Heartfree, looking at the number, immediately recollected it to be one of those he had been robbed of. With this discovery he acquainted Wild, who, with the notable presence of mind, and unchanged

complexion, so essential to a great character, advised him to proceed cautiously; and offered (as Mr. Heartfree himself was, he said, too much flustered to examine the woman with sufficient art) to take her into a room in his house alone. He would, he said, personate the master of the house, would pretend to show her some jewels, and would undertake to get sufficient information out of her to secure the rogues, and most probably, all their booty. This proposal was readily and thankfully accepted by Heartfree. Wild went immediately up stairs into the room appointed, whither the apprentice, according to appointment, conducted the lady.

The apprentice was ordered down stairs the moment the lady entered the room; and Wild, having shut the door, approached her with great ferocity in his looks, and began to expatiate on the complicated baseness of the crime she had been guilty of: but though he uttered many good lessons of morality, as we doubt whether from a particular reason they may work any very good effect on our reader, we shall omit his speech, and only mention his conclusion, which was by asking her, what mercy she could now expect from him? Miss Straddle, for that was the young lady, who had had a good education, and had been more than once present at the Old Bailey, very confidently denied the whole charge, and said, she had received the note from a friend. Wild then raising his voice, told her, she should be immediately committed, and she might depend on being convicted; "but," added he, changing his tone, "as I have a violent affection for thee, my dear Straddle, if you follow my advice, I promise you on my honour, to forgive you, nor shall you be ever called in question on this account." "Why, what would you have me to do, Mr. Wild?" replied the young lady, with a pleasanter aspect. "You must know, then," said Wild, "the money you picked out of my pocket (nay, by G—d you did, and if you offer to flinch, you shall be convicted of it) I won at play of a fellow, who, it seems, robbed my friend of it; you must, therefore, give an information on oath, against one Thomas Fierce, and say, that you received the note from him, and leave the rest to me. I am certain, Molly, you must be sensible of your obligations to me, who return good for evil

to you in this manner." The lady readily consented; and advanced to embrace Mr. Wild, who stepped a little back and cried, "Hold, Molly; there are two other notes of 200*l.* each, to be accounted for, where are they?" The lady protested with the most solemn asseverations that she knew no more: with which, when Wild was not satisfied, she cried, "I will stand search." "That you shall," answered Wild, "and stand strip too." He then proceeded to tumble and search her, but to no purpose, till at last she burst into tears, and declared she would tell the truth, (as indeed she did;) she then confessed that she had disposed of the one to Jack Swagger, a great favourite of the ladies, being an Irish gentleman, who had been bred clerk to an attorney, afterwards whipped out of a regiment of dragoons, and was then a Newgate solicitor, and a bawdy-house bully; and as for the other, she had laid it all out that very morning in brocaded silks, and Flanders lace. With this account Wild, who indeed knew it to be a very probable one, was forced to be contented; and now abandoning all further thoughts of what he saw was irretrievably lost, he gave the lady some further instructions, and then, desiring her to stay a few minutes behind him, he returned to his friend, and acquainted him that he had discovered the whole roguery, that the woman had confessed from whom she had received the note, and promised to give an information before a justice of peace, adding, he was concerned he could not attend him thither, being obliged to go to the other end of the town to receive thirty pounds, which he was to pay that evening. Heartfree said, that should not prevent him of his company, for he could easily lend him such a trifle. This was accordingly done and accepted, and Wild, Heartfree, and the lady went to the justice together.

The warrant being granted, and the constable being acquainted by the lady, who received her information from Wild, of Mr. Fierce's haunts, he was easily apprehended, and being confronted with Miss Straddle, who swore positively to him, though she had never seen him before, he was committed to Newgate, where he immediately conveyed an information to Wild of what had happened, and in the evening received a visit from him.

Wild affected great concern for his friend's misfortune, and

as great surprise at the means by which it was brought about. However, he told Fierce that he must certainly be mistaken in that point, of his having had no acquaintance with Miss Straddle; but added, that he would find her out, and endeavour to take off her evidence: which, he observed, did not come home enough to endanger him; besides, he would secure him witnesses of an *alibi*, and five or six to his character; so that he need be under no apprehension, for his confinement till the sessions would be his only punishment.

Fierce, who was greatly comforted by these assurances of his friend, returned him many thanks; and both shaking each other very earnestly by the hand, with a very hearty embrace, they separated.

The hero considered with himself that the single evidence of Miss Straddle would not be sufficient to convict Fierce, whom he resolved to hang, as he was the person who had principally refused to deliver him the stipulated share of the booty; he therefore went in quest of Mr. James Sly, the gentleman who had assisted in the exploit, and found and acquainted him with the apprehending of Fierce. Wild then intimating his fear, lest Fierce should impeach Sly, advised him to be beforehand, to surrender himself to a justice of peace, and offer himself as an evidence. Sly approved Mr. Wild's opinion, went directly to a magistrate, and was by him committed to the Gate-house, with a promise of being admitted evidence against his companion.

Fierce was, in a few days, brought to his trial at the Old-Bailey, where, to his great confusion, his old friend Sly appeared against him, as did Miss Straddle. His only hopes were now in the assistances which our hero had promised him. These unhappily failed him: so that the evidence being plain against him, and he making no defence, the jury convicted him, the court condemned him, and Mr. Ketch executed him.

With such infinite address did this truly great man know how to play with the passions of men, to set them at variance with each other, and to work his own purposes out of those jealousies and apprehensions, which he was wonderfully ready at creating, by means of those great arts which the vulgar call treachery, dissembling, promising, lying, falsehood, &c.; but

which are, by great men, summed up in the collective name of policy, or politics, or rather politrics; an art of which, as it is the highest excellence of human nature, perhaps our great man was the most eminent master.

CHAPTER VI.

Of Hats.

WILD had now got together a very considerable gang, composed of undone gamesters, ruined bailiffs, broken tradesmen, idle apprentices, attorneys' clerks, and loose and disorderly youth, who, being born to no fortune, nor bred to any trade or profession, were willing to live luxuriously without labour. As these persons wore different *principles*, i. e. *hats*, frequent dissensions grew among them. There were particularly two parties, viz., those who wore hats *fiercely* cocked, and those who preferred the *nab* or trencher hat, with the brim flapping over their eyes. The former were called *Cavaliers* and *Tory Rory Ranter Boys*, &c. The latter went by the several names of *Wags*, *Roundheads*, *Shakebags*, *Oldnolls*, and several others. Between these, continual jars arose; insomuch, that they grew in time to think there was something essential in their differences, and that their interests were incompatible with each other; whereas, in truth, the difference lay only in the fashion of their hats.

Wild, therefore, having assembled them all at an alehouse on the night after Fierce's execution, and perceiving evident marks of their misunderstanding, from their behaviour to each other, addressed them in the following gentle, but forcible manner.* "Gentlemen, I am ashamed to see men embark in

* There is something very mysterious in this speech, which probably that chapter written by Aristotle on this subject, which is mentioned by a French author, might have given some light into; but that is unhappily among the lost works of that philosopher. It is remarkable, that *Galerus*, which is Latin for a Hat, signifies likewise a Dog-fish, as the Greek word Κυνὴ doth the skin of that animal: of which I suppose the hats or helmets of the ancients were composed, as ours at present are of the beaver or rabbit. Sophocles, in the latter end of his Ajax, alludes to a method of cheating in hats, and the scholiast on the place tells us of one Cre-

so great and glorious an undertaking, as that of robbing the public, so foolishly and weakly dissenting among themselves Do you think the first inventors of hats, or at least of the distinctions between them, really conceived that one form of hats should inspire a man with divinity, another with law, another with learning, or another with bravery? No, they meant no more by these outward signs, than to impose on the vulgar, and instead of putting great men to the trouble of acquiring or maintaining the substance, to make it sufficient that they condescend to wear the type or shadow of it. You do wisely, therefore, when in a crowd, to amuse the mob by quarrels on such accounts, that, while they are listening to your jargon, you may, with the greater ease and safety, pick their pockets; but surely to be in earnest, and privately to keep up such a ridiculous contention among yourselves, must argue the highest folly and absurdity. When you know you are all *prigs*, what difference can a broad or a narrow brim create? Is a *prig* less a *prig* in one hat than in another? If the public should be weak enough to interest themselves in your quarrels, and to prefer one pack to the other, while both are aiming at their purses; it is your business to laugh at, not imitate their folly. What can be more ridiculous than for gentlemen to quarrel about hats, when there is not one among you whose hat is worth a farthing. What is the use of a hat, farther than to keep the head warm, or to hide a bald crown from the public? It is the mark of a gentleman to move his hat on every occasion; and in courts and noble assemblies, no man ever wears one. Let me hear no more therefore of this

phontes, who was master of the art. It is observable likewise, that Achilles, in the first Iliad of Homer, tells Agamemnon in anger that he had dog's eyes. Now, as the eyes of a dog are handsomer than those almost of any other animal, this could be no term of reproach. He must therefore mean that he had a hat on, which perhaps, from the creature it was made of, or from some other reason, might have been a mark of infamy. This superstitious opinion may account for that custom, which hath descended through all nations, of showing respect by pulling off this covering; and that no man is esteemed fit to converse with his superiors with it on. I shall conclude this learned note with remarking, that the term Old Hat, is at present used by the vulgar in no very honourable sense.

childish disagreement, but all toss up your hats together with one accord, and consider that hat as the best, which will contain the largest booty." He thus ended his speech, which was followed by a murmuring applause, and immediately all present tossed their hats together as he had commanded them.

CHAPTER VII.

Showing the consequence which attended Heartfree's adventures with Wild; all natural, and common enough to little wretches who deal with Great Men; together with some precedents of letters, being the different methods of answering a Dun.

Let us now return to Heartfree, to whom the count's note, which he had paid away, was returned, with an account that the drawer was not to be found, and that, inquiring after him, they had heard he was run away, and consequently, the money was now demanded of the indorser. The apprehension of such a loss would have affected any man of business, but much more one whose unavoidable ruin it must prove. He expressed so much concern and confusion on this occasion, that the proprietor of the note was frightened, and resolved to lose no time in securing what he could. So that, in the afternoon of the same day, Mr. Snap was commissioned to pay Heartfree a visit, which he did with his usual formality, and conveyed him to his own house.

Mrs. Heartfree was no sooner informed of what had happened to her husband, than she raved like one distracted; but after she had vented the first agonies of her passion in tears and lamentations, she applied herself to all possible means to procure her husband's liberty. She hastened to beg the neighbours to secure bail for him. But as the news had arrived at their houses before her, she found none of them at home, except an honest Quaker, whose servants durst not tell a lie. However, she succeeded no better with him; for unluckily he had made an affirmation, the day before, that he would never be bail for any man. After many fruitless efforts of this kind, she repaired to her husband, to comfort him at least with her presence. She found him sealing the last of several letters,

which he was despatching to his friends and creditors. The moment he saw her, a sudden joy sparkled in his eyes, which, however, had a very short duration; for despair soon closed them again; nor could he help bursting into some passionate expressions of concern for her and his little family; which she, on her part, did her utmost to lessen, by endeavouring to mitigate the loss, and to raise in him hopes from the count, who might, she said, be possibly only gone into the country. She comforted him, likewise, with the expectation of favour from his acquaintance, especially from those whom he had in a particular manner obliged and served. Lastly, she conjured him, by all the value and esteem he professed for her, not to endanger his health, on which alone depended her happiness, by too great an indulgence of grief; assuring him, that no state of life could appear unhappy to her with him, unless his own sorrow or discontent made it so.

In this manner did this weak, poor-spirited woman attempt to relieve her husband's pains, which it would have rather become her to aggravate, by not only painting out his misery in the liveliest colours imaginable, but by upbraiding him with that folly and confidence which had occasioned it, and by lamenting her own hard fate, in being obliged to share his sufferings.

Heartfree returned this goodness (as it is called) of his wife with the warmest gratitude; and they passed an hour in a scene of tenderness, too low and contemptible to be recounted to our great readers. We shall, therefore, omit all such relations, as they tend only to make human nature low and ridiculous.

Those messengers who had obtained any answers to his letters, now returned. We shall here copy a few of them, as they may serve for precedents to others who have an occasion, which happens commonly enough in genteel life, to answer the impertinence of a dun.

LETTER I.

MR. HEARTFREE,

My Lord commands me to tell you, he is very much surprised at your assurance, in asking for money, which you know

hath been so little while due; however, as he intends to deal no longer at your shop, he hath ordered me to pay you as soon as I shall have cash in hand, which, considering many disbursements for bills long due, &c. can't possibly promise any time, &c. at present. And am

Your humble servant,

ROGER MORECRAFT.

LETTER II.

DEAR SIR,

The money, as you truly say, hath been three years due, but upon my soul I am at present incapable of paying a farthing; but as I doubt not, very shortly, not only to content that small bill, but likewise to lay out very considerable further sums at your house, hope you will meet with no inconvenience by this short delay in, dear sir,

Your most sincere humble servant,

CHA. COURTLY.

LETTER III.

MR. HEARTFREE,

I beg you would not acquaint my husband of the trifling debt between us; for as I know you to be a very good-natured man, I will trust you with a secret; he gave me the money long since to discharge it, which I had the ill luck to lose at play. You may be assured I will satisfy you the first opportunity, and am, sir,

Your very humble servant,

CATH. RUBBERS.

Please to present my compliments to Mrs. Heartfree.

LETTER LV.

MR. THOMAS HEARTFREE,

Sir, yours received; but as to the sum mentioned therein, doth not suit at present,

Your humble servant,

PETER POUNCE.

LETTER V.

SIR,

I am sincerely sorry it is not at present possible for me to comply with your request, especially after so many obligations received on my side, of which I shall always entertain the most grateful memory. I am very greatly concerned at your misfortunes, and would have waited upon you in person, but am not at present very well, and besides, am obliged to go this evening to Vauxhall. I am, sir,

Your most obliged humble servant,

CHAS. EASY.

P. S. I hope good Mrs. Heartfree and the dear little ones are well.

There were more letters to much the same purpose; but we proposed giving our reader a taste only. Of all these, the last was infinitely the most grating to poor Heartfree, as it came from one to whom, when in distress, he had himself lent a considerable sum, and of whose present flourishing circumstances he was well assured.

CHAPTER VIII.

In which our hero carries GREATNESS *to an immoderate height.*

LET us remove, therefore, as fast as we can, this detestable picture of ingratitude, and present the much more agreeable portrait of that assurance to which the French very properly annex the epithet of good. Heartfree had scarce done reading his letters, when our hero appeared before his eyes; not with that aspect with which a pitiful parson meets his patron, after having opposed him at an election, or which a doctor wears, when sneaking away from a door where he is informed of his patient's death; not with that downcast countenance which betrays the man who, after a strong conflict between virtue and vice, hath surrendered his mind to the latter, and is discovered in his first treachery; but with that noble, bold, great confidence with which a prime minister assures his dependant, that the place he promised him was disposed of before. And such concern and uneasiness as he expresses in his looks on those occasions, did Wild testify on the first meeting of his

friend. And as the said prime minister chides you for neglect of your interest, in not having asked in time, so did our hero attack Heartfree for his giving credit to the count; and, without suffering him to make any answer, proceeded in a torrent of words to overwhelm him with abuse; which, however friendly its intention might be, was scarce to be outdone by an enemy.

By these means Heartfree, who might perhaps otherwise have vented some little concern for that recommendation which Wild had given him to the count, was totally prevented from any such endeavour; and, like an invading prince, when attacked in his own dominions, forced to recall his whole strength to defend himself at home. This indeed he did so well, by insisting on the figure and outward appearance of the count and his equipage, that Wild at length grew a little more gentle, and with a sigh, said, "I confess I have the least reason of all mankind to censure another for an imprudence of this nature, as I am myself the most easy to be imposed upon, and indeed have been so by this count, who, if he be insolvent, hath cheated me of five hundred pounds. But, for my own part," said he, "I will not yet despair, nor would I have you. Many men have found it convenient to retire, or abscond for a while, and afterwards have paid their debts, or at least handsomely compounded them. This I am certain of, should a composition take place, which is the worst I think that can be apprehended, I shall be the only loser; for I shall think myself obliged in honour to repair your loss, even though you must confess it was principally owing to your own folly. Z—ds! had I imagined it necessary, I would have cautioned you; but I thought the part of the town where he lived sufficient caution not to trust him. — And such a sum! — The devil must have been in you, certainly!"

This was a degree of impudence beyond poor Mrs. Heartfree's imagination. Though she had before vented the most violent execrations on Wild, she was now thoroughly satisfied of his innocence, and begged him not to insist any longer on what he perceived so deeply affected her husband. She said, trade could not be carried on without credit, and surely he was sufficiently satisfied in giving it to such a person as the

count appeared to be. Besides, she said, reflections on what was past and irretrievable would be of little service; that their present business was to consider how to prevent the evil consequences which threatened, and first to endeavour to procure her husband his liberty. "Why doth he not procure bail?" said Wild. "Alas! sir," said she, "we have applied to many of our acquaintance in vain; we have met with excuses even where we could least expect them." "Not bail!" answered Wild, in a passion, "he shall have bail, if there is any in the world. It is now very late, but trust me to procure him bail to-morrow morning."

Mrs. Heartfree received these professions with tears, and told Wild he was a friend indeed. She then proposed to stay that evening with her husband; but he would not permit her, on account of his little family, whom he would not agree to trust to the care of servants in this time of confusion.

A hackney-coach was then sent for, but without success; for these, like hackney friends, always offer themselves in the sunshine, but are never to be found when you want them. And as for a chair, Mr. Snap lived in a part of the town which chairmen very little frequent. This good woman was therefore obliged to walk home, whither the gallant Wild offered to attend her as a protector. This favour was thankfully accepted, and the husband and wife having taken a tender leave of each other, the former was locked in, and the latter locked out by the hands of Mr. Snap himself.

As this visit of Mr. Wild's to Heartfree may seem one of those passages in history, which writers, Drawcansir-like, introduce only *because they dare;* indeed, as it may seem somewhat contradictory to the greatness of our hero, and may tend to blemish his character with an imputation of that kind of friendship, which savours too much of weakness and imprudence; it may be necessary to account for this visit, especially to our more sagacious readers, whose satisfaction we shall always consult in the most especial manner. They are to know, then, that at the first interview with Mrs. Heartfree, Mr. Wild had conceived that passion, or affection, or friendship, or desire for that handsome creature, which the gentlemen of this our age agree to call LOVE; and which is indeed no other

than that kind of affection which, after the exercise of the dominical day is over, a lusty divine is apt to conceive for the well-dressed sirloin or handsome buttock, which the well-edified squire in gratitude sets before him, and which, so violent is his love, he devours in imagination the moment he sees it. Not less ardent was the hungry passion of our hero, who from the moment he had cast his eyes on that charming dish, had cast about in his mind by what method he might come at it. This, as he perceived, might most easily be effected after the ruin of Heartfree, which for other considerations he had intended. So he postponed all endeavours for this purpose, till he had first effected what, by order of time, was regularly to precede this latter design; with such regularity did this our hero conduct all his schemes, and so truly superior was he to all the efforts of passion, which so often disconcert and disappoint the noblest views of others.

CHAPTER IX.

More greatness in Wild. A low scene between Mrs. Heartfree and her children, and a scheme of our hero, worthy the highest admiration, and even astonishment.

When first Wild conducted his flame (or rather his dish, to continue our metaphor) from the proprietor, he had projected a design of conveying her to one of those eating-houses in Covent-Garden, where female flesh is deliciously dressed, and served up to the greedy appetites of young gentlemen; but fearing lest she should not come readily enough into his wishes, and that, by too eager and hasty a pursuit, he should frustrate his future expectations, and luckily, at the same time, a noble hint suggesting itself to him, by which he might almost inevitably secure his pleasure, together with his profit, he contented himself with waiting on Mrs. Heartfree home, and, after many protestations of friendship and service to her husband, took his leave, and promised to visit her early in the morning, and to conduct her back to Mr. Snap's.

Wild now retired to a night-cellar, where he found several of his acquaintance, with whom he spent the remaining part

of the night in revelling; nor did the least compassion for Heartfree's misfortunes disturb the pleasure of his cups. So truly great was his soul, that it was absolutely composed, save that an apprehension of Miss Tishy's making some discovery, (as she was then in no good temper towards him,) a little ruffled and disquieted the perfect serenity he would otherwise have enjoyed. As he had, therefore, no opportunity of seeing her that evening, he wrote her a letter full of ten thousand protestations of honourable love, and (which he more depended on) containing as many promises, in order to bring the young lady into good-humour, without acquainting her in the least with his suspicion, or giving her any caution; for it was his constant maxim, never to put it into any one's head to do you a mischief, by acquainting him that it is in his power.

We must now return to Mrs. Heartfree, who passed a sleepless night in as great agonies and horror for the absence of her husband, as a fine well-bred woman could feel at the return of hers from a long voyage or journey. In the morning the children being brought to her, the eldest asked, *Where dear papa was?* At which she could not refrain from bursting into tears. The child perceiving it, said, *Don't cry, mamma; I am sure papa would not stay abroad if he could help it.* At these words she caught the child in her arms, and throwing herself into the chair, in an agony of passion, cried out, *No, my child; nor shall all the malice of hell keep us long asunder.*

These are circumstances which we should not, for the amusement of six or seven readers only, have inserted, had they not served to show, that there are weaknesses in vulgar life, to which great minds are so entirely strangers, that they have not even an idea of them; and secondly, by exposing the folly of this low creature, to set off and elevate that greatness, of which we endeavour to draw a true portrait in this history.

Wild, entering the room, found the mother, with one child in her arms, and another at her knee. After paying her his compliments, he desired her to dismiss the children and servant, for that he had something of the greatest moment to impart to her.

She immediately complied with his request; and, the door being shut, asked him with great eagerness if he had succeeded

in his intentions of procuring the bail. He answered he had not endeavoured at it yet; for a scheme had entered into his head, by which she might certainly preserve her husband, herself, and her family. In order to which, he advised her to remove, with the most valuable jewels she had, to Holland, before any statute of bankruptcy issued to prevent her; that he would himself attend her thither, and place her in safety, and then return to deliver her husband, who would be thus easily able to satisfy his creditors. He added, that he was that instant come from Snap's, where he had communicated the scheme to Heartfree, who had greatly approved of it, and desired her to put it in execution without delay, concluding that a moment was not to be lost.

The mention of her husband's approbation left no doubt in this poor woman's breast; she only desired a moment's time, to pay him a visit, in order to take her leave. But Wild peremptorily refused: he said by every moment's delay she risked the ruin of her family; that she would be absent only a few days from him; for that the moment he had lodged her safe in Holland, he would return, procure her husband his liberty, and bring him to her. "I have been the unfortunate, the innocent cause of all my dear Tom's calamity, madam," said he, "and I will perish with him, or see him out of it." Mrs. Heartfree overflowed with acknowledgments of his goodness; but still begged for the shortest interview with her husband. Wild declared that a minute's delay might be fatal; and added, though with a voice of sorrow rather than of anger, that if she had not resolution enough to execute the commands he brought her from her husband, his ruin would lie at her door; and, for his own part, he must give up any farther meddling in his affairs.

She then proposed to take her children with her; but Wild would not permit it; saying, they would only retard their flight, and that it would be properer for her husband to bring them. He at length absolutely prevailed on this poor woman, who immediately packed up the most valuable effects she could find, and, after a tender leave of her infants, earnestly recommended them to the care of a very faithful servant. Then they called a hackney-coach, which conveyed them to an inn, where they

were furnished with a chariot and six, in which they set forward for Harwich.

Wild rode with an exulting heart; secure, as he now thought himself, of the possession of that lovely woman, together with a rich cargo. In short, he enjoyed in his mind all the happiness which unbridled lust and rapacious avarice could promise him. As to the poor creature, who was to satisfy these passions, her whole soul was employed in reflecting on the condition of her husband and children. A single word scarce escaped her lips, though many a tear gushed from her brilliant eyes, which, if I may use a coarse expression, served only as delicious sauce to heighten the appetite of Wild.

CHAPTER X.

Sea adventures, very new and surprising.

When they arrived at Harwich, they found a vessel, which had put in there, just ready to depart for Rotterdam. So they went immediately on board and sailed with a fair wind; but they had hardly proceeded out of sight of land, when a sudden and violent storm arose, and drove them to the south-west; insomuch, that the captain apprehended it impossible to avoid the Goodwin Sands, and he and all his crew gave themselves for lost. Mrs. Heartfree, who had no other apprehensions from death, but those of leaving her dear husband and children, fell on her knees, to beseech the Almighty's favour, when Wild, with a contempt of danger truly great, took a resolution, as worthy to be admired, perhaps, as any recorded of the bravest hero, ancient or modern; a resolution, which plainly proved him to have these two qualifications, so necessary to a hero—to be superior to all the energies of fear or pity. He saw the tyrant death ready to rescue from him his intended prey, which he had yet devoured only in imagination. He therefore swore he would prevent him; and immediately attacked the poor wretch, who was in the utmost agonies of despair, first with solicitation, and afterwards with force.

Mrs. Heartfree, the moment she understood his meaning, which, in her present temper of mind, and in the opinion she

held of him, she did not immediately, rejected him with all the repulses which indignation and horror could animate; but when he attempted violence, she filled the cabin with her shrieks, which were so vehement, that they reached the ears of the captain, the storm at this time luckily abating. This man, who was a brute rather from his education, and the element he inhabited, than from nature, ran hastily down to her assistance, and finding her struggling on the ground with our hero, he presently rescued her from her intended ravisher; who was soon obliged to quit the woman, in order to engage with her lusty champion, who spared neither pains nor blows in the assistance of his fair passenger.

When the short battle was over, in which our hero, had he not been overpowered with numbers, who came down on their captain's side, would have been victorious; the captain rapped out a hearty oath, and asked Wild, *If he had no more christianity in him than to ravish a woman in a storm?* To which the other greatly and sullenly answered: "It was very well: but d—n him if he had not satisfaction the moment they came on shore." The captain with great scorn replied, *Kiss* —— &c. then forcing Wild out of the cabin, he, at Mrs. Heartfree's request, locked her into it, and returned to the care of his ship.

The storm was now entirely ceased, and nothing remained but the usual ruffling of the sea after it, when one of the sailors spied a sail at a distance, which the captain wisely apprehended might be a privateer, (for we were then engaged in a war with France,) and immediately ordered all the sail possible to be crowded; but this caution was in vain; for the little wind which then blew, was directly adverse; so that the ship bore down upon them, and soon appeared to be what the captain had feared, a French privateer. He was in no condition of resistance, and immediately struck on her firing the first gun. The captain of the Frenchman, with several of his hands, came on board the English vessel; which they rifled of every thing valuable, and, amongst the rest, of poor Mrs. Heartfree's whole cargo; and then taking the crew, together with the two passengers, aboard his own ship, he determined, as the other would be only a burden to him, to sink her, she being very old and leaky, and not worth going back with to Dunkirk. He

preserved, therefore, nothing but the boat, as his own was none of the best, and then pouring a broadside into her, he sent her to the bottom.

The French captain, who was a very young fellow, and a man of gallantry, was presently enamoured to no small degree with his beautiful captive; and imagining Wild from some words he dropt, to be her husband, notwithstanding the ill affection towards him which appeared in her looks, he asked her, If she understood French? She answered in the affirmative, for indeed she did perfectly well. He then asked her how long she and that gentleman (pointing to Wild) had been married? She answered with a deep sigh, and many tears, that she was married indeed, but not to that villain, who was the sole cause of all her misfortune. That appellation raised a curiosity in the captain, and he importuned her in so pressing, but gentle a manner, to acquaint him with the injuries she complained of, that she was at last prevailed on to recount to him the whole history of her afflictions. This so moved the captain, who had too little notions of greatness, and so incensed him against our hero, that he resolved to punish him; and, without regard to the laws of war, he immediately ordered out his shattered boat, and, making Wild a present of half a dozen biscuits to prolong his misery, he put him therein, and then, committing him to the mercy of the sea, proceeded on his cruise.

CHAPTER XI

The great and wonderful behaviour of our hero in the boat.

It is probable, that a desire of ingratiating himself with his charming captive, or rather conqueror, had no little share in promoting this extraordinary act of illegal justice; for the Frenchman had conceived the same sort of passion, or hunger, which Wild himself had felt, and was almost as much resolved, by some means or other, to satisfy it. We will leave him, however, at present, in the pursuit of his wishes, and attend our hero in his boat; since it is in circumstances of distress that true greatness appears most wonderful. For that a prince in the midst of his courtiers, all ready to compliment him with

his favourite character, or title, and indeed with every thing else; or that a conqueror, at the head of a hundred thousand men, all prepared to execute his will, how ambitious, wanton, or cruel soever, should, in the giddiness of their pride, elevate themselves many degrees above those their tools, seems not difficult to be imagined, or indeed accounted for. But that a man in chains, in prison, nay, in the vilest dungeon, should, with persevering pride and obstinate dignity, discover that vast superiority in his own nature over the rest of mankind, who to a vulgar eye seem much happier than himself; nay, that he should discover Heaven and Providence (whose peculiar care, it seems, he is) at that very time at work for him; this is among the arcana of greatness, to be perfectly understood only by an adept in that science.

What could be imagined more miserable than the situation of our hero at this season, floating in a little boat, on the open seas, without oar, without sail, and at the mercy of the first wave to overwhelm him? Nay, this was indeed the fair side of his fortune, as it was a much more eligible fate than that alternative which threatened him with almost unavoidable certainty, viz., starving with hunger, the sure consequence of a continuance of the calm.

Our hero, finding himself in this condition, began to ejaculate a round of blasphemies, which the reader, without being over-pious, might be offended at seeing repeated. He then accused the whole female sex, and the passion of love, (as he called it,) particularly that which he bore to Mrs. Heartfree, as the unhappy occasion of his present sufferings. At length, finding himself descending too much into the language of meanness and complaint, he stopped short, and soon after broke forth as follows: "D—n it, a man can die but once; what signifies it? Every man must die, and when it is over, it is over. I never was afraid of any thing yet, nor I won't begin now; no, d—n me, won't I. What signifies fear? I shall die whether I am afraid or no. Who's afraid, then, d—n me?" At which words, he looked extremely fierce; but recollecting that no one was present to see him, he relaxed a little the terror of his countenance, and pausing a while, repeated the word d—n! "Suppose I should be d—ned at

last," cries he, "when I never thought a syllable of the matter! I have often laughed and made a jest about it, and yet it may be so, for any thing which I know to the contrary. If there should be another world, it will go hard with me, that is certain. I shall never escape for what I have done to Heartfree. The devil must have me for that, undoubtedly. The devil! Pshaw! I am not such a fool to be frightened at him neither. No, no; when a man's dead, there's an end of him. I wish I was certainly satisfied of it, though; for there are some men of learning, as I have heard, of a different opinion. It is but a bad chance, methinks, I stand. If there be no other world, why I shall be in no worse condition than a block or a stone; but if there should,—d—n me, I will think no longer about it. Let a pack of cowardly rascals be afraid of death; I dare look him in the face. But shall I stay and be starved?—No, I will eat up the biscuits the French son of a whore bestowed on me, and then leap into the sea for drink, since the unconscionable dog hath not allowed me a single dram." Having thus said, he proceeded immediately to put his purpose in execution; and, as his resolution never failed him, he had no sooner despatched the small quantity of provision which his enemy had, with no vast liberality, presented him, than he cast himself headlong into the sea.

CHAPTER XII.

The strange and yet natural escape of our hero.

Our hero having with wonderful resolution thrown himself into the sea, as we mentioned at the end of the last chapter, was miraculously within two minutes after replaced in his boat; and this without the assistance of a dolphin or sea-horse, or any other fish or animal, who are always as ready at hand when a poet or historian pleases to call for them to carry a hero through the sea, as any chairman at a coffee-house door near St. James's, to convey a beau over a street, and preserve his white stockings The truth is, we do not choose to have any recourse to miracles, from the strict observance we pay to that rule of Horace,

Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus.

The meaning of which is, Do not bring in a supernatural agent when you can do without him; and indeed, we are much deeper read in natural than supernatural causes. We will therefore endeavour to account for this extraordinary event from the former of these; and in doing this it will be necessary to disclose some profound secrets to our reader, extremely well worth his knowing, and which may serve him to account for many occurrences of the phænomenous kind which have formerly appeared in this our hemisphere.

Be it known, then, that the great Alma Mater, Nature, is of all other females the most obstinate and tenacious of her purpose. So true is that observation

Naturam expellas furca licet, usque recurret.

Which I need not render in English, it being to be found in a book which most fine gentlemen are forced to read. Whatever nature, therefore, purposes to herself, she never suffers any reason, design, or accident to frustrate. Now, though it may seem to a shallow observer, that some persons were designed by nature for no use or purpose whatever; yet certain it is, that no man is born into the world without his particular allotment; viz. some to be kings, some statesmen, some ambassadors, some bishops, some generals, and so on. Of these there be two kinds; those to whom nature is so generous to give some endowment, qualifying them for the parts she intends them afterwards to act on the stage; and those whom she uses as instances of her unlimited power, and for whose preferment to such and such stations. Solomon himself could have invented no other reason than that nature designed them so. These latter, some great philosophers have, to show them to be the favourites of nature, distinguished by the honourable appellation of NATURALS. Indeed, the true reason of the general ignorance of mankind on this head seems to be this; That as nature chooses to execute these her purposes by certain second causes, and as many of these second causes seem so totally foreign to her design, the wit of man, which, like his eye, sees best directly forward, and very little and imperfectly what is oblique, is not able to discern the end by the means. Thus, how a handsome wife or daughter should contribute to

execute her original designation of a general; or how flattery, or half a dozen houses in a borough-town, should denote a judge, or a bishop, he is not capable of comprehending. And, indeed, we ourselves, wise as we are, are forced to reason *ab effectu*, and if we had been asked what nature had intended such men for, before she herself had by the event demonstrated her purpose, it is possible we might sometimes have been puzzled to declare; for it must be confessed, that at first sight, and to a mind uninspired, a man of vast natural capacity and much acquired knowledge may seem by nature designed for power and honour, rather than one remarkable only for the want of these, and indeed all other qualifications; whereas daily experience convinces us of the contrary, and drives us as it were into the opinion I have here disclosed.

Now, nature, having originally intended our Great Man for the final exaltation, which, as it is the most proper and becoming end of all great men, it were heartily to be wished they might all arrive at; would by no means be diverted from her purpose. She therefore no sooner spied him in the water, than she softly whispered in his ear to attempt the recovery of his boat; which call he immediately obeyed, and being a good swimmer, and it being a perfect calm, with great facility accomplished it.

Thus we think this passage in our history, at first so greatly surprising, is very naturally accounted for; and our relation rescued from the prodigious, which, though it often occurs in biography, is not to be encouraged nor much commended on any occasion, unless when absolutely necessary to prevent the history's being at an end. Secondly, we hope our hero is justified from that imputation of want of resolution, which must have been fatal to the greatness of his character.

CHAPTER XIII.

The conclusion of the boat adventure, and the end of the second book.

Our hero passed the remainder of the evening, the night, and the next day, in a condition not much to be envied by any passion of the human mind, unless by ambition; which, pro-

vided it can only entertain itself with the most distant music of fame's trumpet, can disdain all the pleasures of the sensualist, and those more solemn, though quieter comforts, which a good conscience suggests to a christian philosopher.

He spent his time in contemplation, that is to say, in blaspheming, cursing, and sometimes singing and whistling. At last, when cold and hunger had almost subdued his native fierceness, it being a good deal past midnight, and extremely dark, he thought he beheld a light at a distance, which the cloudiness of the sky prevented his mistaking for a star: This light, however, did not seem to approach him, at least it approached by such imperceptible degrees, that it gave him very little comfort, and at length totally forsook him. He then renewed his contemplation as before, in which he continued till the day began to break: when, to his inexpressible delight, he beheld a sail at a very little distance, and which luckily seemed to be making towards him. He was likewise soon espied by those in the vessel, who wanted no signals to inform them of his distress, and as it was almost a calm, and their course lay within five hundred yards of him, they hoisted out their boat, and fetched him aboard.

The captain of this ship was a Frenchman; she was laden with deals from Norway, and had been extremely shattered in the late storm. This captain was of that kind of men, who are actuated by a general humanity, and whose compassion can be raised by the distress of a fellow-creature, though of a nation whose king had quarrelled with a monarch of their own. He, therefore, commiserating the circumstances of Wild, who had dressed up a story proper to impose on such a silly fellow, told him, that, as himself well knew, he must be a prisoner on his arrival in France, but that he would endeavour to procure his redemption; for which our hero greatly thanked him. But as they were making very slow sail, (for they had lost their mainmast in the storm,) Wild saw a little vessel at a distance, they being within a few leagues of the English shore, which, on inquiry, he was informed was probably an English fishing-boat. And it being then perfectly calm, he proposed, that if they would accommodate him with a pair of scullers, he could get within reach of the boat, at least near enough to make signals

to her; and he preferred any risk to the certain fate of being a prisoner. As his courage was somewhat restored by the provisions (especially brandy) with which the Frenchman had supplied him, he was so earnest in his entreaties, that the captain, after many persuasions, at length complied; and he was furnished with scullers, and with some bread, pork, and a bottle of brandy. Then taking leave of his preservers, he again betook himself to his boat, and rowed so heartily, that he soon came within the sight of the fisherman, who immediately made towards him, and took him aboard.

No sooner was Wild got safe on board the fisherman, than he begged him to make the utmost speed into Deal; for that the vessel, which was still in sight, was a distressed Frenchman, bound for Havre de Grace, and might easily be made a prize, if there was any ship ready to go in pursuit of her. So nobly and greatly did our hero neglect all obligations conferred on him by the enemies of his country, that he would have contributed all he could to the taking his benefactor, to whom he owed both his life and his liberty.

The fisherman took his advice, and soon arrived at Deal, where the reader will, I doubt not, be as much concerned as Wild was, that there was not a single ship prepared to go on the expedition.

Our hero now saw himself once more safe on *terra firma;* but unluckily at some distance from that city where men of ingenuity can most easily supply their wants without the assistance of money, or rather can most easily procure money for the supply of their wants. However, as his talents were superior to every difficulty, he framed so dexterous an account of his being a merchant, having been taken and plundered by the enemy, and of his great effects in London, that he was not only heartily regaled by the fisherman at his house; but made so handsome a booty by way of borrowing, a method of taking which we have before mentioned to have his approbation, that he was enabled to provide himself with a place in the stage coach; which (as God permitted it to perform the journey) brought him, at the appointed time, to an inn in the metropolis.

And now, reader, as thou canst be in no suspense for the

fate of our great man, since we have returned him safe to the principal scene of his glory, we will a little look back on the fortunes of Mr. Heartfree, whom we left in no very pleasant situation; but of this we shall treat in the next book.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

The low and pitiful behaviour of Heartfree; and the foolish conduct of his apprentice.

His misfortunes did not entirely prevent Heartfree from closing his eyes. On the contrary, he slept several hours the first night of his confinement. However, he perhaps paid too severely dear both for his repose, and for a sweet dream which accompanied it, and represented his little family in one of those tender scenes, which had frequently passed in the days of his happiness and prosperity, when the provision they were making for the future fortunes of their children used to be one of the most agreeable topics of discourse, with which he and his wife entertained themselves. The pleasantness of this vision, therefore, served only, on his awakening, to set forth his present misery with additional horror, and to heighten the dreadful ideas which now crowded on his mind.

He had spent a considerable time after his first rising from the bed on which he had, without undressing, thrown himself, and now began to wonder at Mrs. Heartfree's long absence; but as the mind is desirous (and perhaps wisely too) to comfort itself with drawing the most flattering conclusions from all events; so he hoped the longer her stay was, the more certain was his deliverance. At length his impatience prevailed, and he was just going to dispatch a messenger to his own house, when his apprentice came to pay him a visit, and, on his inquiry, informed him, that his wife had departed in company with Mr. Wild many hours before, and had carried all his most valuable effects with her: adding, at the same time, that she had herself positively acquainted him she had her husband's express orders for so doing, and that she was gone to Holland.

It is the observation of many wise men, who have studied the anatomy of the human soul with more attention than our young physicians generally bestow on that of the body, that great and violent surprise hath a different effect from that which is wrought in a good housewife, by perceiving any disorders in her kitchen; who, on such occasions, commonly spreads the disorder, not only over her whole family, but over the whole neighbourhood. Now, these great calamities, especially when sudden, tend to stifle and deaden all the faculties, instead of rousing them; and accordingly Herodotus tells us a story of Crœsus, king of Lydia, who, on beholding his servants and courtiers led captive, wept bitterly; but when he saw his wife and children in that condition, stood stupid and motionless; so stood poor Heartfree on this relation of his apprentice, nothing moving but his colour, which entirely forsook his countenance.

The apprentice, who had not in the least doubted the veracity of his mistress, perceiving the surprise which too visibly appeared in his master, became speechless likewise, and both remained silent some minutes, gazing with astonishment and horror at each other. At last, Heartfree cried out in an agony: "My wife deserted me in my misfortunes!" — "Heaven forbid, sir" answered the other. "And what is become of my poor children?" replied Heartfree. "They are at home, sir," said the apprentice. "Heaven be praised! she hath forsaken them too," cries Heartfree! "Fetch them hither this instant. Go, my dear Jack, bring hither my little all, which remains now; fly, child, if thou dost not intend likewise to forsake me in my afflictions." The youth answered, he would die sooner than entertain such a thought, and begging his master to be comforted, instantly obeyed his orders.

Heartfree, the moment the young man was departed, threw himself on his bed in an agony of despair: but recollecting himself, after he had vented the first sallies of his passion, he began to question the infidelity of his wife, as a matter impossible. He ran over in his thoughts the uninterrupted tenderness which she had always shown him, and, for a minute, blamed the rashness of his belief against her; till the many circumstances of her having left him so long, and neither writ nor sent to him since her departure with all his effects and with

Wild, of whom he was not before without suspicion; and lastly and chiefly, her false pretence to his commands, entirely turned the scale, and convinced him of her disloyalty.

While he was in these agitations of mind, the good apprentice, who had used the utmost expedition, brought his children to him. He embraced them with the most passionate fondness, and imprinted numberless kisses on their little lips. The little girl flew to him with almost as much eagerness as he himself expressed at her sight, and cried out, "O papa, why did you not come home to poor mamma all this while; I thought you would not have left your little Nancy so long." After which he asked her for her mother, and was told she had kissed them both in the morning, and cried very much for his absence. All which brought a flood of tears into the eyes of this weak, silly man, who had not greatness sufficient to conquer these low efforts of tenderness and humanity.

He then proceeded to inquire of the maid servant, who acquainted him, that she knew no more than that her mistress had taken leave of her children in the morning, with many tears and kisses, and had recommended them in the most earnest manner to her care: she said, she had promised faithfully to take care of them, and would, while they were entrusted to her, fulfil her promise. For which profession Heartfree expressed much gratitude to her; and after indulging himself with some little fondnesses, which we shall not relate, he delivered his children into the good woman's hands, and dismissed her.

CHAPTER II.

A soliloquy of Heartfree's full of low and base ideas, without a syllable of greatness.

Being now alone, he sat some short time silent, and then burst forth into the following soliloquy:

"What shall I do? Shall I abandon myself to a dispirited despair, or fly in the face of the Almighty? Surely both are unworthy of a wise man; for what can be more vain than weakly to lament my fortune, if irretrievable, or, if hope re-

mains, to offend that Being, who can most strongly support it; but are my passions then voluntary? Am I so absolutely their master, that I can resolve with myself, so far only will I grieve? Certainly, no. Reason, however we flatter ourselves, hath not such despotic empire in our minds, that it can, with imperial voice, hush all our sorrow in a moment. Where then is its use? For either it is an empty sound, and we are deceived in thinking we have reason, or it is given us to some end, and hath a part assigned it by the all-wise Creator. Why, what can its office be, other than justly to weigh the worth of all things, and to direct us to that perfection of human wisdom, which proportions our esteem of every object by its real merit, and prevents us from over or under valuing whatever we hope for, we enjoy, or we lose. It doth not foolishly say to us, be not glad or be not sorry, which would be as vain and idle, as to bid the purling river cease to run, or the raging wind to blow. It prevents us only from exulting, like children, when we receive a toy, or from lamenting when we are deprived of it. Suppose then I have lost the enjoyments of this world, and my expectation of future pleasure and profit is for ever disappointed; what relief can my reason afford? What, unless it can show me I had fixed my affections on a toy; that what I desired was not, by a wise man, eagerly to be affected, nor its loss violently deplored; for there are toys adapted to all ages, from the rattle to the throne; and perhaps the value of all is equal to their several possessors; for if the rattle pleases the ear of the infant, what can the flattery of sycophants give more to the prince? The latter is as far from examining into the reality and source of his pleasure, as the former; for if both did, they must both equally despise it. And surely, if we consider them seriously, and compare them together, we shall be forced to conclude all those pomps and pleasures, of which men are so fond, and which, through so much danger and difficulty, with such violence and villany they pursue, to be as worthless trifles as any exposed to sale in a toy-shop. — I have often noted my little girl viewing, with eager eyes, a jointed baby; I have marked the pains and solicitations she hath used, till I have been pre-

vailed on to indulge her with it. At her first obtaining it, what joy hath sparkled in her countenance! with what raptures hath she taken possession; but how little satisfaction hath she found in it! What pains to work out her amusement from it! Its dress must be varied; the tinsel ornaments which first caught her eyes, produce no longer pleasure; she endeavours to make it stand and walk in vain, and is constrained herself to supply it with conversation. In a day's time it is thrown by and neglected, and some less costly toy preferred to it. How like the situation of this child is that of every man! What difficulties in the pursuit of his desires! What insanity in the possession of most, and satiety in those which seem more real and substantial! The delights of most men are as childish and as superficial as that of my little girl; a feather or a fiddle are their pursuits and their pleasures through life, even to their ripest years, if such men may be said to attain any ripeness at all. But let us survey those whose understandings are of a more elevated and refined temper: How empty do they soon find the world of enjoyments worth their desire of attaining! How soon do they retreat to solitude and contemplation, to gardening and planting, and such rural amusements, where their trees and they enjoy the air and the sun in common, and both vegetate with very little difference between them.

"But suppose (which neither truth nor wisdom will allow) we could admit something more valuable and substantial in these blessings, would not the uncertainty of their possession be alone sufficient to lower their price? How mean a tenure is that at the will of fortune, which chance, fraud, and rapine are every day so likely to deprive us of, and often the more likely by how much the greater worth our passessions are of! Is it not to place our affections on a bubble in the water, or on a picture in the clouds? What madman would build a fine house, or frame a beautiful garden on land in which he held so uncertain an interest? But again, was all this less undeniable, did fortune, the lady of our manor, lease to us for our lives; of how little consideration must even this term appear? For admitting that these pleasures were not liable to be torn from us, how certainly must we be torn from them!

Perhaps to-morrow—nay, or even sooner: for as the excellent poet says,

> "Where is to-morrow?—In the other world.
> To thousands this is true, and the reverse
> Is sure to none."

But if I have no further hope in this world, can I have none beyond it? Surely those laborious writers, who have taken such infinite pains to destroy or weaken all the proofs of futurity, have not so far succeeded as to exclude us from hope. That active principle in man which with such boldness pushes us on through every labour and difficulty, to attain the most distant and most improbable event in this world, will not surely deny us a little flattering prospect of those beautiful mansions, which, if they could be thought chimerical, must be allowed the loveliest which can entertain the eye of man; and to which the road, if we understand it rightly, appears to have so few thorns and briars in it, and to require so little labour and fatigue from those who shall pass through it, that its ways are truly said to be ways of pleasantness, and all its paths to be those of peace. If the proofs of christianity be as strong as I imagine them, surely enough may be deduced from that ground only, to comfort and support the most miserable man in his afflictions. And this I think my reason tells me, that if the professors and propagators of infidelity are in the right, the losses which death brings to the virtuous are not worth their lamenting; but if these are, as certainly they seem, in the wrong, the blessings it procures them are not sufficiently to be coveted and rejoiced at.

"On my own account, then, I have no cause for sorrow, but on my children's!—Why, the same Being to whose goodness and power I entrust my own happiness, is likewise as able and as willing to procure theirs. Nor matters it what state of life is allotted for them, whether it be their fate to procure bread with their own labour, or to eat it at the sweat of others. Perhaps, if we consider the case with proper attention, or resolve it with due sincerity, the former is much the sweeter. The hind may be more happy than the lord; for his desires are fewer, and those such as are attended with more hope and less fear. I will do my utmost to lay the foundations of my

children's happiness; I will carefully avoid educating them in a station superior to their fortune, and for the event trust to that Being, in whom whoever rightly confides, must be superior to all worldly sorrows."

In this low manner, did this poor wretch proceed to argue, till he had worked himself up into an enthusiasm, which by degrees soon became invulnerable to every human attack; so that when Mr. Snap acquainted him with the return of the writ, and that he must carry him to Newgate, he received the message as Socrates did the news of the ship's arrival, and that he was to prepare for death.

CHAPTER III.

Wherein our hero proceeds in the road to greatness.

But we must not detain our reader too long with these low characters. He is doubtless as impatient as the audience at the theatre, till the principal figure returns on the stage; we will therefore indulge his inclination, and pursue the actions of the Great Wild.

There happened to be in the stage-coach, in which Mr. Wild travelled from Dover, a certain young gentleman who had sold an estate in Kent, and was going to London to receive the money. — There was likewise a handsome young woman who had left her parents at Canterbury, and was proceeding to the same city, in order (as she informed her fellow-travellers) to make her fortune. With this girl the young spark was so much enamoured, that he publicly acquainted her with the purpose of his journey, and offered her a considerable sum in hand, and a settlement, if she would consent to return with him into the country, where she would be at a safe distance from her relations. Whether she accepted this proposal or no, we are not able with any tolerable certainty to deliver; but Wild, the moment he heard of his money, began to cast about in his mind by what means he might become master of it. He entered into a long harangue about the methods of carrying money safely on the road, and said, "He had at that time two bank-bills of a hundred pounds each, sewed in his coat; which,

added he, is so safe a way, that it is almost impossible I should be in any danger of being robbed by the most cunning highwayman.

The young gentleman, who was no descendant of Solomon, or, if he was, did not, any more than some other descendants of wise men, inherit the wisdom of his ancestor, greatly approved Wild's ingenuity, and thanking him for his information, declared he would follow his example when he returned into the country: by which means he proposed to save the premium commonly taken for the remittance. Wild had then no more to do but to inform himself rightly of the time of the gentleman's journey, which he did with great certainty, before they separated.

At his arrival in town, he fixed on two whom he regarded as the most resolute of his gang for this enterprise; and accordingly having summoned the principal, or most desperate, as he imagined him, of these two, (for he never chose to communicate in the presence of more than one,) he proposed to him the robbing and murdering this gentleman.

Mr. Marybone (for that was the gentleman's name to whom he applied) readily agreed to the robbery; but he hesitated at the murder. He said, as to robbery, he had, on much weighing and considering the matter, very well reconciled his conscience to it; for though that noble kind of robbery which was executed on the highway, was from the cowardice of mankind less frequent; yet the baser and meaner species, sometimes called cheating, but more commonly known by the name of robbery within the law, was in a manner universal. He did not therefore pretend to the reputation of being so much honester than other people; but could by no means satisfy himself in the commission of murder, which was a sin of the most heinous nature, and so immediately prosecuted by God's judgment, that it never passed undiscovered or unpunished.

Wild, with the utmost disdain in his countenance, answered as follows: "Art thou he whom I have selected out of my whole gang for this glorious undertaking, and dost thou cant of God's revenge against murder? You have, it seems, reconciled your conscience (a pretty word) to robbery from its being so common. It is then the novelty of murder which deters

you? Do you imagine that guns, and pistols, and swords, and knives, are the only instruments of death? Look into the world, and see the numbers whom broken fortunes and broken hearts bring ultimately to the grave. To omit those glorious heroes, who, to their immortal honour, have massacred whole nations; what think you of private persecution, treachery, and slander, by which the very souls of men are in a manner torn from their bodies? Is it not more generous, nay, more good-natured, to send a man to his rest, than, after having plundered him of all he hath, or from malice or malevolence deprived him of his character, to punish him with a languishing death, or what is worse, a languishing life? Murder, therefore, is not so uncommon as you weakly conceive it, though, as you said of robbery, that more noble kind, which lies within the paw of the law, may be so. But this is the most innocent in him who doth it, and the most eligible to him who is to suffer it. Believe me, lad, the tongue of a viper is less hurtful than that of a slanderer, and the gilded scales of a rattle-snake less dreadful than the purse of the oppressor. Let me therefore hear no more of your scruples; but consent to my proposal without further hesitation, unless, like a woman, you are afraid of blooding your clothes, or like a fool, are terrified with the apprehensions of being hanged in chains. Take my word for it, you had better be an honest man than half a rogue. Do not think of continuing in my gang without abandoning yourself absolutely to my pleasure; for no man shall ever receive a favour at my hands, who sticks at any thing, or is guided by any other law than that of my will."

Wild thus ended his speech, which had not the desired effect on Marybone: he agreed to the robbery, but would not undertake the murder, as Wild (who feared that by Marybone's demanding to search the gentleman's coat he might hazard suspicion himself) insisted. Marybone was immediately entered by Wild in his black-book, and was presently after impeached and executed as a fellow on whom his leader could not place sufficient dependence; thus falling, as many rogues do, a sacrifice, not to his roguery, but to his conscience.

CHAPTER IV.

In which a young hero, of wonderful good promise, makes his first appearance, with many other great matters.

Our hero next applied himself to another of his gang, who instantly received his orders, and instead of hesitating at a single murder, asked if he should blow out the brains of all the passengers, coachman and all. But Wild, whose moderation we have before noted, would not permit him; and therefore having given him an exact description of the devoted person, with his other necessary instructions, he dismissed him, with the strictest orders to avoid, if possible, doing hurt to any other person.

The name of this youth, who will hereafter make some figure in this history, being the Achates of our Æneas, or rather the Hephæstion of our Alexander, was Fireblood. He had every qualification to make a second-rate GREAT MAN; or in other words, he was completely equipped for the tool of a real or first-rate GREAT MAN. We shall therefore (which is the properest way of dealing with this kind of GREATNESS) describe him negatively, and content ourselves with telling our reader what qualities he had not; in which number were humanity, modesty, and fear, not one grain of any of which was mingled in his whole composition.

We will now leave this youth, who was esteemed the most promising of the whole gang, and whom Wild often declared to be one of the prettiest lads he had ever seen, of which opinion, indeed, were most other people of his acquaintance; we will however leave him at his entrance on this enterprise, and keep our attention fixed on our hero, whom we shall observe taking large strides towards the summit of human glory.

Wild, immediately at his return to town, went to pay a visit to Miss Lætitia Snap; for he had that weakness of suffering himself to be enslaved by women, so naturally incident to men of heroic disposition; to say the truth, it might more properly be called a slavery to his own appetite; for could he have satisfied that, he had not cared three farthings for what had become of the little tyrant for whom he professed so violent a regard. Here he was informed, that Mr. Heartfree had been

conveyed to Newgate the day before, the writ being then returnable. He was somewhat concerned at this news; not from any compassion for the misfortunes of Heartfree, whom he hated with such inveteracy, that one would have imagined he had suffered the same injuries from him which he had done towards him. His concern therefore had another motive; in fact, he was uneasy at the place of Mr. Heartfree's confinement, as it was to be the scene of his future glory, and where consequently he should be frequently obliged to see a face which hatred, and not shame, made him detest the sight of.

To prevent this, therefore, several methods suggested themselves to him. At first he thought of removing him out of the way by the ordinary way of murder, which he doubted not but Fireblood would be very ready to execute; for that youth had, at their last interview, sworn, *D—n his eyes, he thought there was no better pastime than blowing a man's brains out.* But besides the danger of this method, it did not look horrible nor barbarous enough for the last mischief which he should do to Heartfree. Considering, therefore, a little farther with himself, he at length came to a resolution to hang him, if possible, the very next sessions.

Now, though the observation, *How apt men are to hate those they injure,* or *how unforgiving they are of the injuries they do themselves,* be common enough, yet I do not remember to have ever seen the reason of the strange phenomenon, as it first appears. Know, therefore, reader, that, with much and severe scrutiny, we have discovered this hatred to be founded on the passion of fear, and to arise from an apprehension, that the person whom we have ourselves greatly injured, will use all possible endeavours to revenge and retaliate the injuries we have done him. An opinion so firmly established in bad and great minds, (and those who confer injuries on others have seldom very good or mean ones,) that no benevolence, nor even beneficence, on the injured side, can eradicate it. On the contrary, they refer all these acts of kindness to imposture and design of lulling their suspicion, till an opportunity offers of striking a surer and severer blow; and thus, while the good man, who hath received it, hath truly forgotten

the injury, the evil mind, which did it, hath it in lively and fresh remembrance.

As we scorn to keep any discoveries secret from our readers, whose instruction, as well as diversion, we have greatly considered in this history, we have here digressed somewhat, to communicate the following short lesson to those who are simple and well-inclined: *Though as a Christian thou art obliged, and we advise thee, to forgive thy enemy;* NEVER TRUST THE MAN WHO HATH REASON TO SUSPECT THAT YOU KNOW HE HATH INJURED YOU.

CHAPTER V.

More and more greatness, unparalleled in history or romance.

In order to accomplish this great and noble scheme, which the vast genius of Wild had contrived, the first necessary step was to regain the confidence of Heartfree. But however necessary this was, it seemed to be attended with such insurmountable difficulties, that even our hero for some time despaired of success. He was greatly superior to all mankind in the steadiness of his countenance; but this undertaking seemed to require more of that noble quality than had ever been the portion of a mortal. However, at last he resolved to attempt it, and from his success, I think, we may fairly assert, that what was said by the Latin poet of labour, that *it conquers all things*, is much more true when applied to impudence.

When he had formed his plan, he went to Newgate, and burst resolutely into the presence of Heartfree, whom he eagerly embraced and kissed; and then first arraigning his own rashness, and afterwards lamenting his unfortunate want of success, he acquainted him with the particulars of what had happened; concealing only that single incident of his attack on the other's wife, and his motive to the undertaking, which, he assured Heartfree, was a desire to preserve his effects from a statute of bankruptcy.

The frank openness of this declaration, with the composure of countenance with which it was delivered; his seeming only ruffled by the concern of his friend's misfortune; the probability of truth attending it, joined to the boldness and disinte-

rested appearance of this visit, together with his many professions of immediate service, at a time when he could not have the least visible motive from self-love; and above all his offering him money, the last and surest token of friendship, rushed with such united force on the well-disposed heart, as it is vulgarly called, of this simple man, that they instantly staggered, and soon subverted all the determination he had before made in prejudice of Wild; who, perceiving the balance to be turned in his favour, presently threw in a hundred imprecations on his own folly and ill-advised forwardness to serve his friend, which had thus unhappily produced his ruin; he added as many curses on the count, whom he vowed to pursue with revenge all over Europe; lastly, he cast in some grains of comfort, assuring Heartfree that his wife was fallen into the gentlest hands, that she would be carried no farther than Dunkirk, whence she might very easily be redeemed.

Heartfree, to whom the lightest presumption of his wife's fidelity would have been more delicious than the absolute restoration of all his jewels, and who, indeed, had with the utmost difficulty been brought to entertain the slightest suspicion of her inconstancy, immediately abandoned all distrust of both her and his friend, whose sincerity (luckily for Wild's purpose) seemed to him to depend on the same evidence. He then embraced our hero, who had in his countenance all the symptoms of the deepest concern, and begged him to be comforted; saying, that the intentions, rather than the actions of men, conferred obligations; that as to the event of human affairs, it was governed either by chance or some superior agent; that friendship was concerned only in the direction of our designs; and suppose these failed of success, or produced an event never so contrary to their aim, the merit of a good intention was not in the least lessened, but was rather entitled to compassion.

Heartfree however was soon curious enough to inquire how Wild had escaped the captivity which his wife then suffered. Here likewise he recounted the whole truth, omitting only the motive to the French captain's cruelty, for which he assigned a very different reason, namely, his attempt to secure Heartfree's jewels. Wild indeed always kept as much truth as was possible in every thing; and this he said was turning the cannon of the enemy upon themselves.

Wild having thus, with admirable and truly laudable conduct, achieved the first step, began to discourse on the badness of the world, and particularly to blame the severity of creditors, who seldom or never attended to any unfortunate circumstances, but without mercy inflicted confinement on the debtor, whose body the law, with very unjustifiable rigour, delivered into their power. He added, that for his part, he looked on this restraint to be as heavy a punishment as any appointed by law for the greatest offenders. That the loss of liberty was, in his opinion, equal to, if not worse, than the loss of life; that he had always determined, if by any accident or misfortune he had been subjected to the former, he would run the greatest risk of the latter, to rescue himself from it, which, he said, if men did not want resolution, was always easy enough; for that it was ridiculous to conceive, that two or three men could confine two or three hundred, unless the prisoners were either fools or cowards, especially when they were neither chained nor fettered. He went on in this manner, till perceiving the utmost attention in Heartfree, he ventured to propose to him an endeavour to make his escape, which, he said, might easily be executed; that he would himself raise a party in the prison, and that, if a murder or two should happen in the attempt, he (Heartfree) might keep free from any share, either in the guilt or in the danger.

There is one misfortune which attends all great men and their schemes, viz. that in order to carry them into execution, they are obliged, in proposing their purposes to their tools, to discover themselves to be of that disposition, in which certain little writers have advised mankind to place no confidence; an advice which hath been sometimes taken. Indeed, many inconveniences arise to the said great men from these scribblers publishing without restraint their hints or alarms to society; and many great and glorious schemes have been thus frustrated; wherefore, it were to be wished, that in all well-regulated governments, such liberties should be by some wholesome laws restrained; and all writers prohibited from venting any other instructions to the people than what should be first approved and licensed by the said great men, or their proper instruments or tools, by which means nothing would ever be published but what made for the advancing their most noble projects.

Heartfree, whose suspicions were again raised by this advice, viewing Wild with inconceivable disdain, spoke as follows: "There is one thing, the loss of which I should deplore infinitely beyond that of liberty, and of life also: I mean that of a good conscience. A blessing, which he who possesses can never be thoroughly unhappy, for the bitterest portion of life is by this so sweetened, that it soon becomes palatable: whereas without it, the most delicate enjoyments quickly lose all their relish, and life itself grows insipid, or rather nauseous to us. Would you then lessen my misfortunes by robbing me of what hath been my only comfort under them, and on which I place my dependence of being relieved from them? I have read that Socrates refused to save his life by breaking the laws of his country, and departing from his prison, when it was open. Perhaps my virtue would not go so far; but Heaven forbid liberty should have such charms, to tempt me to the perpetration of so horrid a crime as murder. As to the poor evasion of committing it by other hands, it might be useful indeed to those who seek only the escape from temporal punishment; but can be of no service to excuse me to that Being whom I chiefly fear offending; nay, it would greatly aggravate my guilt by so impudent an endeavour to impose upon him, and by so wickedly involving others in my crime. Give me, therefore, no more advice of this kind; for this is my great comfort in all my afflictions, that it is in the power of no enemy to rob me of my conscience, nor will I ever be so much my own enemy as to injure it."

Though our hero heard all this with proper contempt, he made no direct answer, but endeavoured to evade his proposal as much as possible, which he did with admirable dexterity: this method of getting tolerably well off, when you are repulsed in your attack on a man's conscience, may be styled the art of retreating, in which the politician, as well as the general, hath sometimes a wonderful opportunity of displaying his great abilities in his profession.

Wild having made this admirable retreat, and argued away all design of involving his friend in the guilt of murder, concluded however, that he thought him rather too scrupulous in not attempting his escape; and then promising to use all such

means as the other would permit in his service, took his leave for the present. Heartfree, having indulged himself an hour with his children, repaired to rest, which he enjoyed quiet and undisturbed; whilst Wild, disdaining repose, sat up all night, consulting how he might bring about the final destruction of his friend, without being beholden to any assistance from himself; which he now despaired of procuring. With the result of these consultations we shall acquaint our reader in good time; but at present we have matters of much more consequence to relate to him.

CHAPTER VI.

The event of Fireblood's adventure; and a treaty of marriage, which might have been concluded either at Smithfield or St. James's.

FIREBLOOD returned from his enterprise unsuccessful. The gentleman happened to go home another way than he had intended; so that the whole design miscarried. Fireblood had, indeed, robbed the coach, and had wantonly discharged a pistol into it, which slightly wounded one of the passengers in the arm. The booty he met with was not very considerable, though much greater than that with which he acquainted Wild; for, of eleven pounds in money, two silver watches, and a wedding-ring, he produced no more than two guineas and a ring, which he protested with numberless oaths was his whole booty. However, when an advertisement of the robbery was published, with a reward promised for the ring and the watches, Fireblood was obliged to confess the whole, and to acquaint our hero where he had pawned the watches, which Wild, taking the full value of them for his pains, restored to the right owner.

He did not fail catechising his young friend on this occasion. He said, he was sorry to see any of his gang guilty of a breach of honour; that without honour *priggery* was at an end; that if a *prig* had but honour, he would overlook every vice in the world. "But, nevertheless," said he, "I will forgive you this time, as you are a hopeful lad; and I hope never afterwards to find you delinquent in this great point."

Wild had now brought his gang to great regularity; he was obeyed and feared by them all. He had likewise established an office, where all men who were robbed, paying the value only (or a little more) of their goods, might have them again. This was of notable use to several persons who had lost pieces of plate they had received from their grandmothers; to others who had a particular value for certain rings, watches, heads of canes, snuff-boxes, &c., for which they would not have taken twenty times as much as they were worth, either because they had them a little while or a long time, or that somebody else had had them before, or from some other such excellent reason, which often stamps a greater value on a toy, than the great Bubble-boy himself would have the impudence to set upon it.

By these means, he seemed in so promising a way of procuring a fortune, and was regarded in so thriving a light by all the gentlemen of his acquaintance, as by the keeper and turnkeys of Newgate, by Mr. Snap, and others of his occupation, that Mr. Snap one day, taking Mr. Wild the elder aside, very seriously proposed what they had often lightly talked over, a strict union between their families, by marrying his daughter Tishy to our hero. This proposal was very readily accepted by the old gentleman, who promised to acquaint his son with it.

On the morrow on which this message was to be delivered, our hero, little dreaming of the happiness which, of its own accord, was advancing so near towards him, had called Fireblood to him; and, after informing that youth of the violence of his passion for the young lady, and assuring him what confidence he reposed in him and his honour, he dispatched him to Miss Tishy with the following letter; which we here insert, not only as we take it to be extremely curious, but to be a much better pattern for that epistolary kind of writing, which is generally called love-letters, than any to be found in the *academy of compliments*, and which we challenge all the beaux of our time to excel, either in matter or spelling.

"Most deivine and adwhorable creeture,

"I doubt not but those IIs, briter than the son, which have kindled such a flam in my hart, have likewise the faculty of see

ing it. It would be the hiest preassumption to imagine you eggnorant of my loav. No, madam, I sollemly purtest, that of all the butys in the unaversal glob, there is none kapable of hateracting my IIs like you. Corts and pallaces would be to me deserts without your kumpany, and with it a wilderness would have more charms than haven itself. For I hop you will beleve me, when I sware every place in the univarse is a haven with you. I am konvinced you must be sensibil of my violent passion for you, which, if I endeavoured to hid it, would be as impossible as for you, or the son, to hid your buty's. I assure you I have not slept a wink since I had the happiness of seeing you last; therefore hop you will, out of kumpassion, let me have the honour of seeing you this afternune; for I am with the greatest adwhoration,

'Most deivine creeture,
'Iour most passionate admirer,
'Adwhorer and slave,
'JONATHAN WYLD."

If the spelling of this letter be not so strictly orthographical, the reader will be pleased to remember, that such a defect might be worthy of censure in a low and scholastic character; but can be no blemish in that sublime greatness, of which we endeavour to raise a complete idea in this history. In which kind of composition, spelling, or indeed any kind of human literature, hath never been thought a necessary ingredient; for if these sort of great personages can but complot and contrive their noble schemes, and hack and hew mankind sufficiently, there will never be wanting fit and able persons who can spell, to record their praises. Again, if it should be observed that the style of this letter doth not exactly correspond with that of our hero's speeches, which we have here recorded, we answer, it is sufficient if in these the historian adheres faithfully to the matter, though he embellishes the diction with some flourishes of his own eloquence, without which the excellent speeches recorded in ancient historians (particularly in Sallust) would have scarce been found in their writings. Nay, even amongst the moderns, famous as they are for elocution, it may be doubted whether those inimitable harangues, published in the Monthly Magazines, come literally from the mouths of the HUBGOS, &c.

as they are there inserted, or whether we may not rather suppose some historian of great eloquence hath borrowed the matter only, and adorned it with those rhetorical flowers for which many of the said HURGOS are not so extremely eminent.

CHAPTER VII.

Matters preliminary to the marriage between Mr. Jonathan Wild and the chaste Lætitia.

BUT to proceed with our history: Fireblood, having received this letter, and promised on his honour, with many voluntary asseverations, to discharge his embassy faithfully, went to visit the fair Lætitia. The lady having opened the letter, and read it, put on an air of disdain, and told Mr. Fireblood she could not conceive what Mr. Wild meant by troubling her with his impertinence; she begged him to carry the letter back again, saying, had she known from whom it came, she would have been d——d before she had opened it. "But with you, young gentleman," says she, "I am not in the least angry. I am rather sorry that so pretty a young man should be employed in such an errand." She accompanied these words with so tender an accent, and so wanton a leer, that Fireblood, who was no backward youth, began to take her by the hand, and proceeded so warmly, that to imitate his actions by the rapidity of our narration, he in a few minutes ravished this fair creature, or at least would have ravished her, if she had not, by a timely compliance, prevented him.

Fireblood, after he had ravished as much as he could, returned to Wild, and acquainted him, as far as any wise man would, with what had passed; concluding with many praises of the young lady's beauty, with whom, he said, if his honour would have permitted him, he should himself have fallen in love; but d—n him, if he would not sooner be torn in pieces by wild horses, than even think of injuring his friend. He asserted, indeed, and swore so heartily, that had not Wild been so thoroughly convinced of the impregnable chastity of the

lady, he might have suspected his success: however, he was, by these means, entirely satisfied of his friend's inclination towards his mistress.

Thus constituted were the love affairs of our hero, when his father brought him Mr. Snap's proposal. The reader must know very little of love, or indeed of any thing else, if he requires any information concerning the reception which this proposal met with. *Not guilty* never sounded sweeter in the ears of a prisoner at the bar, nor the sound of a reprieve to one at the gallows, than did every word of the old gentleman in the ears of our hero. He gave his father full power to treat in his name, and desired nothing more than expedition.

The old people now met, and Snap, who had information from his daughter of the violent passion of her lover, endeavoured to improve it to the best advantage, and would have not only declined giving her any fortune himself, but have attempted to cheat her of what she owed to the liberality of her relations, particularly of a pint silver caudle-cup, the gift of her grandmother. However, in this the young lady herself afterwards took care to prevent him. As to the old Mr. Wild, he did not sufficiently attend to all the designs of Snap, as his faculties were busily employed in designs of his own, to overreach (or, as others express it, to cheat) the said Mr. Snap, by pretending to give his son a whole number for a chair, when in reality he was entitled to a third only.

While matters were thus settling between the old folks, the young lady agreed to admit Mr. Wild's visits; and by degrees, began to entertain him with all the show of affection, which the great natural reserve of her temper, and the greater artificial reserve of her education, would permit. At length, every thing being agreed between their parents, settlements made, and the lady's fortune (to wit, seventeen pounds and nine shillings in money and goods) paid down, the day for their nuptials was fixed, and they were celebrated accordingly.

Most private histories, as well as comedies, end at this period; the historian and the poet both concluding they have done enough for their hero when they have married him; or intimating rather, that the rest of his life must be a dull calm

of happiness, very delightful indeed to pass through, but somewhat insipid to relate; and matrimony in general must, I believe, without any dispute, be allowed to be this state of tranquil felicity, including so little variety, that like Salisbury Plain, it affords only one prospect, a very pleasant one it must be confessed, but the same.

Now, there was all the probability imaginable, that this contract would have proved of such happy note, both from the great accomplishments of the young lady, who was thought to be possessed of every qualification necessary to make the marriage state happy; and from the truly ardent passion of Mr. Wild; but whether it was that nature and fortune had great designs for him to execute, and would not suffer his vast abilities to be lost and sunk in the arms of a wife, or whether neither nature nor fortune had any hand in the matter, is a point I will not determine. Certain, it is, that this match did not produce that serene state we have mentioned above: but resembled the most turbulent and ruffled, rather than the most calm sea.

I cannot here omit a conjecture, ingenious enough, of a friend of mine, who had a long intimacy in the Wild family. He hath often told me, he fancied one reason of the dissatisfactions which afterwards fell out between Wild and his lady, arose from the number of gallants, to whom she had before marriage granted favours; for, says he, and indeed very probable it is too, the lady might expect from her husband, what she had before received from several, and being angry not to find one man as good as ten, she had from that indignation, taken those steps which we cannot perfectly justify.

From this person I received the following dialogue, which he assured me he had overheard and taken *verbatim*. It passed on the day fortnight after they were married.

CHAPTER VIII.

A dialogue matrimonial, which passed between Jonathan Wild, Esquire, and Lætitia his wife, on the morning of the day fortnight on which his nuptials were celebrated; which concluded more amicably than those debates generally do.

JONATHAN.

My dear, I wish you would lie a little longer in bed this morning.

LÆTITIA. Indeed I cannot; I am engaged to breakfast with Jack Strongbow.

JONATHAN. I don't know what Jack Strongbow doth so often at my house. I assure you, I am uneasy at it; for though I have no suspicion of your virtue, yet it may injure your reputation in the opinion of my neighbours.

LÆTITIA. I don't trouble my head about my neighbours; and they shall no more tell me what company I am to keep, than my husband shall.

JONATHAN. A good wife would keep no company which made her husband uneasy.

LÆTITIA. You might have found one of those good wives, sir, if you had pleased: I had no objection to it.

JONATHAN. I thought I had found one in you.

LÆTITIA. You did! I am very much obliged to you for thinking me so poor-spirited a creature; but I hope to convince you to the contrary. What! I suppose you took me for a raw, senseless girl, who knew nothing what other married women do!

JONATHAN. No matter what I took you for: I have taken you for better and worse.

LÆTITIA. And at your own desire, too: for I am sure you never had mine. I should not have broken my heart, if Mr. Wild had thought proper to bestow himself on any other more happy woman—Ha, ha!

JONATHAN. I hope, madam, you don't imagine that was not in my power, or that I married you out of any kind of necessity.

LÆTITIA. O, no, sir; I am convinced there are silly women enough. And far be it from me to accuse you of any neces-

sity for a wife. I believe you could have been very well contented with the state of a bachelor. I have no reason to complain of your necessities; but that, you know, a woman cannot tell beforehand.

JONATHAN. I can't guess what you would insinuate; for I believe no woman had ever less reason to complain of her husband's want of fondness.

LÆTITIA. Then some, I am certain, have great reason to complain of the price they give for them. But I know better things. (*These words were spoken with a very great air, and toss of the head.*)

JONATHAN. Well, my sweeting, I will make it impossible for you to wish me more fond.

LÆTITIA. Pray, Mr. Wild, none of this nauseous behaviour, nor those odious words. I wish you were fond! — I assure you — I don't know what you would pretend to insinuate of me.—I have no wishes which misbecome a virtuous woman — No, nor should not, if I had married for love. — And especially now, when nobody, I am sure, can suspect me of any such thing.

JONATHAN. If you did not marry for love, why did you marry?

LÆTITIA. Because it was convenient, and my parents forced me.

JONATHAN. I hope, madam, at least, you will not tell me to my face, you have made your convenience of me.

LÆTITIA. I have made nothing of you; nor do I desire the honour of making any thing of you.

JONATHAN. Yes, you have made a husband of me.

LÆTITIA. No, you made yourself so; for I repeat once more, it was not my desire, but your own.

JONATHAN. You should think yourself obliged to me for that desire.

LÆTITIA. La, sir! you was not so singular in it. I was not in despair. I have had other offers, and better too.

JONATHAN. I wish you had accepted them, with all my heart.

LÆTITIA. I must tell you, Mr. Wild, this is a very brutish manner of treating a woman, to whom you have such obliga-

tions; but I know how to despise it, and to despise you too for showing it me. Indeed I am well enough paid for the foolish preference I gave to you. I flattered myself that I should at least have been used with good manners. I thought I had married a gentleman; but I find you are every way contemptible, and below my concern.

JONATHAN. D—n you, madam, have not I more reason to complain, when you tell me you married me for your convenience only?

LÆTITIA. Very fine, truly. Is it behaviour worthy a man to swear at a woman? yet why should I mention what comes from a wretch whom I despise?

JONATHAN. Don't repeat that word so often. I despise you as heartily as you can me. And, to tell you a truth, I married you for my convenience likewise, to satisfy a passion which I have now satisfied, and may you be d—d for any thing I care.

LÆTITIA. The world shall know how barbarously I am treated by such a villain.

JONATHAN. I need take very little pains to acquaint the world what a b—ch you are, your actions will demonstrate it.

LÆTITIA. Monster! I would advise you not to depend too much on my sex, and provoke me too far; for I can do you a mischief, and will, if you dare use me so, you villain!

JONATHAN. Begin whenever you please, madam; but assure yourself, the moment you lay aside the woman, I will treat you as such no longer; and if the first blow is yours, I promise you the last shall be mine.

LÆTITIA. Use me as you will; but d—n me if ever you shall use me as a woman again; for may I be cursed, if ever I enter your bed more.

JONATHAN. May I be cursed if that abstinence be not the greatest obligation you can lay upon me; for, I assure you faithfully, your person was all I had ever any regard for; and that I now loath and detest, as much as ever I liked it.

LÆTITIA. It is impossible for two people to agree better; for I always detested your person; and, as for any other regard, you must be convinced I never could have any for you.

JONATHAN. Why, then, since we are come to a right un-

derstanding, as we are to live together, suppose we agree, instead of quarrelling and abusing, to be civil to each other.

LÆTITIA. With all my heart.

JONATHAN. Let us shake hands, then, and henceforwards never live as man and wife; that is, never be loving, nor ever quarrel.

LÆTITIA. Agreed. — But pray, Mr. Wild, why b—ch? Why did you suffer such a word to escape you?

JONATHAN. It is not worth your remembrance.

LÆTITIA. You agree I shall converse with whomsoever I please?

JONATHAN. Without control. And I have the same liberty?

LÆTITIA. When I interfere, may every curse you can wish attend me.

JONATHAN. Let us now take a farewell kiss; and may I be hanged if it is not the sweetest you ever gave me.

LÆTITIA. But why b—ch?—Methinks I should be glad to know why b—ch!

At which words he sprang from the bed, damning her temper heartily. She returned it again with equal abuse, which was continued on both sides while he was dressing. However, they agreed to continue steadfast in this new resolution; and the joy arising on that occasion at length dismissed them pretty cheerfully from each other, though Lætitia could not help concluding with the words, WHY B—CH?

CHAPTER IX.

Observations on the foregoing dialogue, together with a base design on our hero, which must be detested by every lover of GREATNESS.

THUS did this dialogue, (which though we have termed it matrimonial, had indeed very little savour of the sweets of matrimony in it,) produce at last a resolution more wise than strictly pious, and which, if they could have rigidly adhered to it, might have prevented some unpleasant moments, as well to our hero as to his serene consort; but their hatred was so very great and unaccountable, that they never could bear to see the least composure in one another's countenance, without attempt-

ing to ruffle it. This set them on so many contrivances to plague and vex one another, that as their proximity afforded them such frequent opportunities of executing their malicious purposes, they seldom passed one easy or quiet day together.

And this, reader, and no other, is the cause of those many inquietudes, which thou must have observed to disturb the repose of some married couples, who mistake implacable hatred for indifference; for why should Corvinus, who lives in a round of intrigue, and seldom doth, and never willingly would, dally with his wife, endeavour to prevent her from the satisfaction of an intrigue in her turn? Why doth Camilla refuse a more agreeable invitation abroad, only to expose her husband at his own table at home? In short, to mention no more instances, whence can all the quarrels and jealousies, and jars, proceed, in people who have no love for each other, unless from that noble passion above mentioned, that desire, according to my Lady Betty Modish, of *curing each other of a smile.*

We thought proper to give our reader a short taste of the domestic state of our hero, the rather to show him that great men are subject to the same frailties and inconveniences in ordinary life, with little men, and that heroes are really of the same species with other human creatures, notwithstanding all the pains they themselves, or their flatterers, take to assert the contrary; and that they differ chiefly in the immensity of their greatness, or, as the vulgar erroneously call it, villany. Now, therefore, that we may not dwell too long on low scenes, in a history of this sublime kind, we shall return to actions of a higher note, and more suitable to our purpose.

When the boy Hymen had, with his lighted torch, driven the boy Cupid out of doors; that is to say, in common phrase, when the violence of Mr. Wild's passion (or rather appetite) for the chaste Lætitia began to abate, he returned to visit his friend Heartfree, who was now in the liberties of the Fleet, and had appeared to the commission of bankruptcy against him. Here he met with a more cold reception than he himself had apprehended. Heartfree had long entertained suspicions of Wild, but these suspicions had from time to time been confounded with circumstances, and principally smothered with that amazing confidence, which was indeed the most striking

virtue in our hero. Heartfree was unwilling to condemn his friend without certain evidence, and laid hold on every probable semblance to acquit him; but the proposal made at his last visit had so totally blackened his character in this poor man's opinion, that it entirely fixed the wavering scale, and be no longer doubted but that our hero was one of the greatest villains in the world.

Circumstances of great improbability often escape men who devour a story with greedy ears; the reader therefore cannot wonder that Heartfree, whose passions were so variously concerned, first for the fidelity, and secondly for the safety of his wife; and lastly, who was so distracted with doubt concerning the conduct of his friend, should at his first relation pass unobserved the incident of his being committed to the boat by the captain of the privateer, which he had at the time of his telling, so lamely accounted for; but now, when Heartfree came to reflect on the whole, and with a high prepossession against Wild, the absurdity of this fact glared in his eyes, and struck him in the most sensible manner. At length a thought of great horror suggested itself to his imagination, and this was, whether the whole was not a fiction, and Wild, who was, as he had learned from his own mouth, equal to any undertaking, how black soever, had not spirited away, robbed, and murdered his wife.

Intolerable as this apprehension was, he not only turned it round and examined it carefully in his own mind, but acquainted young Friendly with it, at their next interview. Friendly, who detested Wild, (from that envy, probably, with which these GREAT CHARACTERS naturally inspire low fellows,) encouraged these suspicions so much, that Heartfree resolved to attack our hero, and carry him before a magistrate.

This resolution had been some time taken, and Friendly, with a warrant and a constable, had with the utmost diligence searched several days for our hero; but whether it was, that, in compliance with modern custom, he had retired to spend the honey-moon with his bride, the only moon, indeed, in which it is fashionable or customary for the married parties to have any correspondence with each other; or perhaps his habitation might, for particular reasons, be usually kept a secret; like

those of some few great men, whom, unfortunately, the law hath left out of that reasonable as well as honourable provision, which it hath made for the security of the persons of other great men.

But Wild resolved to perform works of supererogation in the way of honour; and though no hero is obliged to answer the challenge of my lord chief justice, or indeed of any other magistrate, but may with unblemished reputation slide away from it; yet such was the bravery, such the greatness, the magnanimity of Wild, that he appeared in person to it.

Indeed, envy may say one thing, which may lessen the glory of this action, namely, that the said Mr. Wild knew nothing of the said warrant or challenge; and as thou mayest be assured, reader, that the malicious fury will omit nothing which can any ways sully so great a character, so she hath endeavoured to account for this second visit of our hero to his friend Heartfree, from a very different motive than that of asserting his own innocence.

CHAPTER X.

Mr. Wild, with unprecedented generosity, visits his friend Heartfree, and the ungrateful reception he met with.

It hath been said, then, that Mr. Wild not being able, on the strictest examination, to find, in a certain spot of human nature, called his own heart, the least grain of that pitiful low quality, called honesty, had resolved, perhaps, a little too generally, that there was no such thing. He therefore imputed the resolution, with which Mr. Heartfree had so positively refused to concern himself in murder, either to a fear of bloodying his hands, or the apprehension of a ghost, or lest he should make an additional example in that excellent book, called God's Revenge against Murder; and doubted not but he would (at least in his present necessity) agree without scruple to a simple robbery, especially where any considerable booty should be proposed, and the safety of the attack plausibly made appear; which, if he could prevail on him to undertake, he would immediately afterwards get him impeached, convicted,

and hanged. He no sooner, therefore, had discharged his duties to Hymen, and heard that Heartfree had procured himself the liberties of the Fleet, than he resolved to visit him, and to propose a robbery, with all the allurements of profit, ease, and safety.

The proposal was no sooner made, than it was answered by Heartfree, in the following manner:

"I might have hoped the answer which I gave to your former advice would have prevented me from the danger of receiving a second affront of this kind. An affront I call it; and surely, if it be so to call a man a villain, it can be no less to show him you suppose him one. Indeed, it may be wondered how any man can arrive at the boldness, I may say impudence, of first making such an overture to another; surely, it is seldom done, unless to those who have previously betrayed some symptoms of their own baseness. If I have, therefore, shown you any such, these insults are more pardonable; but I assure you, if such appear, they discharge all their malignance outwardly, and reflect not even a shadow within; for to me baseness seems inconsistent with this rule, OF DOING NO OTHER PERSON AN INJURY, FROM ANY MOTIVE OR ON ANY CONSIDERATION WHATEVER. This, sir, is the rule by which I am determined to walk; nor can that man justify disbelieving me, who will not own he walks not by it himself. But whether it be allowed to me or no, or whether I feel the good effects of its being practised by others, I am resolved to maintain it: for surely, no man can reap a benefit from my pursuing it, equal to the comfort I myself enjoy; for what a ravishing thought! how replete with ecstasy must the consideration be, that Almighty Goodness is by its own nature engaged to reward me! How indifferent must such a persuasion make a man to all the occurrences of this life! What trifles must he represent to himself both the enjoyments and the afflictions of this world; how easily must he acquiesce under missing the former, and how patiently will he submit to the latter, who is convinced that his failing of a transitory imperfect reward here, is a most certain argument of his obtaining one permanent and complete hereafter! Dost thou think, then, thou little, paltry, mean animal," (with such language did he treat our truly great

man,) "that I will forego such comfortable expectations, for any pitiful reward which thou canst suggest or promise to me; for that sordid lucre, for which all pains and labour are undertaken by the industrious, and all barbarities and iniquities committed by the vile; for a worthless acquisition, which such as thou art can possess, can give, or can take away?" The former part of this speech occasioned much yawning in our hero, but the latter roused his anger; and he was collecting his rage to answer, when Friendly and the constable, who had been summoned by Heartfree, on Wild's first appearance, entered the room, and seized the Great Man, just as his wrath was bursting from his lips.

The dialogue which now ensued is not worth relating. Wild was soon acquainted with the reason of this rough treatment, and presently conveyed before a magistrate.

Notwithstanding the doubts raised by Mr. Wild's lawyer, on his examination, he insisting that the proceeding was improper; for that a *Writ de Homine replegiando* should issue, and on the return of that, a *Capias in Withernam;* the justice inclined to commitment; so that Wild was driven to other methods for his defence. He therefore acquainted the justice, that there was a young man likewise with him in the boat, and begged that he might be sent for; which request was accordingly granted, and the faithful Achates (Mr. Fireblood) was soon produced, to bear testimony for his friend; which he did with so much becoming zeal, and went through his examination with such coherence, (though he was forced to collect his evidence from the hints given him by Wild, in the presence of the justice and the accusers,) that, as here was direct evidence against mere presumption, our hero was most honourably acquitted, and poor Heartfree was charged, by the justice, the audience, and all others who afterwards heard the story, with the blackest ingratitude, in attempting to take away the life of a man, to whom he had such eminent obligations.

Lest so vast an effort of friendship as this of Fireblood's should too violently surprise the reader in this degenerate age, it may be proper to inform him, that, beside the ties of engagement in the same employ, another nearer and stronger alliance subsisted between our hero and this youth, which latter was

just departed from the arms of the lovely Lætitia, when he received her husband's message; an instance which may also serve to justify those strict intercourses of love and acquaintance, which so commonly subsist, in modern history, between the husband and the gallant, displaying the vast force of friendship, contracted by this more honourable than legal alliance, which is thought to be at present one of the strongest bonds of amity between great men, and the most reputable as well as easy way to their favour.

Four months had now passed since Heartfree's first confinement, and his affairs had begun to wear a more benign aspect; but they were a good deal injured by this attempt on Wild, (so dangerous is any attack on a GREAT MAN,) several of his neighbours, and particularly one or two of his own trade, industriously endeavouring, from their bitter animosity against such kind of iniquity, to spread and exaggerate his ingratitude as much as possible; not in the least scrupling, in the violent ardour of their indignation, to add some small circumstances of their own knowledge, of the many obligations conferred on Heartfree by Wild. To all these scandals he quietly submitted, comforting himself in the consciousness of his own innocence, and confiding in time, the sure friend of justice, to acquit him.

CHAPTER XI.

A scheme so deeply laid, that it shames all the politics of this our age; with digression and subdigression.

WILD having now, to the hatred he bore Heartfree, on account of those injuries he had done him, an additional spur from this injury received, (for so it appeared to him, who, no more than the most ignorant, considered how truly he deserved it,) applied his utmost industry to accomplish the ruin of one whose very name sounded odious in his ears; when luckily a scheme arose in his imagination, which not only promised to effect it surely, but (which pleased him most) by means of the mischief he had already done him; and which would at once load him with the imputation of having committed what he himself had done to him, and would bring on him the severest

punishment for a fact, of which he was not only innocent, but had already so greatly suffered by. And this was no other than to charge him with having conveyed away his wife, with his most valuable effects, in order to defraud his creditors.

He no sooner started this thought than he immediately resolved on putting it in execution. What remained to consider was only the *quomodo*, and the person or two, to be employed; for the stage of the world differs from that in Drury-Lane principally in this; that whereas on the latter, the hero, or chief figure, is almost continually before your eyes, whilst the under actors are not seen above once in an evening; now, on the former, the hero, or great man, is always behind the curtain, and seldom or never appears, or doth any thing in his own person. He doth indeed, in this Grand Drama, rather perform the part of the prompter, and doth instruct the well-dressed figures, who are strutting in public on the stage, what to say and do. To say the truth, a puppet-show will illustrate our meaning better, where it is the master of the show (the great man) who dances and moves every thing; whether it be the king of Muscovy, or whatever other potentate, alias puppet, which we behold on the stage; but he himself wisely keeps out of sight; for should he once appear, the whole motion would be at an end. Not that any one is ignorant of his being there, or supposes that the puppets are not mere sticks of wood, and he himself the sole mover; but as this (though every one knows it) doth not appear visibly, *i. e.*, to their eyes, no one is ashamed of consenting to be imposed on; of helping on the Drama, by calling the several sticks or puppets by the names which the master hath allotted to them, and by assigning to each the character which the great man is pleased they shall move in, or rather in which he himself is pleased to move them.

It would be to suppose thee, gentle reader, one of very little knowledge in this world, to imagine thou hast never seen some of these puppet-shows, which are so frequently acted on the great stage; but though thou shouldst have resided all thy days in those remote parts of this island, which great men seldom visit; yet, if thou hast any penetration, thou must have had some occasions to admire both the solemnity of counte

nance in the actor, and the gravity in the spectator, while some of those farces are carried on, which are acted almost daily in every village in the kingdom. He must have a very despicable opinion of mankind indeed, who can conceive them to be imposed on as often as they appear to be so. The truth is, they are in the same situation with the readers of romances; who, though they know the whole to be one entire fiction, nevertheless agree to be deceived; and as these find amusement, so do the others find ease and convenience in this concurrence. But this being a subdigression, I return to my digression.

A GREAT MAN ought to do his business by others; to employ hands, as we have before said, to his purposes, and keep himself as much behind the curtain as possible; and though it must be acknowledged that two very great men, whose names will be both recorded in history, did, in these latter times, come forth themselves on the stage; and did hack and hew, and lay each other most cruelly open to the diversion of the spectators; yet this must be mentioned rather as an example of avoidance, than imitation, and is to be ascribed to the number of those instances which serve to evince the truth of these maxims: *Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit. Ira furor brevis est*, &c.

CHAPTER XII.

New instances of Friendly's folly, &c.

To return to my history, which, having rested itself a little, is now ready to proceed on its journey: Fireblood was the person chosen by Wild for this service. He had, on a late occasion, experienced the talents of this youth for a good round perjury. He immediately, therefore, found him out, and proposed it to him: when receiving his instant assent, they consulted together, and soon framed an evidence, which, being communicated to one of the most bitter and severe creditors of Heartfree, by him laid before a magistrate, and attested by the oath of Fireblood, the justice granted his warrant; and Heartfree was accordingly apprehended and brought before him.

When the officers came for this poor wretch, they found him meanly diverting himself with his little children, the younger of whom sat on his knees, and the elder was playing at a little distance from him with Friendly. One of the officers, who was a very good sort of a man, but one very laudably severe in his office, after acquainting Heartfree with his errand, bade him come along and be d—d, and leave those little bastards for so he said he supposed they were, for a legacy to the parish. Heartfree was much surprised at hearing there was a warrant for felony against him; but he showed less concern than Friendly did in his countenance. The elder daughter, when she saw the officer lay hold on her father, immediately quitted her play, and, running to him, and bursting into tears, cried out: "You shall not hurt poor papa." One of the other ruffians offered to take the little one rudely from his knees; but Heartfree started up, and, catching the fellow by the collar, dashed his head so violently against the wall, that had he had any brains, he might possibly have lost them by the blow.

The officer, like most of those heroic spirits who insult men in adversity, had some prudence mixed with his zeal for justice. Seeing, therefore, the rough treatment of his companion, he began to pursue more gentle methods, and very civilly desired Mr. Heartfree to go with him, seeing he was an officer, and obliged to execute his warrant; that he was sorry for his misfortune, and hoped he would be acquitted. The other answered, he should patiently submit to the laws of his country, and would attend him whither he was ordered to conduct him; then, taking leave of his children, with a tender kiss, he recommended them to the care of Friendly; who promised to see them safe home, and then to attend him at the justice's, whose name and abode he had learned of the constable.

Friendly arrived at the magistrate's house just as that gentleman had signed the mittimus against his friend; for the evidence of Fireblood was so clear and strong, and the justice was so incensed against Heartfree, and so convinced of his guilt, that he would hardly hear him speak in his own defence, which the reader, perhaps, when he hears the evidence against him, will be less inclined to censure: for this witness deposed, "That he had been, by Heartfree himself, employed to carry

the orders of embezzling to Wild, in order to be delivered to his wife; that he had been afterwards present with Wild and her at the inn, when they took coach for Harwich, where she showed him the casket of jewels, and desired him to tell her husband that she had fully executed his command;" and this he swore to have been done after Heartfree had notice of the commission, and in order to bring it within that time, Fireblood, as well as Wild, swore that Mrs. Heartfree lay several days concealed at Wild's house, before her departure for Holland.

When Friendly found the justice obdurate, and that all he could say had no effect, nor was it any way possible for Heartfree to escape being committed to Newgate, he resolved to accompany him thither: where, when they arrived, the turnkey would have confined Heartfree (he having no money) amongst the common felons; but Friendly would not permit it, and advanced every shilling he had in his pocket, to procure a room in the Press-Yard for his friend, which indeed, through the humanity of the keeper, he did at a cheap rate.

They spent that day together, and, in the evening, the prisoner dismissed his friend, desiring him, after many thanks for his fidelity, to be comforted on his account. "I know not," says he, "how far the malice of my enemy may prevail; but whatever my sufferings are, I am convinced my innocence will somewhere be rewarded. If, therefore, any fatal accident should happen to me, (for he who is in the hands of perjury may apprehend the worst,) my dear Friendly, be a father to my poor children;" at which words the tears gushed from his eyes. The other begged him not to admit any such apprehensions; for that he would employ his utmost diligence in his service, and doubted not but to subvert any villanous design laid for his destruction, and to make his innocence appear to the world as white as it was in his own opinion.

We cannot help mentioning a circumstance here, though we doubt it will appear very unnatural and incredible to our reader; which is, that notwithstanding the former character and behaviour of Heartfree, this story of his embezzling was so far from surprising his neighbours, that many of them declared they expected no better from him. Some were assured

he could pay forty shillings in the pound, if he would. Others had overheard hints formerly pass between him and Mrs. Heartfree, which had given them suspicions. And, what is most astonishing of all is, that many of those who had before censured him for an extravagant heedless fool, now no less confidently abused him for a cunning, tricking, avaricious knave.

CHAPTER XIII.

Something concerning Fireblood, which will surprise; and somewhat touching one of the Miss Snaps, which will greatly concern the reader.

HOWEVER, notwithstanding all these censures abroad, and in despite of all his misfortunes at home, Heartfree in Newgate enjoyed a quiet, undisturbed repose, while our hero, nobly disdaining rest, lay sleepless all night; partly from the apprehensions of Mrs. Heartfree's return before he had executed his scheme; and partly from a suspicion lest Fireblood should betray him; of whose infidelity he had, nevertheless, no other cause to maintain any fear, but from his knowing him to be an accomplished rascal, as the vulgar term it, a complete GREAT MAN in our language. And indeed, to confess the truth, these doubts were not without some foundation; for the very same thought unluckily entered the head of that noble youth, who considered, whether he might not possibly sell himself for some advantage to the other side, as he had yet no promise from Wild; but this was, by the sagacity of the latter, prevented in the morning with a profusion of promises, which showed him to be of the most generous temper in the world, with which Fireblood was extremely well satisfied; and made use of so many protestations of his faithfulness, that he convinced Wild of the injustice of his suspicions.

At this time an incident happened, which, though it did not immediately affect our hero, we cannot avoid relating, as it occasioned great confusion in his family, as well as in the family of Snap. It is indeed a calamity highly to be lamented, when it stains untainted blood, and happens to an honourable house. An injury never to be repaired. A blot never to be wiped out. A sore never to be healed. To detain my reader

no longer, Miss Theodosia Snap was now safely delivered of a male infant, the product of an amour which that beautiful (O that I could say, virtuous) creature had with the count.

Mr. Wild and his lady were at breakfast, when Mr. Snap, with all the agonies of despair both in his voice and countenance, brought them this melancholy news. Our hero, who had (as we have said) wonderful good-nature, when his greatness or interest was not concerned, instead of reviling his sister-in-law, asked with a smile: "Who was the father?" But the chaste Lætitia, we repeat the chaste, for well did she now deserve that epithet, received it in another manner. She fell into the utmost fury at the relation, reviled her sister in the bitterest terms, and vowed she would never see nor speak to her more. Then burst into tears, and lamented over her father, that such dishonour should ever happen to him and herself. At length she fell severely on her husband, for the light treatment which he gave this fatal accident. She told him, he was unworthy the honour he enjoyed, of marrying into a chaste family. That she looked on it as an affront to her virtue. That if he had married one of the naughty hussies of the town, he could have behaved to her in no other manner. She concluded with desiring her father to make an example of the slut, and to turn her out of doors; for that she would not otherwise enter his house, being resolved never to set her foot within the same threshold with the trollop, whom she detested so much the more, because (which was perhaps true) she was her own sister.

So violent, and indeed so outrageous, was this chaste lady's love of virtue, that she could not forgive a single slip (indeed the only one Theodosia had ever made) in her own sister, in a sister who loved her, and to whom she owed a thousand obligations.

Perhaps the severity of Mr. Snap, who greatly felt the injury done to the honour of his family, would have relented, had not the parish officers been extremely pressing on this occasion, and for want of security, conveyed the unhappy young lady to a place, the name of which, for the honour of the Snaps, to whom our hero was so nearly allied, we bury in eternal oblivion; where she suffered so much correction for her crime, that the good-natured reader of the male kind may be inclined to com-

passionate her; at least, to imagine she was sufficiently punished for a fault, which, with submission to the chaste Lætitia, and all other strictly virtuous ladies, it should be either less criminal in a woman to commit, or more so in a man to solicit her to it.

But to return to our hero, who was a living and strong instance, that human greatness and happiness are not always inseparable. He was under a continual alarm of frights, and fears, and jealousies. He thought every man he beheld wore a knife for his throat, and a pair of scissors for his purse. As for his own gang particularly, he was thoroughly convinced there was not a single man amongst them, who would not, for the value of five shillings, bring him to the gallows. These apprehensions so constantly broke his rest, and kept him so assiduously on his guard, to frustrate and circumvent any designs which might be forming against him, that his condition, to any other than the glorious eye of ambition, might seem rather deplorable, than the object of envy or desire.

CHAPTER XIV.

In which our hero makes a speech well worthy to be celebrated; and the behaviour of one of the gang, perhaps more unnatural than any other part of this history.

THERE was in the gang a man named Blueskin; one of those merchants who trade in dead oxen, sheep, &c. in short, what the vulgar call a butcher. This gentleman had two qualities of a great man, viz. undaunted courage, and an absolute contempt of those ridiculous distinctions of *meum* and *tuum*, which would cause endless disputes, did not the law happily decide them by converting both into *suum*. The common form of exchanging property by trade seemed to him too tedious; he therefore resolved to quit the mercantile profession, and, falling acquainted with some of Mr. Wild's people, he provided himself with arms, and enlisted of the gang; in which he behaved for some time with great decency and order, and submitted to accept such share of the booty with the rest, as our hero allotted him.

But this subserviency agreed ill with his temper; for we should have before remembered a third heroic quality, namely, ambition, which was no inconsiderable part of his composition. One day, therefore, having robbed a gentleman at Windsor of a gold watch, which, on its being advertised in the newspapers, with a considerable reward, was demanded of him by Wild, he peremptorily refused to deliver it.

"How, Mr. Blueskin!" says Wild, "you will not deliver the watch?" "No, Mr. Wild," answered he; "I have taken it, and will keep it; or, if I dispose of it, I will dispose of it myself, and keep the money for which I sell it." "Sure," replied Wild, "you have not the assurance to pretend you have any property or right in this watch!" "I am certain," returned Blueskin, "whether I have any right in it or no, you can prove none." "I will undertake," cries the other, "to show I have an absolute right to it, and that by the laws of our gang, of which I am providentially at the head. "I know not who put you at the head of it," cries Blueskin; "but those who did, certainly did it for their own good, that you might conduct them the better in their robberies, inform them of the richest booties, prevent surprises, pack juries, bribe evidence, and so contribute to their benefit and safety; and not to convert all their labour and hazard to your own benefit and advantage." "You are greatly mistaken, sir," answered Wild; "you are talking of a legal society, where the chief magistrate is always chosen for the public good, which, as we see in all the legal societies of the world, he constantly consults, daily contributing, by his superior skill, to their prosperity, and not sacrificing their good to his own wealth, or pleasure, or humour: but in an illegal society or gang, as this of ours, it is otherwise; for who would be at the head of a gang, unless for his own interest? And without a head, you know you cannot subsist. Nothing, but a head, and obedience to that head, can preserve a gang a moment from destruction. It is absolutely better for you to content yourselves with a moderate reward, and enjoy that in safety at the disposal of your chief, than to engross the whole with the hazard to which you will be liable without this protection. And surely there is none in the whole gang, who has less reason to complain than you; you have tasted of my

favours; witness that piece of riband you wear in your hat, with which I dubbed you captain. Therefore pray, captain, deliver the watch." "D—n your cajoling," says Blueskin: "Do you think I value myself on this bit of riband, which I could have bought myself for sixpence, and have worn without your leave? Do you imagine I think myself a captain because you, whom I know not empowered to make one, call me so? The name of captain is but a shadow: the men and the salary are the substance: and I am not to be bubbled with a shadow. I will be called captain no longer, and he who flatters me by that name, I shall think affronts me, and I will knock him down, I assure you."

"Did ever a man talk so unreasonably?" cries Wild. "Are you not respected as a captain by the whole gang since my dubbing you so? But it is the shadow only, it seems; and you will knock a man down for affronting you, who calls you captain! Might not a man as reasonably tell a minister of state: *Sir, you have given me that shadow only. The riband or the bauble that you gave me, implies that I have either signalized myself, by some great action for the benefit and glory of my country: or at least that I am descended from those who have done so. I know myself to be a scoundrel, and so have been those few ancestors I can remember, or have ever heard of. Therefore I am resolved to knock the first man down who calls me Sir, or Right Honourable.* But all great and wise men think themselves sufficiently repaid by what procures them honour and precedence in the gang, without inquiring into substance; nay, if a title, or a feather, be equal to this purpose, they are substance, and not mere shadows. But I have not time to argue with you at present, so give me the watch without any more deliberation." "I am no more a friend to deliberation than yourself," answered Blueskin, "and so I tell you once for all, by G— I never will give you the watch, no, nor will I ever hereafter surrender any part of my booty. I won it, and I will wear it. Take your pistols yourself, and go out on the highway, and don't lazily think to fatten yourself with the dangers and pains of other people." At which words he departed in a fierce mood, and repaired to the tavern used by the gang, where he had appointed to meet some of

his acquaintance, whom he informed of what had passed between him and Wild, and advised them all to follow his example; which they all readily agreed to, and Mr. Wild's d—tion was the universal toast; in drinking bumpers to which, they had finished a large bowl of punch, when a constable, with a numerous attendance, and Wild at their head, entered the room, and seized on Blueskin, whom his companions, when they saw our hero, did not dare attempt to rescue. The watch was found upon him, which, together with Wild's information, was more than sufficient to commit him to Newgate.

In the evening, Wild, and the rest of those who had been drinking with Blueskin, met at the tavern, where nothing was to be seen but the profoundest submission to their leader. They vilified and abused Blueskin as much as they had before abused our hero, and now repeated the same toast, only changing the name of Wild into that of Blueskin. All agreeing with Wild, that the watch found in his pocket, and which must be a fatal evidence against him, was a just judgment on his disobedience and revolt.

Thus did this Great Man, by a resolute and timely example, (for he went directly to the justice when Blueskin left him,) quell one of the most dangerous conspiracies which could possibly arise in a gang; and which, had it been permitted one day's growth, would inevitably have ended in his destruction; so much doth it behoove all great men to be eternally on their guard, and expeditious in the execution of their purposes; while none but the weak and honest can indulge themselves in remissness or repose.

The Achates, Fireblood, had been present at both these meetings; but though he had a little too hastily concurred in cursing his friend, and in vowing his perdition; yet now he saw all that scheme dissolved, he returned to his integrity; of which he gave incontestable proof, by informing Wild of the measures which had been concerted against him. In which, he said, he had pretended to acquiesce, in order the better to betray them; but this, as he afterwards confessed on his deathbed, at Tyburn, was only a copy of his countenance: for that he was, at that time, as sincere and hearty in his opposition to Wild as any of his companions.

Our hero received Fireblood's information with a very placid countenance. He said, as the gang had seen their errors, and repented, nothing was more noble than forgiveness. But though he was pleased modestly to ascribe this to his lenity, it really arose from much more noble and political principles. He considered that it would be dangerous to attempt the punishment of so many; besides, he flattered himself that fear would keep them in order; and indeed Fireblood had told him nothing more than he knew before, viz., that they were all complete *prigs*, whom he was to govern by their fears, and in whom he was to place no more confidence than was necessary, and to watch them with the utmost caution and circomspection: for a rogue, he wisely said, like gunpowder, must be used with caution; since both are altogether as liable to blow up the party himself who uses them, as to execute his mischievous purpose against some other person or animal.

We will now repair to Newgate, it being the place where most of the great men of this history are hastening as fast as possible; and to confess the truth, it is a castle very far from being an improper, or misbecoming habitation for any great man whatever. And as this scene will continue during the residue of our history, we shall open it with a new book; and shall, therefore, take this opportunity of closing our third.

BOOK IV.

CHAPTER I.

A sentiment of the ordinary's, worthy to be written in letters of gold; a very extraordinary instance of folly in Friendly; and a dreadful accident which befel our hero.

HEARTFREE had not been long in Newgate before his frequent conversation with his children, and other instances of a good heart which betrayed themselves in his actions and conversation, created an opinion in all about him that he was one of the silliest fellows in the universe. The ordinary himself, a very sagacious as well as very worthy person, declared that he was a cursed rogue, but no conjuror.

What, indeed, might induce the former, *i. e.*, the roguish part of this opinion in the ordinary, was a wicked sentiment which Heartfree one day disclosed in conversation, and which we, who are truly orthodox, will not pretend to justify, *That he believed a sincere* Turk *would be saved.* To this the good man, with becoming zeal and indignation, answered, *I know not what may become of a sincere* Turk, *but if this be your persuasion, I pronounce it impossible you should be saved. No, sir, so far from a sincere* Turk's *being within the pale of salvation, neither will any sincere* Presbyterian, Anabaptist, *nor* Quaker *whatever, be saved.*

But neither did the one or the other part of this character prevail on Friendly to abandon his old master. He spent his whole time with him, except only those hours when he was absent for his sake, in procuring evidence for him against his trial, which was now shortly to come on. Indeed this young man was the only comfort, besides a clear conscience, and the hopes beyond the grave, which this poor wretch had; for the sight of his children was like one of those alluring pleasures which men in some diseases indulge themselves often fatally in, which at once flatter and heighten their malady.

Friendly being one day present while Heartfree was, with tears in his eyes, embracing his eldest daughter, and lamenting the hard fate to which he feared he should be obliged to leave her, spoke to him thus: "I have long observed with admiration, the magnanimity with which you go through your own misfortunes, and the steady countenance with which you look on death. I have observed that all your agonies arise from the thoughts of parting with your children, and of leaving them in a distressed condition; now, though I hope all your fears will prove ill-grounded, yet that I may relieve you as much as possible from them, be assured, that as nothing can give me more real misery, than to observe so tender and loving a concern in a master, to whose goodness I owe so many obligations, and whom I so sincerely love, so nothing can afford me equal pleasure with my contributing to lessen or remove it. Be convinced, therefore, if you can place any confidence in my promise, that I will employ my little fortune, which you know to be not entirely inconsiderable, in the support of this

your little family. Should any misfortune, which I pray heaven avert, happen to you before you have better provided for these little ones, I will be myself their father, nor shall either of them ever know distress, if it be any way in my power to prevent it. Your younger daughter I will provide for, and as for my little prattler, your elder, as I never yet thought of any woman for a wife, I will receive her as such at your hands; nor will I ever relinquish her for another."

Heartfree flew to his friend, and embraced him with raptures of acknowledgment. He vowed to him that he had eased every anxious thought of his mind but one, and that he must carry with him out of the world. "O, Friendly!" cried he, "it is my concern for that best of women, whom I hate myself for having ever censured in my opinion. O, Friendly! thou didst know her goodness; yet, sure, her perfect character none but myself was ever acquainted with. She had every perfection both of mind and body, which heaven hath indulged to her whole sex, and possessed all in a higher excellence than nature ever indulged to another in any single virtue. Can I bear the loss of such a woman? Can I bear the apprehensions of what mischiefs that villain may have done to her, of which death is perhaps the lightest?" Friendly gently interrupted him as soon as he saw any opportunity, endeavouring to comfort him on this head likewise, by magnifying every circumstance which could possibly afford any hopes of his seeing her again.

By this kind of behaviour, in which the young man exemplified so uncommon a height of friendship, he had soon obtained in the castle the character of as odd and silly a fellow as his master. Indeed, they were both the by-word, laughing-stock, and contempt of the whole place.

The sessions now came on at the Old-Bailey. The grand jury at Hick's-hall had found the bill of indictment against Heartfree, and on the second day of the session he was brought to his trial; where, notwithstanding the utmost efforts of Friendly, and the honest old female servant, the circumstances of the fact corroborating the evidence of Fireblood, as well as that of Wild, who counterfeited the most artful reluctance at appearing against his old friend Heartfree, the jury found the prisoner guilty.

Wild had now accomplished his scheme; for as to what remained, it was certainly unavoidable, seeing that Heartfree was entirely void of interest with the great, and was besides convicted on a statute, the infringers of which could hope no pardon.

The catastrophe, to which our hero had reduced this wretch, was so wonderful an effort of greatness, that it probably made fortune envious of her own darling: but whether it was from this envy, or only from that known inconstancy and weakness so often and judiciously remarked in that lady's temper, who frequently lifts men to the summit of human greatness, only *ut lapsu graviore ruant;* certain it is, she now began to meditate mischief against Wild, who seems to have come to that period, at which all heroes have arrived, and which she was resolved they never should transcend. In short, there seems to be a certain measure of mischief and iniquity, which every great man is to fill up, and then fortune looks on him of no more use than a silk-worm, whose bottom is spun, and deserts him. Mr. Blueskin was convicted the same day of robbery, by our hero, an unkindness, which, though he had drawn on himself, and necessitated him to, he took greatly amiss: as Wild therefore was standing near him, with that disregard and indifference which great men are too carelessly inclined to have for those whom they have ruined, Blueskin privily drawing a knife, thrust the same into the body of our hero with such violence, that all who saw it concluded he had done his business. And indeed, had not fortune, not so much out of love to our hero, as from a fixed resolution to accomplish a certain purpose, of which we have formerly given a hint, carefully placed his guts out of the way, he must have fallen a sacrifice to the wrath of his enemy, which, as he afterwards said, he did not deserve; for had he been contented to have robbed, and only submitted to give him the booty, he might have still continued safe and unimpeached in the gang; but so it was, that the knife missing those noble parts, (the noblest of many,) the guts, perforated only the hollow of his belly, and caused no other harm than an immoderate effusion of blood, of which, though it at present weakened him, he soon after recovered.

This accident, however was in the end attended with worse

consequences; for, as very few people (those greatest of all men, absolute princes excepted) attempt to cut the thread of human life, like the fatal sisters, merely out of wantonness and for their diversion, but rather by so doing propose to themselves the acquisition of some future good, or the avenging some past evil; and as the former of these motives did not appear probable, it put inquisitive persons on examining into the latter. Now, as the vast schemes of Wild, when they were discovered, however great in their nature, seemed to some persons, like the projects of most other such persons, rather to be calculated for the glory of the great man himself than to redound to the general good of society, designs began to be laid by several of those who thought it principally their duty to put a stop to the future progress of our hero; and a learned judge particularly, a great enemy to this kind of greatness procured a clause in an act of parliament as a trap for Wild, which he soon after fell into. By this law it was made capital in a prig to steal with the hands of other people. A law so plainly calculated for the destruction of all priggish greatness, that it was indeed impossible for our hero to avoid it.

CHAPTER II.

A short hint concerning popular ingratitude. Mr. Wild's arrival in the castle, with other occurrences, to be found in no other history.

If we had any leisure, we would here digress a little on that ingratitude, which so many writers have observed to spring up in the people of all free governments, towards their great men; who, while they have been consulting the good of the public, by raising their own greatness, in which the whole body (as the kingdom of France thinks itself in the glory of their grand monarch) was so deeply concerned, have been sometimes sacrificed by those very people, for whose glory the said great men were so industriously at work: and this from a foolish zeal for a certain ridiculous imaginary thing, called Liberty, to which great men are observed to have a great animosity.

This law had been promulgated a very little time, when Wild,

having received, from some dutiful members of the gang, a valuable piece of goods, did, for a consideration somewhat short of its original price, reconvey it to the right owner; for which fact being ungratefully informed against by the said owner, he was surprised in his own house, and being overpowered by numbers, was hurried before a magistrate, and by him committed to that castle, which, suitable as it is to greatness, we do not choose to name too often in our history, and where many great men at this time happened to be assembled.

The governor, or, as the law more honourably calls him, keeper of this castle, was Mr. Wild's old friend and acquaintance. This made the latter greatly satisfied with the place of his confinement; as he promised himself not only a kind reception and handsome accommodation there, but even to obtain his liberty from him, if he thought it necessary to desire it; but alas! he was deceived; his old friend knew him no longer, and refused to see him, and the lieutenant-governor insisted on as high garnish for fetters, and as exorbtiant a price for lodging, as if he had had a fine gentleman in custody for murder, or any other genteel crime.

To confess a melancholy truth, it is a circumstance much to be lamented, that there is no absolute dependence on the friendship of great men. An observation which hath been frequently made by those who have lived in courts, or in Newgate, or in any other place set apart for the habitation of such persons.

The second day of his confinement he was greatly surprised at receiving a visit from his wife; and much more so, when, instead of a countenance ready to insult him, the only motive to which he could ascribe her presence, he saw the tears trickling down her lovely cheeks. He embraced her with the utmost marks of affection, and declared he could hardly regret his confinement, since it had produced such an instance of the happiness he enjoyed in her, whose fidelity to him on this occasion would, he believed, make him the envy of most husbands, even in Newgate. He then begged her to dry her eyes, and be comforted; for that matters might go better with him than she expected. "No, no," says she, "I am certain you will be found guilty, *Death*. I knew what it would always

come to. I told you it was impossible to carry on such a trade long; but you would not be advised, and now you see the consequence, now you repent when it is too late. All the comfort I shall have when you are *nubbed** is, that I gave you a good advice. If you had always gone out by yourself, as I would have had you, you might have robbed on to the end of the chapter; but you was wiser than all the world, or rather lazier, and see what your laziness is come to — to the *cheat* [the *gallows,*] for thither you will go now, that's infallible. And a just judgment on you for following your headstrong will; I am the only person to be pitied, poor I, who shall be scandalized for your fault. *There goes she whose husband was hanged:* methinks I hear them crying so already." At which words she burst into tears. He could not then forbear chiding her for this unnecessary concern on his account, and begged her not to trouble him any more. She answered with some spirit; "On your account, and be d—d to you! No, if the old cull of a justice had not sent me hither, I believe it would have been long enough before I should have come hither to see after you; d—n me, I am committed for the *filinglay,* [*picking pockets*] man, and we shall be both *nubbed* together. 'I faith, my dear, it almost makes me amends for being *nubbed* myself, to have the pleasure of seeing thee *nubbed* too." "Indeed, my dear," answered Wild, "it is what I have long wished for thee; but I do not desire to bear thee company, and I have still hopes to have the pleasure of seeing you go without me; at least I will have the pleasure to be rid of you now." And so saying, he seized her by the waist, and with strong arm flung her out of the room; but not before she had with her nails left a bloody memorial on his cheek: and thus this fond couple parted.

Wild had scarce recovered himself from the uneasiness into which this unwelcome visit, proceeding from the disagreeable fondness of his wife, had thrown him, than the faithful Achates appeared. The presence of this youth was indeed a cordial to his spirits. He received him with open arms, and expressed the utmost satisfaction in the fidelity of his friendship, which so far exceeded the fashion of the times, and said many things,

* The cant word for *hanging.*

which we have forgot, on the occasion; but we remember they all tended to the praise of Fireblood; whose modesty, at length, put a stop to the torrent of compliments, by asserting he had done no more than his duty, and that he should have detested himself, could he have forsaken his friend in his adversity; and after many protestations, that he came the moment he heard of his misfortune, he asked him if he could be of any service. Wild answered, since he had so kindly proposed the question, he must say he should be obliged to him, if he could lend him a few guineas; for that he was very *seedy*. Fireblood replied, that he was greatly unhappy in not having it then in his power, adding many hearty oaths, that he had not a farthing of money in his pocket, which was, indeed, strictly true, for he had only a bank-note, which he had that evening purloined from a gentleman in the play-house passage. He then asked for his wife, to whom, to speak truly, the visit was intended, her confinement being the misfortune of which he had just heard; for, as for that of Wild himself, he had known it from the first minute, without ever intending to trouble him with his company. Being informed therefore of the visit which had lately happened, he reproved Wild for his cruel treatment of that good creature; then taking as sudden a leave as he civilly could of that gentleman, he hastened to comfort his lady, who received him with great kindness.

CHAPTER III.

Curious anecdotes relating to the history of Newgate.

THERE resided in the castle at the same time with Mr. Wild, one Roger Johnson, a very GREAT MAN, who had long been at the head of all the *prigs* in Newgate, and had raised contributions on them. He examined into the nature of their defence, procured and instructed their evidence, and made himself, at least in their opinion, so necessary to them, that the whole fate of Newgate seemed entirely to depend upon him.

Wild had not been long in confinement before he began to oppose this man. He represented him to the *prigs*, as a fellow, who, under the plausible pretence of assisting their causes,

was in reality undermining THE LIBERTIES OF NEWGATE. He at first threw out certain sly hints and insinuations; but having by degrees formed a party against Roger, he one day assembled them together, and spoke to them in the following florid manner:

"*Friends and Fellow-Citizens*, The cause which I am to mention to you this day, is of such mighty importance, that when I consider my own small abilities, I tremble with an apprehension, lest your safety may be rendered precarious by the meekness of him who hath undertaken to represent to you your danger. Gentlemen, the liberty of Newgate is at stake: your privileges have been long undermined, and are now openly violated by one man; by one who hath engrossed to himself the whole conduct of your trials, under colour of which, he exacts what contributions on you he pleases; but are those sums appropriated to the uses for which they are raised? Your frequent convictions at the Old Bailey, those depredations of justice, must too sensibly and sorely demonstrate the contrary. What evidence doth he ever produce for the prisoner, which the prisoner himself could not have provided, and often better instructed? How many noble youths have there been lost, when a single *alibi* would have saved them! Should I be silent, nay, could your own injuries want a tongue to remonstrate, the very breath, which by his neglect hath been stopped at the *cheat*, would cry out loudly against him. Nor is the exorbitancy of his plunders visible only in the dreadful consequences it hath produced to the *prigs*, nor glares it only in the miseries brought on them: it blazes forth in the more desirable effects it hath wrought for himself, in the rich perquisites acquired by it: witness that silk night-gown, that robe of shame, which, to his eternal dishonour, he publicly wears; that gown, which I will not scruple to call the winding-sheet of the liberties of Newgate. Is there a *prig* who hath the interest and honour of Newgate so little at heart, that he can refrain from blushing, when he beholds that trophy, purchased with the breath of so many *prigs!* Nor is this all. His waistcoat, embroidered with silk, and his velvet cap, bought with the same price, are ensigns of the same disgrace. Some would think the rags which covered his nakedness, when

first he was committed hither, well exchanged for these gaudy trappings; but in my eye, no exchange can be profitable when dishonour is the condition. If, therefore, Newgate—" Here the only copy which we could procure of this speech breaks off abruptly; however, we can assure the reader, from very authentic information, that he concluded with advising the *prigs* to put their affairs into other hands. After which, one of his party, as had been before concerted, in a very long speech, recommended him (Wild himself) to their choice.

Newgate was divided into parties on this occasion; the *prigs* on each side representing their chief or Great Man to be the only person by whom the affairs of Newgate could be managed with safety and advantage. The *prigs* had indeed very incompatible interests; for, whereas, the supporters of Johnson, who was in possession of the plunder of Newgate, were admitted to some share under their leader; so the abettors of Wild had, on his promotion, the same views of dividing some part of the spoil among themselves. It is no wonder, therefore, they were both so warm on each side. What may seem more remarkable was, that the debtors, who were entirely unconcerned in the dispute, and who were the destined plunder of both parties, should interest themselves with the utmost violence, some on behalf of Wild, and others in favour of Johnson. So that all Newgate resounded with WILD *for ever*, JOHNSON *for ever*. And the poor debtors re-echoed *the liberties of Newgate*, which, in the cant language, signifies *plunder*, as loudly as the thieves themselves. In short, such quarrels and animosities happened between them, that they seemed rather the people of two countries long at war with each other, than the inhabitants of the same castle.

Wild's party at length prevailed, and he succeeded to the place and power of Johnson, whom he presently stripped of all his finery; but when it was proposed, that he should sell it, and divide the money for the good of the whole, he waived that motion, saying it was not yet time, that he should find a better opportunity, that the clothes wanted cleaning, with many other pretences, and, within two days, to the surprise of many, he appeared in them himself: for which he vouchsafed no other apology than, that they fitted him much better than

they did Johnson, and that they became him in a much more elegant manner.

This behaviour in Wild greatly incensed the debtors, particularly those by whose means he had been promoted. They grumbled extremely, and vented great indignation against Wild; when one day a very grave man, and one of much authority amongst them, bespake them as follows:

"Nothing sure can be more justly ridiculous than the conduct of those, who should lay the lamb in the wolf's way, and then should lament his being devoured. What a wolf is in a sheepfold, a great man is in society. Now when one wolf is in possession of a sheepfold, how little would it avail the simple flock to expel him, and place another in his stead! Of the same benefit to us is the overthrowing one *prig* in favour of another. And for what other advantage was your struggle? Did you not all know that Wild and his followers were *prigs*, as well as Johnson and his? What then could the contention be among such, but that which you have now discovered it to have been? Perhaps some would say, is it then our duty tamely to submit to the rapine of the *prig* who now plunders us, for fear of an exchange? Surely no; but I answer, it is better to shake the plunder off, than to exchange the plunderer. And by what means can we effect this, but by a total change in our manners? Every *prig* is a slave. His own *priggish* desires, which enslave him, themselves betray him to the tyranny of others. To preserve, therefore, the liberty of Newgate, is to change the manners of Newgate. Let us, therefore, who are confined here for debt only, separate ourselves entirely from the *prigs;* neither drink with them, nor converse with them. Let us, at the same time, separate ourselves farther from *priggism* itself. Instead of being ready on every opportunity, to pillage each other, let us be content with our honest share of the common bounty, and with the acquisition of our own industry. When we separate from the *prigs*, let us enter into a closer alliance with one another. Let us consider ourselves as all members of one community, to the public good of which we are to sacrifice our private views; not to give up the interest of the whole for every little pleasure or profit which we shall accrue to ourselves. Liberty is consistent with

no degree of honesty inferior to this, and the community where this abounds, no *prig* will have the impudence or audaciousness to endeavour to enslave; or if he should, his own destruction would be the only consequence of his attempt. But while one man pursues his ambition, another his interest, another his safety; while one hath a roguery (a *priggism* they here call it) to commit, and another a roguery to defend, they must naturally fly to the favour and protection of those, who have power to give them what they desire, and to defend them from what they fear; nay, in this view it becomes their interest to promote this power in their patrons. Now, gentlemen, when we are no longer *prigs*, we shall no longer have these fears or these desires. What remains, therefore, for us, but to resolve bravely to lay aside our *priggism*, our roguery, in plainer words, and preserve our liberty, or to give up the latter in the preservation and preference of the former."

This speech was received with much applause; however, Wild continued as before to levy contributions among the prisoners, to apply the garnish to his own use, and to strut openly in the ornaments which he had stripped from Johnson. To speak sincerely, there was more bravado than real use or advantage in these trappings. As for the night-gown, its outside indeed made a glittering tinsel appearance, but it kept him not warm; nor could the finery of it do him more honour, since every one knew it did not properly belong to him; as to the waistcoat, it fitted him very ill, being infinitely too big for him; and his cap was so heavy, that it made his head ache. Thus these clothes, which, perhaps, (as they presented the idea of their misery more sensibly to the people's eyes,) brought him more envy, hatred, and detraction, than all his deeper impositions and more real advantages, afforded very little use or honour to the wearer; nay, could scarce serve to amuse his own vanity, when this was cool enough to reflect with the least seriousness. And should I speak in the language of a man who estimated human happiness without regard to the greatness which we have so laboriously endeavoured to paint in this history, it is probable he never took (*i. e.* robbed the prisoners of) a shilling, which he himself did not pay too dear for.

CHAPTER IV.

The dead-warrant arrives for Heartfree; on which occasion Wild betrays some human weakness.

THE dead-warrant, as it is called, now came down to Newgate for the execution of Heartfree among the rest of the prisoners. And here the reader must excuse us who profess to draw natural, not perfect characters, and to record the truths of history, not the extravagancies of romance, while we relate a weakness in Wild, of which we are ourselves ashamed, and which we would willingly have concealed, could we have preserved at the same time that strict attachment to truth and impartiality, which we have professed in recording the annals of this great man. Know, then, reader, that this dead-warrant did not affect Heartfree, who was to suffer a shameful death by it, with half the concern it gave Wild, who had been the occasion of it. He had been a little struck the day before, on seeing the children carried away in tears from their father. This sight brought the remembrance of some slight injuries he had done the father to his mind, which he endeavoured, as much as possible, to obliterate; but when one of the keepers (I should say lieutenants of the castle) repeated Heartfree's name among those of the malefactors who were to suffer within a few days, the blood forsook his countenance, and in a cold still stream moved heavily to his heart, which had scarce strength enough left to return it through his veins. In short, his body so visibly demonstrated the pangs of his mind, that, to escape observation, he retired to his room, where he sullenly gave vent to such bitter agonies, that even the injured Heartfree, had not the apprehension of what his wife had suffered, shut every avenue of compassion, would have pitied him.

When his mind was thoroughly fatigued, and worn out with the horrors which the approaching fate of the poor wretch, who lay under a sentence which he had iniquitously brought upon him, had suggested, sleep promised him relief; but this promise was, alas! delusive. This certain friend to the tired body is often the severest enemy to the oppressed mind. So at least it proved to Wild, adding visionary to real horrors, and

tormenting his imagination with phantoms too dreadful to be described. At length, starting from these visions, he no sooner discovered his waking senses, than he cried out: "I may yet prevent this catastrophe. It is too late to discover the whole."

He then paused a moment: but greatness instantly returning to his assistance, checked the base thought, as it first offered itself to his mind. He then reasoned thus coolly with himself: "Shall I, like a child, or a woman, or one of those mean wretches whom I have always despised, be frightened by dreams and visionary phantoms, to sully that honour which I have so difficultly acquired, and so gloriously maintained? Shall I, to redeem the worthless life of this silly fellow, suffer my reputation to contract a stain, which the blood of millions cannot wipe away? Was it only that the few, the simple part of mankind, should call me rogue, perhaps I could submit; but to be for ever contemptible to the PRIGS, as a wretch who wanted spirit to execute my undertaking, can never be digested. What is the life of a single man? Have not whole armies and nations been sacrificed to the honour of ONE GREAT MAN? Nay, to omit the first class of greatness, the conquerors of mankind, how often have numbers fallen, by a fictitious plot, only to satisfy the spleen or perhaps exercise the ingenuity of a member of that second order of greatness, the Ministerial! What have I done, then? Why, I have ruined a family, and brought an innocent man to the gallows. I ought rather to weep with Alexander, that I have ruined no more, than to regret the little I have done." He at length, therefore, bravely resolved to consign over Heartfree to his fate, though it cost him more struggling than may easily be believed, utterly to conquer his reluctance, and to banish away every degree of humanity from his mind, these little sparks of which composed one of those weaknesses which we lamented in the opening of our history.

But, in vindication of our hero, we must beg leave to observe, that nature is seldom so kind as those writers who draw characters absolutely perfect. She seldom creates any man so completely great, or completely low, but that some sparks of humanity will glimmer in the former, and some sparks

of what the vulgar call evil will dart forth in the latter; utterly to extinguish which, will give some pain and uneasiness to both; for I apprehend, no mind was ever yet formed entirely free from blemish, unless, peradventure, that of a sanctified hypocrite, whose praises some well-fed flatterer hath gratefully thought proper to sing forth.

CHAPTER V.

Containing various matters.

THE day was now come when poor Heartfree was to suffer an ignominious death. Friendly had, in the strongest manner, confirmed his assurances of fulfilling his promise, of becoming a father to one of his children and a husband to the other. This gave him inexpressible comfort; and he had, the evening before, taken his last leave of the little wretches, with a tenderness which drew a tear from one of the keepers, joined to a magnanimity which would have pleased a Stoic. When he was informed that the coach which Friendly had provided for him was ready, and that the rest of the prisoners were gone, he embraced that faithful friend with great passion, and begged that he would leave him here; but the other desired leave to accompany him to his end; which at last he was forced to comply with. And now he was proceeding towards the coach, when he found his difficulties were not yet over; for now a friend arrived, of whom he was to take a harder and yet more tender leave than he had yet gone through. This friend, reader, was no other than Mrs. Heartfree herself, who ran to him with a look all wild, staring, and frantic; and, having reached his arms, fainted away in them, without muttering a single syllable. Heartfree was, with great difficulty, able to preserve his own senses, in such a surprise, at such a season. And indeed, our good-natured reader will be rather inclined to wish this miserable couple had, by dying in each other's arms, put a final period to their woes, than have survived to taste those bitter moments which were to be their portion, and which the unhappy wife, soon recovering from the short intermission of being, now began to suffer. When she became first mistress

of her voice, she burst forth into the following accents: "O, my husband! is this the condition in which I find you after our cruel separation? Who hath done this? Cruel Heaven! What is the occasion? I know thou canst deserve no ill. Tell me, somebody who can speak, while I have my senses left to understand,—what is the matter?" At which words, several laughed, and one answered, "The matter?—why no great matter. The gentleman is not the first, and won't be the last. The worst of the matter is, that if we are to stay all the morning here, I shall lose my dinner." Heartfree, pausing a moment, and recollecting himself, cried out, "I will bear all with patience." And then, addressing himself to the commanding officer, begged he might only have a few minutes by himself with his wife, whom he had not seen before, since his misfortunes. The great man answered, he had compassion on him, and would do more than he could answer; but he supposed he was too much a gentleman not to know that something was due for such civility. On this hint, Friendly, who was himself half dead, pulled five guineas out of his pocket, which the great man, took, and said, he would be so generous to give him ten minutes; on which, one observed, that many a gentleman had bought ten minutes with a woman dearer; and many other facetious remarks were made, unnecessary to be here related. Heartfree was now suffered to retire into a room with his wife; the commander informed him, at his entrance, that he must be expeditious, for that the rest of the good company would be at the tree before him, and he supposed he was a gentleman of too much breeding to make them wait.

This tender wretched couple were now retired for these few minutes, which the commander without carefully measured with his watch; and Heartfree was mustering all his resolution to part with what his soul so ardently doted on, and to conjure her to support his loss, for the sake of her poor infants, and to comfort her with the promise of Friendly on their account; but all his design was frustrated. Mrs. Heartfree could not support the shock, but again fainted away, and so entirely lost every symptom of life, that Heartfree called vehemently for assistance. Friendly rushed first into the room, and was soon followed by many others, and what was remarkable, one, who

had, unmoved, beheld the tender scene between these parting lovers, was touched to the quick by the pale looks of the woman, and ran up and down for water, drops, &c., with the utmost hurry and confusion. The ten minutes were expired, which the commander now hinted; and seeing nothing offered for the renewal of the term, (for indeed Friendly had unhappily emptied his pockets,) he began to grow very importunate, and at last told Heartfree, *he should be ashamed not to act more like a man.* Heartfree begged his pardon, and said, he would make him wait no longer. Then, with the deepest sigh, cried, "O, my angel!" and embracing his wife with the utmost eagerness, kissed her pale lips with more fervency than ever bridegroom did the blushing cheeks of his bride; he then cried, "The Almighty bless thee: and, if it be his pleasure, restore thee to life; if not, I beseech him we may presently meet again in a better world than this." He was breaking from her, when, perceiving her sense returning, he could not forbear renewing his embrace, and again pressing her lips, which now recovered life and warmth so fast, that he begged one ten minutes more, to tell her what her swooning had prevented her hearing. The worthy commander, being perhaps a little touched at this tender scene, took Friendly aside, and asked him what he would give, if he would suffer his friend to remain half an hour?

Friendly answered, any thing; that he had no more money in his pocket, but he would certainly pay him that afternoon. Well then, I'll be moderate, said he," ——twenty guineas Friendly answered, it is a bargain. The commander, having exacted a firm promise, cried, — "Then I don't care if they stay a whole hour together; for what signifies hiding good news? — The gentleman is reprieved —;" of which he had just before received notice in a whisper. It would be very impertinent to offer at a description of the joy this occasioned to the two friends, or to Mrs. Heartfree, who was now again recovered. A surgeon, who was happily present, was employed to bleed them all. After which the commander, who had his promise of the money again confirmed to him, wished Heartfree joy, and, shaking him very friendly by the hands, cleared the room of all the company, and left the three friends together

CHAPTER VI.

In which the foregoing happy incident is accounted for.

But here, though I am convinced my good-natured reader may almost want the surgeon's assistance also, and that there is no passage in this whole story, which can afford him equal delight; yet lest our reprieve should seem to resemble that in the Beggar's Opera, I shall endeavour to show him, that this incident, which is undoubtedly true, is at least as natural as delightful; for we assure him, we would rather have suffered half mankind to be hanged, than have saved one contrary to the strictest rules of writing and probability.

Be it known, then, (a circumstance which I think highly credible,) that the great Fireblood had been, a few days before, taken in the fact of a robbery, and carried before the same justice of peace, who had, on his evidence, committed Heartfree to prison. This magistrate, who did indeed no small honour to the commission he bore, duly considered the weighty charge committed to him, by which he was entrusted with decisions affecting the lives, liberties, and properties of his countrymen; he therefore examined always with the utmost diligence and caution into every minute circumstance. And, as he had a good deal balanced, even when he committed Heartfree, on the excellent character given him by Friendly and the maid; and, as he was much staggered on finding that the two persons, on whose evidence alone Heartfree had been committed, and had been since convicted, one was in Newgate for a felony, and the other was now brought before him for a robbery, he thought proper to put the matter very home to Fireblood at this time. The young Achates was taken, as we have said, in the fact; so that denial he saw was in vain. He therefore honestly confessed what he knew must be proved; and desired, on the merit of the discoveries he made, to be admitted as an evidence against his accomplices. This afforded the happiest opportunity to the justice, to satisfy his conscience, in relation to Heartfree. He told Fireblood, that if he expected the favour he solicited, it must be on condition, that he revealed the whole truth to him concerning the evidence which he had

lately given against a bankrupt, and which some circumstances had induced a suspicion of; that he might depend on it, the truth would be discovered by other means; and gave some oblique hints (a deceit entirely justifiable) that Wild himself had offered such a discovery. The very mention of Wild's name immediately alarmed Fireblood, who did not in the least doubt the readiness of that GREAT MAN to hang any of the gang, when his own interest seemed to require it. He therefore hesitated not a moment; but, having obtained a promise from the justice, that he should be accepted as an evidence, he discovered the whole falsehood, and declared that he had been seduced by Wild to depose as he had done.

The justice having thus luckily and timely discovered this scene of villany, alias greatness, lost not a moment in using his utmost endeavours to get the case of the unhappy convict represented to the sovereign; who immediately granted him that gracious reprieve, which caused such happiness to the persons concerned; and which we hope we have now accounted for to the satisfaction of the reader.

The good magistrate having obtained this reprieve for Heartfree, thought it incumbent on him to visit him in the prison, and to sound, if possible, the depth of this affair, that, if he should appear as innocent as he now began to conceive him, he might use all imaginable methods to obtain his pardon and enlargement.

The next day, therefore, after that when the miserable scene above described had passed, he went to Newgate, where he found those three persons, namely, Heartfree, his wife, and Friendly, sitting together. The justice informed the prisoner of the confession of Fireblood, with the steps which he had taken upon it. The reader will easily conceive the many outward thanks as well as inward gratitude which he received from all three; but those were of very little consequence to him, compared with the secret satisfaction he felt in his mind, from reflecting on the preservation of innocence, as he soon after very clearly perceived was the case.

When he entered the room, Mrs. Heartfree was speaking with some earnestness: as he perceived, therefore, he had interrupted her, he begged she would continue her discourse,

which, if he prevented by his presence, he desired to depart; but Heartfree would not suffer it. He said she had been relating some adventures, which perhaps might entertain him to hear, and which she the rather desired he would hear, as they might serve to illustrate the foundation on which this falsehood had been built, which had brought on her husband all his misfortunes.

The justice very gladly consented, and Mrs. Heartfree, at her husband's desire, began the relation from the first renewal of Wild's acquaintance with him; but, though this recapitulation was necessary for the information of our good magistrate, as it would be useless, and perhaps tedious, to the reader, we shall only repeat that part of her story to which only he is a stranger, beginning with what happened to her after Wild had been turned adrift in the boat by the captain of the French privateer.

CHAPTER VII.

Mrs. Heartfree relates her adventures.

Mrs. Heartfree proceeded thus: "The vengeance which the French captain exacted on that villain (our hero) persuaded me, that I was fallen into the hands of a man of honour and justice; nor, indeed, was it possible for any person to be treated with more respect and civility than I now was; but this could not mitigate my sorrows, when I reflected on the condition in which I had been betrayed to leave all that was dear to me, much less could it produce such an effect, when I discovered, as I soon did, that I owed it chiefly to a passion, which threatened me with great uneasiness, as it quickly appeared to be very violent, and as I was absolutely in the power of the person who possessed it, or was rather possessed by it. I must however do him the justice to say, my fears carried my suspicions farther than I afterwards found I had any reason to carry them: he did, indeed, very soon acquaint me with his passion, and used all those gentle methods, which frequently succeed with our sex, to prevail with me to gratify it; but never once threatened, nor had the least recourse to force. He did not even once insinuate to me, that I was totally in his

power, which I myself sufficiently saw, and whence I drew the most dreadful apprehensions, well knowing, that as there are some dispositions so brutal, that cruelty adds a zest and savour to their pleasures; so there are others whose gentler inclinations are better gratified, when they win us by softer methods to comply with their desires; yet that even these may be often compelled by an unruly passion to have recourse at last to the means of violence, when they despair of success from persuasion; but I was happily the captive of a better man. My conqueror was one of those over whom vice hath a limited jurisdiction; and though he was too easily prevailed on to sin, he was proof against any temptation to villany.

We had been two days almost totally becalmed, when a brisk gale rising, as we were in sight of Dunkirk, we saw a vessel making full sail towards us. The captain of the privateer was so strong, that he apprehended no danger but from a man-of-war, which the sailors discerned this not to be. He therefore struck his colours, and furled his sails as much as possible, in order to lie by and expect her, hoping she might be a prize." (Here Heartfree smiling, his wife stopped, and inquired the cause. He told her, it was from her using the sea terms so aptly; she laughed, and answered, he would wonder less at this, when he heard the long time she had been on board: and then proceeded.) "This vessel now came alongside of us, and hailed us, having perceived that on which we were aboard, to be of her own country: they begged us not to put into Dunkirk, but to accompany them in their pursuit of a large English merchantman, whom we should easily overtake, and both together as easily conquer. Our captain immediately consented to this proposition, and ordered all sail to be crowded. This was most unwelcome news to me; however, he comforted me all he could, by assuring me, I had nothing to fear, that he would be so far from offering the least rudeness to me himself, that he would, at the hazard of his life, protect me from it. This assurance gave me all the consolation which my present circumstances and the dreadful apprehensions I had on your account would admit." (At which words the tenderest glances passed on both sides between the husband and wife.)

"We sailed near twelve hours, when we came in sight of the ship we were in pursuit of, and which we should probably have soon come up with, had not a very thick mist ravished her from our eyes. This mist continued several hours, and when it cleared up, we discovered our companion at a great distance from us; but what gave us (I mean the captain and his crew) the greatest uneasiness, was the sight of a very large ship within a mile of us, which presently saluted us with a gun, and now appeared to be a third-rate English man of war. Our captain declared the impossibility of either fighting or escaping, and accordingly struck, without waiting for the broadside which was preparing for us, and which perhaps would have prevented me from the happiness I now enjoy." This occasioned Heartfree to change colour; his wife therefore passed hastily to circumstances of a more smiling complexion.

"I greatly rejoiced at this event, as I thought it would not only restore me to the safe possession of my jewels, but to what I value beyond all the treasure in the universe. My expectation, however, of both these was somewhat crossed for the present: as to the former, I was told, they should be carefully preserved; but that I must prove my right to them before I could expect their restoration; which, if I mistake not, the captain did not very eagerly desire I should be able to accomplish; and as to the latter, I was acquainted, that I should be put on board the first ship which they met on her way to England, but that they were proceeding to the West Indies.

"I had not been long on board the man of war, before I discovered just reason rather to lament than to rejoice at the exchange of my captivity; (for such I concluded my present situation to be.) I had now another lover in the captain of this Englishman, and much rougher and less gallant than the Frenchman had been. He used me with scarce common civility, as indeed he showed very little to any other person, treating his officers little better than a man of no great good breeding would exert to his meanest servant, and that, too, on some very irritating provocation. As for me, he addressed me with the insolence of a basha to a Circassian slave; he talked to me with the loose license in which the most profligate libertines converse with harlots, and which women, abandoned only in a

moderate degree, detest and abhor. He often kissed me with very rude familiarity, and one day attempted further brutality; when a gentleman on board, and who was in my situation, that is, had been taken by a privateer and was retaken, rescued me from his hands; for which the captain confined him, though he was not under his command, two days in irons; when he was released, (for I was not allowed to visit him in his confinement,) I went to him and thanked him with the utmost acknowledgment, for what he had done and suffered on my account. The gentleman behaved to me in the handsomest manner on this occasion; told me he was ashamed of the high sense I seemed to entertain of so small an obligation, of an action to which his duty as a Christian, and his honour as a man, obliged him. From this time I lived in great familiarity with this man, whom I regarded as my protector, which he professed himself ready to be on all occasions, expressing the utmost abhorrence of the captain's brutality, especially that shown towards me, and the tenderness of a parent for the preservation of my virtue, for which I was not myself more solicitous than he appeared. He was, indeed, the only man I had hitherto met, since my unhappy departure, who did not endeavour by all his words, looks, and actions, to assure me, he had a liking to my unfortunate person. The rest seeming desirous of sacrificing the little beauty they complimented, to their desires, without the least consideration of the ruin, which I earnestly represented to them, they were attempting to bring on me and on my future repose.

"I now passed several days pretty free from the captain's molestation, till one fatal night." Here, perceiving Heartfree grew pale, she comforted him by an assurance, that Heaven had preserved her chastity, and again had restored her unsullied to his arms. She continued thus: "Perhaps I give it a wrong epithet in the word fatal; but a wretched night, I am sure I may call it, for no woman, who came off victorious, was, I believe, ever in greater danger. One night, I say, having drunk his spirits high with punch, in company with the purser, who was the only man in the ship he admitted to his table, the captain sent for me into his cabin; whither, though unwilling, I was obliged to go. We were no sooner alone together than he seized me by the hand, and after affronting my ears with

discourses which I am unable to repeat, he swore a great oath, that his passion was to be dallied with no longer; that I must not expect to treat him in the manner to which a set of block-head landmen submitted. None of your coquette airs, there-fore, with me, madam, said he, for I am resolved to have you this night. No struggling nor squalling, for both will be impertinent. The first man who offers to come in here, I will have his skin flea'd off at the gangway. He then attempted to pull me violently towards his bed. I threw myself on my knees, and with tears and entreaties besought his compassion; but this was, I found, to no purpose: I then had recourse to threats, and endeavoured to frighten him with the consequence; but neither had this, though it seemed to stagger him more than the other method, sufficient force to deliver me. At last a stratagem came into my head, of which my perceiving him reel, gave me the first hint. I entreated a moment's reprieve only, when collecting all the spirits I could muster, I put on a constrained air of gayety, and told him with an affectionate laugh, he was the roughest lover I had ever met with, and that I believed I was the first woman he had ever paid his addresses to. *Addresses*, said he, *d—n your dresses, I want to undress you.* I then begged him to let us drink some punch together; for that I loved a can as well as himself, and never would grant the favour to any man till I had drank a hearty glass with him. O! said he, if that be all, you shall have punch enough to drown yourself in. At which words he rung the bell, and ordered in a gallon of that liquor. I was in the mean time obliged to suffer his nauseous kisses, and some rudeness which I had great difficulty to restrain within moderate bounds. When the punch came in, he took up the bowl and drank my health ostentatiously, in such a quantity that it considerably advanced my scheme. I followed him with bumpers, as fast as possible, and was myself obliged to drink so much, that at another time it would have staggered my own reason, but at present it did not affect me.

"At length, perceiving him very far gone, I watched an opportunity, and ran out of the cabin, resolving to seek pro-tection of the sea, if I could find no other; but heaven was now graciously pleased to relieve me; for in his attempt to

pursue me, he reeled backwards, and falling down the cabin stairs, he dislocated his shoulder, and so bruised himself, that I was not only preserved that night from any danger of my intended ravisher, but the accident threw him into a fever, which endangered his life; and whether he ever recovered or no, I am not certain; for, during his delirious fits, the eldest lieutenant commanded the ship. This was a virtuous and a brave fellow, who had been twenty-five years in that post without being able to obtain a ship, and had seen several boys, the bastards of noblemen, put over his head. One day, while the ship remained under his command, an English vessel, bound to Cork, passed by; myself and my friend, who had formerly lain two days in irons on my account, went on board this ship with the leave of the good lieutenant, who made us such presents as he was able, of provisions, and congratulating me on my delivery from a danger to which none of the ship's crew had been strangers, he kindly wished us both a safe voyage."

CHAPTER VIII.

In which Mrs. Heartfree continues the relation of her adventures.

"THE first evening after we were aboard this vessel, which was a brigantine, we being then at no very great distance from the Madeiras, the most violent storm arose from the north-west, in which we presently lost both our masts; and indeed, death now presented itself as inevitable to us. — I need not tell my Tommy what were then my thoughts. Our danger was so great, that the captain of the ship, a professed atheist, betook himself to prayers, and the whole crew, abandoning themselves for lost, fell with the utmost eagerness to the emptying a cask of brandy, not one drop of which, they swore, should be polluted with salt water. I observed here, my old friend dis played less courage than I expected from him. He seemed entirely swallowed up in despair. But, heaven be praised! we were all at last preserved. The storm, after above eleven hours' continuance, began to abate, and by degrees entirely ceased; but left us still rolling at the mercy of the waves, which carried us at their own pleasure to the south-east, a vast number of

leagues. Our crew were all dead drunk with the brandy which they had taken such care to preserve from the sea; but, indeed, had they been awake, their labour would have been of very little service, as we had lost all our rigging: our brigantine being reduced to a naked hulk only. In this condition, we floated about thirty hours, till, in the midst of a very dark night, we spied a light, which, seeming to approach us, grew so large, that our sailors concluded it to be the lantern of a man of war; but when we were cheering ourselves with the hopes of our deliverance from this wretched situation, on a sudden, to our great concern, the light entirely disappeared, and left us in a despair, increased by the remembrance of those pleasing imaginations with which we had entertained our minds during its appearance. The rest of the night we passed in melancholy conjectures on the light which had deserted us, which the major part of the sailors concluded to be a meteor. In this distress we had one comfort, which was, a plentiful store of provision; this so supported the spirits of the sailors, that they declared, had they but a sufficient quantity of brandy, they cared not whether they saw land for a month to come: but, indeed, we were much nearer it than we imagined, as we perceived at break of day; one of the most knowing of the crew declared we were near the continent of Africa; but when we were within three leagues of it, a second violent storm arose from the north, so that we again gave over all hopes of safety. This storm was not quite so outrageous as the former, but of much longer continuance; for it lasted near three days, and drove us an immense number of leagues to the south.

"We were within a league of the shore, expecting every moment our ship to be dashed to pieces, when the tempest ceased all on a sudden; but the waves still continued to roll like mountains, and before the sea recovered its calm motion, our ship was thrown so near land, that the captain ordered out his boat, declaring he had scarce any hopes of saving her; and indeed we had not quitted her many minutes, before we saw the justice of his apprehensions; for she struck against a rock, and immediately sunk. The behaviour of the sailors on this occasion very much affected me, they beheld their ship perish with the tenderness of a lover or a parent, they spoke of her

as the fondest husband would of his wife; and many of them, who seemed to have no tears in their composition, shed them plentifully at her sinking. The captain himself cried out, *Go thy way, charming* Molly, *the sea never devoured a lovelier morsel. If I have fifty vessels, I shall never love another like thee. Poor slut, I shall remember thee to my dying day.* Well, the boat now conveyed us all safe to shore, where we landed with very little difficulty. It was now about noon, and the rays of the sun, which descended almost perpendicular on our heads, were extremely hot and troublesome. However, we travelled through this extreme heat about five miles over a plain. This brought us to a vast wood, which extended itself as far as we could see both to the right and left, and seemed to me to put an entire end to our progress. Here we decreed to rest and dine on the provision which we had brought from the ship, of which we had sufficient for very few meals; our boat being so overloaded with people, that we had very little room for luggage of any kind. Our repast was salt pork broiled, which the keenness of hunger made so delicious to my companions, that they fed very heartily upon it. As for myself, the fatigue of my body, and the vexation of my mind, had so thoroughly weakened me, that I was almost entirely deprived of appetite; and the utmost dexterity of the most accomplished French cook would have been ineffectual, had he endeavoured to tempt me with delicacies. I thought myself very little a gainer by my late escape from the tempest, by which I seemed only to have exchanged the element in which I was presently to die. When our company had sufficiently, and indeed very plentifully, feasted themselves, they resolved to enter the wood, and endeavour to pass it, in expectation of finding some inhabitants, at least some provision. We proceeded therefore in the following order: one man in the front with a hatchet to clear our way, and two others followed him with guns to protect the rest from wild beasts; then walked the rest of our company, and, last of all, the captain himself, being armed likewise with a gun, to defend us from any attack behind, in the rear, I think you call it. And thus our whole company, being fourteen in number, travelled on, till night overtook us, without seeing any thing, unless a few birds, and some very insignifi-

cant animals. We rested all night under the covert of some trees, and indeed, we very little wanted shelter at that season, the heat in the day being the only inclemency we had to combat with in this climate. I cannot help telling you, my old friend lay still nearest to me on the ground, and declared he would be my protector should any of the sailors offer rudeness; but I can acquit them of any such attempt; nor was I ever affronted by any one, more than with a coarse expression, proceeding rather from the roughness and ignorance of their education, than from any abandoned principle, or want of humanity.

"We had now proceeded very little way on our next day's march, when one of the sailors having skipt nimbly up a hill, with the assistance of a speaking-trumpet informed us, that he saw a town a very little way off. This news so comforted me, and gave me such strength, as well as spirits, that, with the help of my old friend, and another, who suffered me to lean on them, I, with much difficulty, attained the summit; but was so absolutely overcome in climbing it, that I had no longer sufficient strength to support my tottering limbs, and was obliged to lay myself again on the ground; nor could they prevail on me to undertake descending through a very thick wood into a plain, at the end of which indeed appeared some houses, or rather huts, but at a much greater distance than the sailor had assured us; the little way, as he had called it, seeming to me full twenty miles, nor was it, I believe, much less."

CHAPTER IX.

Containing incidents very surprising.

"THE captain declared he would, without delay, proceed to the town before him; in which resolution he was seconded by all the crew; but when I could not be persuaded, nor was I able to travel any farther, before I had rested myself, my old friend protested he would not leave me, but would stay behind as my guard; and, when I had refreshed myself with a little repose, he would attend me to the town, which the captain promised he would not leave before he had seen us.

"They were no sooner departed, than (having first thanked

my protector for his care of me) I resigned myself to sleep, which immediately closed my eyelids, and would probably have detained me very long in his gentle dominion, had I not been awaked with a squeeze by the hand by my guard; which I at first thought intended to alarm me with the danger of some wild beast; but I soon perceived it arose from a softer motive, and that a gentle swain was the only wild beast I had to apprehend. He began now to disclose his passion in the strongest manner imaginable; indeed, with a warmth rather beyond that of both my former lovers; but as yet without any attempt of absolute force. On my side, remonstrances were made in more bitter exclamations and revilings than I had used to any, that villain Wild excepted. I told him he was the basest and most treacherous wretch alive; that his having cloaked his iniquitous designs under the appearance of virtue and friendship, added an ineffable degree of horror to them; that I detested him of all mankind the most; and could I be brought to yield to prostitution, he should be the last to enjoy the ruins of my honour. He suffered himself not to be provoked by this language, but only changed his method of solicitation from flattery to bribery. He unripped the lining of his waistcoat, and pulled forth several jewels; these, he said, he had preserved from infinite danger to the happiest purpose, if I could be won by them. I rejected them often, with the utmost indignation, till, at last, casting my eye, rather by accident than design, on a diamond necklace, a thought, like lightning, shot through my mind, and in an instant I remembered that this was the very necklace you had sold the cursed count, the cause of all our misfortunes. The confusion of ideas into which this surprise hurried me, prevented me reflecting on the villain who then stood before me; but the first recollection presently told me, it could be no other than the count himself, the wicked tool of Wild's barbarity. Good heavens, what was then my condition! How shall I describe the tumult of passion which then laboured in my breast! However, as I was happily unknown to him, the least suspicion on his side was altogether impossible. He imputed, therefore, the eagerness with which I gazed on the jewels to a very wrong cause, and endeavoured to put as much additional softness into his countenance as he

was able. My fears were a little quieted, and I was resolved to be very liberal of promises, and hoped so thoroughly to persuade him of my venality, that he might, without any doubt, be drawn in to wait the captain and crew's return, who would, I was very certain, not only preserve me from his violence, but secure the restoration of what you had so cruelly been robbed of. But alas! I was mistaken." Mrs. Heartfree again perceiving symptoms of the utmost disquietude in her husband's countenance, cried out, "My dear, don't you apprehend any harm.—But, to deliver you as soon as possible from your anxiety.—When he perceived I declined the warmth of his addresses, he begged me to consider; he changed at once his voice and features, and, in a very different tone from what he had hitherto affected, he swore I should not deceive him as I had the captain; that fortune had kindly thrown an opportunity in his way, which he was resolved not foolishly to lose; and concluded with a violent oath, that he was determined to enjoy me that moment; and therefore, I knew the consequence of resistance. He then caught me in his arms, and began such rude attempts, that I screamed out with all the force I could, though I had so little hopes of being rescued; when there suddenly rushed forth from a thicket a creature, which, at his first appearance, and in the hurry of spirits I then was, I did not take for a man; but indeed, had he been the fiercest of wild beasts, I should have rejoiced at his devouring us both. I scarce perceived he had a musket in his hand, before he struck my ravisher such a blow with it, that he felled him at my feet. He then advanced with a gentle air towards me, and told me in French he was extremely glad he had been luckily present to my assistance. He was naked, except his middle and his feet, if I call a body so, which was covered with hair almost equal to any beast whatever. Indeed, his appearance was so horrid in my eyes, that the friendship he had shown me, as well as his courteous behaviour, could not entirely remove the dread I had conceived from his figure. I believe he saw this very visibly; for he begged me not to be frightened, since whatever accident had brought me thither, I should have reason to thank heaven for meeting him, at whose hands I might assure myself of the utmost civility and protection. In

the midst of all this consternation, I had spirits enough to take up the casket of jewels which the villain, in falling, had dropped out of his hands, and conveyed it into my pocket. My deliverer telling me, that I seemed extremely weak and faint, desired me to refresh myself at his little hut, which he said was hard by. If his demeanour had been less kind and obliging, my desperate situation must have lent me confidence, for sure the alternative could not be doubtful, whether I should rather trust this man, who, notwithstanding his savage outside, expressed so much devotion to serve me, which at least I was not certain of the falsehood of, or should abide with one whom I so perfectly well knew to be an accomplished villain. I, therefore, committed myself to his guidance, though with tears in my eyes, and begged him to have compassion on my innocence, which was absolutely in his power. He said, the treatment he had been witness of, which, he supposed, was from one who had broken his trust towards me, sufficiently justified my suspicion; but begged me to dry my eyes, and he would soon convince me, that I was with a man of different sentiments. The kind accents which accompanied these words, gave me some comfort, which was assisted by the repossession of our jewels, by an accident, strongly savouring of the disposition of Providence in my favour.

"We left the villain weltering in his blood, though beginning to recover a little motion, and walked together to his hut, or rather cave; for it was under ground, on the side of a hill; the situation was very pleasant; and, from its mouth, we overlooked a large plain, and the town I had before seen. As soon as I entered it, he desired me to sit down on a bench of earth, which served him for chairs, and then laid before me some fruits, the wild product of that country, one or two of which had an excellent flavour. He likewise produced some baked flesh, a little resembling that of venison. He then brought forth a bottle of brandy, which, he said, had remained with him ever since his settling there, now above thirty years; during all which time he had never opened it, his only liquor being water; that he had reserved this bottle as a cordial in sickness; but, he thanked Heaven, he had never yet had occasion for it. He then acquainted me that he was a hermit; that he had been

formerly cast away on that coast, with his wife, whom he dearly loved, but could not preserve from perishing; on which account, he had resolved never to return to France, which was his native country, but to devote himself to prayer, and a holy life, placing all his hopes in the blessed expectation of meeting that dear woman again in Heaven, where, he was convinced, she was now a saint, and an interceder for him.

"He said, he had exchanged a watch with the king of that country, whom he described to be a very just and good man, for a gun, some powder, shot and ball; with which he sometimes provided himself food, but more generally used it in defending himself against wild beasts; so that his diet was chiefly of the vegetable kind. He told me many more circumstances, which I may relate to you hereafter: but to be as concise as possible at present, he at length greatly comforted me, by promising to conduct me to a seaport, where I might have an opportunity to meet with some vessels trafficking for slaves, and whence I might once more commit myself to that element, which, though I had already suffered so much on it, I must again trust, to put me in possession of all I loved.

"The character he gave me of the inhabitants of the town we saw below us, and of their king, made me desirous of being conducted thither; especially as I very much wished to see the captain and sailors, who had behaved very kindly to me, and with whom, notwithstanding all the civil behaviour of the hermit, I was rather easier in my mind than alone with this single man; but he dissuaded me greatly from attempting such a walk, till I had recruited my spirits with rest, desiring me to repose myself on his couch or bank, saying, that he himself would retire without the cave, where he would remain as my guard. I accepted this kind proposal; but it was long before I could procure any slumber: however, at length, weariness prevailed over my fears, and I enjoyed several hours' sleep. When I awaked, I found my faithful sentinel on his post, and ready at my summons. This behaviour infused some confidence into me, and I now repeated my request, that he would go with me to the town below; but he answered, it would be better advised to take some repast before I undertook the journey, which I should find much longer than it appeared. I consented,

and he set forth a greater variety of fruits than before, of which I ate very plentifully; my collation being ended, I renewed the mention of my walk; but he still persisted in dissuading me, telling me that I was not yet strong enough; that I could repose myself no where with greater safety, than in his cave; and that, for his part, he could have no greater happiness than that of attending me, adding, with a sigh, it was a happiness he should envy any other more than all the gifts of fortune. You may imagine I began now to entertain suspicions; but he presently removed all doubt by throwing himself at my feet and expressing the warmest passion for me. I should have now sunk with despair had he not accompanied these professions with the most vehement protestations that he would never offer me any other force but that of entreaty, and that he would rather die the most cruel death by my coldness than gain the highest bliss by becoming the occasion of a tear of sorrow to these bright eyes, which he said were stars, under whose benign influence alone he could enjoy, or indeed suffer life." She was repeating many more compliments he made her, when a horrid uproar, which alarmed the whole gate, put a stop to her narration at present. It is impossible for me to give the reader a better idea of the noise which now arose than by desiring him to imagine I had the hundred tongues the poet once wished for, and was vociferating from them all at once, by halloing, scolding, crying, swearing, bellowing, and, in short, by every different articulation which is within the scope of the human organ.

CHAPTER X.

A horrible uproar in the gate.

But, however great an idea the reader may hence conceive of this uproar, he will think the occasion more than adequate to it, when he is informed, that our hero, (I blush to name it,) had discovered an injury done to his honour, and that in the tenderest point — in a word, reader, (for thou must know it, though it give thee the greatest horror imaginable,) he had caught Fireblood in the arms of his lovely Lætitia.

As the generous bull who having long depastured among a number of cows, and thence contracted an opinion, that these cows are all his own property, if he beholds another bull bestride a cow within his walks, he roars aloud, and threatens instant vengeance with his horns, till the whole parish are alarmed with his bellowing: not with less noise, nor less dreadful menaces, did the fury of Wild burst forth, and terrify the whole gate. Long time did rage render his voice inarticulate to the hearer; as when, at a visiting day, fifteen or sixteen, or perhaps twice as many females of delicate but shrill pipes, ejaculate all at once on different subjects, all is sound only, the harmony entirely melodious indeed, but conveys no idea to our ears; but at length, when reason began to get the better of his passion, which latter being deserted by his breath, began a little to retreat, the following accents leaped over the hedge of his teeth, or rather the ditch of his gums, whence those hedge-stakes had long since by a patten been displaced in battle, with an amazon of Drury.

* "—Man of honour? doth this become a friend? Could I have expected such a breach of all the laws of honour from thee, whom I had taught to walk in its paths? Hadst thou chosen any other way to injure my confidence, I could have forgiven it; but this is a stab in the tenderest part, a wound never to be healed, an injury never to be repaired; for it is not only the loss of an agreeable companion, of the affection of a wife, dearer to my soul than life itself, it is not this loss alone I lament: this loss is accompanied with disgrace, and with dishonour. The blood of the Wilds, which hath run with such uninterrupted purity through so many generations, this blood is fouled, is contaminated: Hence flow my tears, hence arises my grief. This is the injury never to be redressed, nor ever to be with honour forgiven."—"My—in a bandbox," answered Fireblood, "here is a noise about your honour. If the mischief done to your blood be all you complain of, I am sure you complain of nothing; for my blood is as good as yours."—"You have no conception," replied Wild, "of the tenderness of honour; you know not how nice and delicate it is in both

* The beginning of his speech is lost.

sexes; so delicate, that the least breath of air, which rudely blows on it, destroys it."—"I will prove from your own words," says Fireblood, "I have not wronged your honour. Have you not often told me, that the honour of a man consisted in receiving no affront from his own sex, and that of a woman in receiving no kindness from ours. Now, sir, if I have given you no affront, how have I injured your honour?"—"But doth not every thing," cried Wild, "of the wife, belong to the husband? A married man, therefore, hath his wife's honour as well as his own, and by injuring hers, you injure his. How cruelly you have hurt me in this tender part, I need not repeat; the whole gate knows it, and the world shall. I will apply to Doctors Commons for my redress against her, I will shake off as much of my dishonour as I can, by parting with her; and as for you, expect to hear of me in Westminister-hall; the modern method of repairing these breaches, and of resenting this affront."—"D—n your eyes," cries Fireblood, "I fear you not, nor do I believe a word you say."—"Nay, if you affront me personally," says Wild, "another sort of resentment is prescribed." At which word, advancing to Fireblood, he presented him with a box on the ear, which the youth immediately returned, and now our hero and his friend fell to boxing, though with some difficulty, both being incumbered with the chains which they wore between their legs. A few blows passed on both sides, before the gentlemen, who stood by, stepped in and parted the combatants: and now both parties having whispered each other, that, if they outlived the ensuing sessions, and escaped the tree, the one should give, and the other should receive satisfaction, in single combat, they separated, and the gate soon recovered its former tranquillity.

Mrs. Heartfree was then desired by the justice and her husband both, to conclude her story, which she did in the words of the next chapter.

CHAPTER XI.

The conclusion of Mrs. Heartfree's adventures.

"If I mistake not, I was interrupted just as I was beginning to repeat some of the compliments made me by the hermit."—"Just as you had finished them, I believe, madam," said the justice. "Very well, sir," said she, "I am sure I have no pleasure in the repetition. He concluded then with telling me, though I was, in his eyes, the most charming woman in the world, and might tempt a saint to abandon the ways of holiness, yet my beauty inspired him with a much tenderer affection towards me, than to purchase any satisfaction of his own desires with my misery; if, therefore, I could be so cruel to him, to reject his honest and sincere address, nor could submit to a solitary life with one, who would endeavour by all possible means, to make me happy, I had no force to dread; for that I was as much at my liberty, as if I was in France, or England, or any other free country. I repulsed him with the same civility with which he advanced; and told him, that as he professed great regard to religion, I was convinced he would cease from all farther solicitation, when I informed him, that if I had no other objection, my own innocence would not admit of my hearing him on this subject, for that I was married.—He started a little at that word, and was for some time silent; but at length recovering himself, he began to urge the uncertainty of my husband's being alive, and the probability of the contrary; he then spoke of marriage as of a civil policy only; on which head he urged many arguments not worth repeating, and was growing so very eager and importunate, that I know not whither his passion might have hurried him, had not three of the sailors, well armed, appeared at that instant in sight of the cave. I no sooner saw them, than, exulting with the utmost inward joy, I told him my companions were come for me, and that I must now take my leave of him; assuring him, that I would always remember, with the most grateful acknowledgment, the favours I had received at his hands. He fetched a very heavy sigh, and, squeezing me tenderly by the hand, he saluted my lips with a little more eager-

ness than the European salutations admit of; and told me, he should likewise remember my arrival at his cave to the last day of his life; adding — O that he could there spend the whole in the company of one whose bright eyes had kindled—; but I know you will think, sir, that we women love to repeat the compliments made us, I will therefore omit them. In a word, the sailors being now arrived, I quitted him, with some compassion for the reluctance with which he parted from me, and went forward with my companions.

"We had proceeded but a very few paces before one of the sailors said to his comrades: D—n me, Jack, who knows whether yon fellow hath not some good flip in his cave; I innocently answered, the poor wretch had only one bottle of brandy. "Hath he so?" cries the sailor: "'Fore George, we will taste it;" and, so saying, they immediately returned back, and myself with them. We found the poor man prostrate on the ground, expressing all the symptoms of misery and lamentation. I told him in French (for the sailors could not speak that language) what they wanted. He pointed to the place where the bottle was deposited, saying, they were welcome to that, and whatever else he had; and added, he cared not if they took his life also. The sailors searched the whole cave, where finding nothing more which they deemed worth their taking, they walked off with the bottle, and immediately emptying it, without offering me a drop, they proceeded with me towards the town.

"In our way, I observed one whisper to another, while he kept his eye steadfastly fixed on me. This gave me some uneasiness; but the other answered, "No, d—n me, the captain will never forgive us; besides, we have enough of it among the black women, and, in my mind, one colour is as good as another." This was enough to give me violent apprehension; but I heard no more of that kind, till we came to the town, where, in about six hours, I arrived in safety.

"As soon as I came to the captain, he inquired what was become of my friend, meaning the villanous count. When he was informed by me of what had happened, he wished me heartily joy of my delivery, and, expressing the utmost abhorrence of such baseness, swore if ever he met him he would cut

his throat; but indeed we both concluded, that he had died of the blow which the hermit had given him.

"I was now introduced to the chief magistrate of this country, who was desirous of seeing me. I will give you a short description of him: He was chosen (as is the custom there) for his superior bravery and wisdom. His power is entirely absolute during his continuance; but, on the first deviation from equity and justice, he is liable to be deposed and punished by the people, the elders of whom, once a year, assemble, to examine into his conduct. Besides the danger which these examinations, which are very strict, expose him to, his office is of such care and trouble, that nothing but that restless love of power, so predominant in the mind of man, could make it the object of desire; for he is indeed the only slave of all the natives of this country. He is obliged, in time of peace, to hear the complaint of every person in his dominions, and to render him justice. For which purpose every one may demand an audience of him, unless during the hour which he is allowed for dinner, when he sits alone at the table, and is attended, in the most public manner, with more than European ceremony. This is done to create an awe and respect towards him in the eye of the vulgar; but, lest it should elevate him too much in his own opinion, in order to his humiliation, he receives every evening in private, from a kind of beadle, a gentle kick on his posteriors; besides which, he wears a ring in his nose, somewhat resembling that we ring our pigs with, and a chain round his neck, not unlike that worn by our aldermen; both which, I suppose, to be emblematical, but heard not the reasons of either assigned. There are many more particularities among this people, which, when I have an opportunity, I may relate to you. The second day after my return from court, one of his officers, whom they call SCHACH PIMPACH, waited upon me, and, by a French interpreter who lives here, informed me, that the chief magistrate liked my person, and offered me an immense present, if I would suffer him to enjoy it; (this is, it seems, their common form of making love.) I rejected the present, and never heard any further solicitation; for, as it is no shame for women here to consent at the first proposal, so they never receive a second.

"I had resided in this town a week, when the captain informed me, that a number of slaves who had been taken captives in war, were to be guarded to the sea-side, where they were to be sold to the merchants, who traded in them to America; that if I would embrace this opportunity, I might assure myself of finding a passage to America, and thence to England; acquainting me at the same time, that he himself intended to go with them. I readily agreed to accompany him. The chief, being advertised of our designs, sent for us both to court, and without mentioning a word of love to me, having presented me with a very rich jewel, of less value, he said, than my chastity, took a very civil leave, recommending me to the care of heaven, and ordering us a large supply of provisions for our journey.

"We were provided with mules for ourselves, and what we carried with us, and, in nine days, reached the sea-shore, where we found an English vessel ready to receive both us and the slaves. We went aboard it, and sailed the next day with a fair wind for New England, where I hoped to get an immediate passage to the Old; but Providence was kinder than my expectation: for the third day after we were at sea, we met an English man-of-war, homeward bound; the captain of it was a very good-natured man, and agreed to take me on board. I accordingly took my leave of my old friend the master of the shipwrecked vessel, who went on to New England, whence he intended to pass to Jamaica, where his owners lived. I was now treated with great civility, had a little cabin assigned me, and dined every day at the captain's table, who was indeed a very gallant man, and, at first, made me a tender of his affections; but when he found me resolutely bent to preserve myself pure and entire for the best of husbands, he grew cooler in his addresses, and soon behaved in a manner very pleasing to me, regarding my sex only so far as to pay me a deference, which is very agreeable to us all.

"To conclude my story: I met with no adventure in this passage at all worth relating, till my landing at Gravesend, whence the captain brought me in his own boat to the Tower. In a short hour after my arrival, we had that meeting, which, however dreadful at first, will, I now hope, by the good offices

of the best of men, whom heaven for ever bless, end in our perfect happiness, and be a strong instance of what I am persuaded is the surest truth, THAT PROVIDENCE WILL, SOONER OR LATER, PROCURE THE FELICITY OF THE VIRTUOUS AND INNOCENT."

Mrs. Heartfree thus ended her speech, having before delivered to her husband the jewels, which the count had robbed him of, and that presented her by the African chief, which last was of immense value. The good magistrate was sensibly touched at her narrative, as well on the consideration of the sufferings she had herself undergone, as for those of her husband, which he had himself been innocently the instrument of bringing upon him. That worthy man, however, much rejoiced in what he had already done for his preservation, and promised to labour with the utmost interest and industry, to procure the absolute pardon, rather of his sentence, than of his guilt, which, he now plainly discovered, was a barbarous and false imputation.

CHAPTER XII.

The history returns to the contemplation of greatness.

BUT we have already perhaps detained our reader too long in this relation, from the consideration of our hero, who daily gave the most exalted proofs of greatness, in cajoling the *prigs*, and in exactions on the debtors; which latter now grew so great, i. e. corrupted in their morals, that they spoke with the utmost contempt of what the vulgar call honesty. The greatest character among them, was that of a pickpocket, or, in truer language, a *file;* and the only censure was want of dexterity. As to virtue, goodness, and such like, they were the objects of mirth and derision, and all Newgate was a complete collection of *prigs*, every man being desirous to pick his neighbour's pocket, and every one was as sensible that his neighbour was as ready to pick his; so that (which is almost incredible) as great roguery, was daily committed within the walls of Newgate as without.

The glory resulting from these actions of Wild, probably animated the envy of his enemies against him. The day of

his trial now approached; for which, as Socrates did, he prepared himself; but not weakly and foolishly, like that philosopher, with patience and resignation; but with a good number of false witnesses. However, as success is not always proportioned to the wisdom of him who endeavours to attain it; so are we more sorry than ashamed to relate, that our hero was, notwithstanding his utmost caution and prudence, convicted, and sentenced to a death, which, when we consider not only the great men who have suffered it, but the much larger number of those, whose highest honour it hath been to merit it, we cannot call otherwise than honourable. Indeed, those who have unluckily missed it, seem all their days to have laboured in vain to attain an end, which fortune, for reasons only known to herself, hath thought proper to deny them. Without any farther preface then, our hero was sentenced to be hanged by the neck; but whatever was to be now his fate, he might console himself that he had perpetrated what

——— Nec Judicis ira, nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.

For my own part, I confess I look on this death of hanging to be as proper for a hero as any other; and I solemnly declare, that had Alexander the Great been hanged, it would not in the least have diminished my respect to his memory. Provided a hero in this life doth but execute a sufficient quantity of mischief; provided he be but well and heartily cursed by the widow, the orphan, the poor, and the oppressed, (the sole rewards, as many authors have bitterly lamented both in prose and verse, of greatness, i. e. *priggism*,) I think it avails little of what nature his death be, whether it be by the axe, the halter, or the sword. Such names will be always sure of living to posterity, and of enjoying that fame which they so gloriously and eagerly coveted; for, according to a GREAT dramatic poet,

——— Fame
Not more survives from good than evil deeds.
Th' aspiring youth that fir'd th' Ephesian dome,
Outlives in fame the pious fool who rais'd it.

Our hero now suspected that the malice of his enemies would overpower him. He, therefore, betook himself to that true support of greatness in affliction, a bottle; by means of which

he was enabled to curse, and swear, and bully, and brave his fate. Other comfort indeed he had not much; for not a single friend ever came near him. His wife, whose trial was deferred to the next sessions, visited him but once, when she plagued, tormented, and upbraided him so cruelly, that he forbade the keeper ever to admit her again. The Ordinary of Newgate had frequent conferences with him, and greatly would it embellish our history, could we record all which that good man delivered on these occasions; but unhappily we could procure only the substance of a single conference, which was taken down in short-hand by one who overheard it. We shall transcribe it, therefore, exactly in the same form and words we received it; nor can we help regarding it as one of the most curious pieces, which either ancient or modern history hath recorded.

CHAPTER XIII.

A dialogue between the Ordinary of Newgate, and Mr. Jonathan Wild the Great: in which the subjects of death, immortality, and other grave matters, are very learnedly handled by the former.

ORDINARY. Good morrow to you, sir; I hope you rested well last night.

JONATHAN. D——ned ill, sir. I dreamed so confoundedly of hanging, that it disturbed my sleep.

ORDINARY. Fie upon it. You should be more resigned. I wish you would make a little better use of those instructions which I have endeavoured to inculcate into you, and particularly last Sunday, and from these words: *Those who do evil shall go into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.* I undertook to show you first, what is meant by EVERLASTING FIRE; and secondly, who were THE DEVIL AND HIS ANGELS. I then proceeded to draw some inferences from the whole;* in which I am mightily deceived, if I did not convince you, that you yourself was one of those ANGELS; and, consequently, must expect EVERLASTING FIRE to be your portion in the other world.

* He pronounced this word HULL, and perhaps would have spelled it so.

JONATHAN. Faith, doctor, I remember very little of your inferences; for I fell asleep soon after your naming the text: but do you preach this doctrine then, or do you repeat it now in order to comfort me?

ORDINARY. I do it, in order to bring you to a true sense of your manifold sins, and, by that means, to induce you to repentance. Indeed, had I the eloquence of Cicero, or of Tully, it would not be sufficient to describe the pains of hell, or the joys of heaven. The utmost that we are taught is, *that ear hath not heard, nor can heart conceive.* Who then would, for the pitiful consideration of the riches and pleasures of this world, forfeit such inestimable happiness! Such joys! Such pleasures! Such delights! Or who would run the venture of such misery, which, but to think on, shocks the human understanding! Who, in his senses, then, would prefer the latter to the former?

JONATHAN. Ay, who, indeed! I assure you, doctor, I had much rather be happy than miserable. But[1] * *
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* * * * * * * *

ORDINARY. Nothing can be plainer. St. * *
* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * *

JONATHAN. * * * If one convinced
* * * * * no man *
* lives of * * * * *
whereas sure the clergy * opportunity * *
better informed * * * * all manner of
vice * * * * * * * * *

ORDINARY. * are * atheist * deist * ari * * cinian * hanged ** burnt ** oiled * oasted *** dev * his an *** ell fire * * ternal d *** tion.

JONATHAN. You * * to frighten me out of my wits: but the good * * is, I doubt not, more merciful than this wicked * * If I should believe all you say, I am sure I should die in inexpressible horror.

ORDINARY. Despair is sinful. You should place your hopes

[1] This part was so blotted, that it was illegible.

in repentance and grace; and though it is most true, that you are in danger of the judgment, yet there is still room for mercy; and no man, unless excommunicated, is absolutely without hopes of a reprieve.

JONATHAN. I am not without hopes of a reprieve from the cheat yet: I have pretty good interest; but if I cannot obtain it, you shall not frighten me out of my courage; I will not die like a pimp. D—n me, what is death? It is nothing but to be with Platos and with Cæsars,—as the poet says, and all the other great heroes of antiquity. * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

ORDINARY. Ay, all this is very true; but life is sweet, for all that; and I had rather live to eternity, than go into the company of any such heathens, who are, I doubt not, in hell, with the devil and his angels; and, as little as you seem to apprehend it, you may find yourself there before you expect it. Where then will be your tauntings and your vauntings, your boastings and your braggings? You will then be ready to give more for a drop of water than you ever gave for a bottle of wine.

JONATHAN. Faith, doctor, well minded. What say you to a bottle of wine?

ORDINARY. I will drink no wine with an atheist. I should expect the devil to make a third in such company; for, since he knows you are his, he may be impatient to have his due.

JONATHAN. It is your business to drink with the wicked, in order to amend them.

ORDINARY. I despair of it; and so I consign you over to the devil, who is ready to receive you.

JONATHAN. You are more unmerciful to me than the judge, doctor. He recommended my soul to heaven; and it is your office to show me the way thither.

ORDINARY. No; the gates are barred against all revilers of the clergy.

JONATHAN. I revile only the wicked ones, if any such are, which cannot affect you, who, if men were preferred in the church by merit only, would have long since been a bishop. Indeed, it might raise any good man's indignation, to observe one of your vast learning and abilities obliged to exert them in so low a sphere, when so many of your inferiors wallow in wealth and preferment.

ORDINARY. Why, it must be confessed, that there are bad men in all orders; but you should not censure too generally. I must own, I might have expected higher promotion; but I have learned patience and resignation: and I would advise you to the same temper of mind; which if you can attain, I know you will find mercy; nay, I do now promise you, you will. It is true, you are a sinner; but your crimes are not of the blackest dye: you are no murderer, nor guilty of sacrilege. And if you are guilty of theft, you make some atonement by suffering for it, which many others do not. Happy it is, indeed, for those few who are detected in their sins, and brought to exemplary punishment for them in this world. So far, therefore, from repining at your fate when you come to the tree, you should exult and rejoice in it: and to say the truth, I question whether, to a wise man, the catastrophe of many of those who die by a halter, is not more to be envied than pitied. Nothing is so sinful as sin, and murder is the greatest of all sins: it follows, that whoever commits murder is happy in suffering for it; if, therefore, a man who commits murder is so happy in dying for it, how much better must it be for you, who have committed a less crime!

JONATHAN. All this is very true; but let us take a bottle of wine to cheer our spirits.

ORDINARY. Why wine? Let me tell you, Mr. Wild, there is nothing so deceitful as the spirits given us by wine. If you must drink, let us have a bowl of punch; a liquor I the rather prefer, as it is no where spoken against in the scripture, and as it is more wholesome for the gravel, a distemper with which I am grievously afflicted.

JONATHAN. (Having called for a bowl.) I ask your pardon, doctor; I should have remembered that punch was your favourite liquor. I think you never taste wine while there is any punch remaining on the table.

ORDINARY. I confess, I look on punch to be the more eligible liquor, as well for the reasons I have before mentioned, as likewise for one other cause, viz. it is the properest for a DRAUGHT. I own I took it a little unkind of you to mention wine, thinking you knew my palate.

JONATHAN. You are in the right; and I will take a swinging cup to your being made a bishop.

ORDINARY. And I will wish you a reprieve in as large a draught. Come, don't despair; it is yet time enough to think of dying; you have good friends, who very probably may prevail for you. I have known many a man reprieved, who had less reason to expect it.

JONATHAN. But if I should flatter myself with such hopes, and be deceived, what then would become of my soul?

ORDINARY. Pugh! Never mind your soul, leave that to me: I will render a good account of it, I warrant you. I have a sermon in my pocket, which may be of some use to you to hear. I do not value myself on the talent of preaching, since no man ought to value himself for any gift in this world: but, perhaps, there are not many such sermons. But to proceed, since we have nothing else to do till the punch comes. My text is the latter part of a verse only. — *To the Greeks* FOOLISHNESS. The occasion of these words was principally that philosophy of the Greeks, which at that time had overrun great part of the heathen world, had poisoned, and as it were, puffed up their minds with pride, so that they disregarded all kinds of doctrine in comparison of their own; and however safe, and however sound the learning of others might be, yet, if it any wise contradicted their own laws, customs, and received opinions, *away with it, it is not for us.* It was to the Greeks FOOLISHNESS.

In the former part, therefore, of my discourse on these words, I shall principally confine myself to the laying open and demonstrating the great emptiness and vanity of this philosophy, with which these idle and absurd sophists were so proudly blown up and elevated:

And here I shall do two things: First, I shall expose the matter; and secondly, the manner of this absurd philosophy.

And first, for the first of these, namely, the matter. Now, here we may retort the unmannerly word, which our adversaries have audaciously thrown in our faces; for what was all this mighty matter of philosophy, this heap of knowledge, which was to bring such large harvests of honour to those who sowed it, and so greatly and nobly to enrich the ground on which it fell; what was it but FOOLISHNESS? An inconsistent heap of nonsense, of absurdities and contradictions, bringing no orna-

ment to the mind in its theory, nor exhibiting any usefulness to the body in its practice. What were all the sermons and the sayings, the fables and the morals, of all these wise men, but, to use the word mentioned in my text once more, FOOLISHNESS? What was their great master, Plato, or their other great light, Aristotle? Both fools; mere quibblers and sophists, idly and vainly attached to certain ridiculous notions of their own, founded neither on truth nor on reason. Their whole works are a strange medley of the greatest falsehoods, scarce covered over with the colour of truth: their precepts are neither borrowed from nature nor guided by reason: mere fictions, serving only to evince the dreadful height of human pride; in one word, FOOLISHNESS. It may be, perhaps, expected from me, that I should give some instances from their works to prove this charge; but as to transcribe every passage to my purpose, would be to transcribe their whole works, and as, in such a plentiful crop, it is difficult to choose, instead of trespassing on your patience, I shall conclude this first head with asserting, what I have so fully proved, and what may indeed be inferred from the text, that the philosophy of the Greeks was FOOLISHNESS.

Proceed we now, in the second place, to consider the manner in which this inane and simple doctrine was propagated. And here—but here the punch, by entering, awaked Mr. Wild, who was fast asleep, and put an end to the sermon; nor could we obtain any further account of the conversation which passed at this interview.

CHAPTER XIV.

Wild proceeds to the highest consummation of human greatness.

THE day now grew nigh, when our great man was to exemplify the last and noblest act of greatness, by which any hero can signalize himself. This was the day of execution, or consummation, or apotheosis, (for it is called by different names,) which was to give our hero an opportunity of facing death and damnation, without any fear in his heart, or at least without betraying any symptoms of it in his countenance. A completion of greatness, which is heartily to be wished to every great

man; nothing being more worthy of lamentation, than when fortune, like a lazy poet, winds up her catastrophe awkwardly, and bestowing too little care on her fifth act, dismisses the hero with a sneaking and private exit, who had, in the former part of the drama, performed such notable exploits, as must promise to every good judge among the spectators a noble, public, and exalted end.

But she was resolved to commit no such error in this instance. Our hero was too much and too deservedly her favourite, to be neglected by her in his last moments: accordingly, all efforts for a reprieve were vain; and the name of Wild stood at the head of those who were ordered for execution.

From the time he gave over all hopes of life, his conduct was truly great and admirable. Instead of showing any marks of dejection and contrition, he rather infused more confidence and assurance in his looks. He spent most of his hours in drinking with his friends, and with the good man above commemorated. In one of these compotations, being asked whether he was afraid to die, he answered, "D—n me, it is only to dance without music." Another time, when one expressed some sorrow for his misfortune, as he termed it, he said, with great fierceness, "A man can die but once." Again, when one of his intimate acquaintance hinted his hopes that he would die like a man, he cocked his hat in defiance, and cried out, greatly, "Zounds! who's afraid?"

Happy would it have been for posterity, could we have retrieved any entire conversation which passed at this season, especially between our hero and his learned comforter; but we have searched many pasteboard records in vain.

On the eve of his apotheosis, Wild's lady desired to see him, to which he consented. This meeting was at first very tender on both sides; but it could not continue so; for unluckily some hints of former miscarriages intervening, as particularly when she asked him, how he could have used her so barbarously once, as calling her b—, and whether such language became a man, much less a gentleman, Wild flew into a violent passion, and swore she was the vilest of b—s, to upbraid him at such a season, with an unguarded word, spoke

long ago. She replied, with many tears, she was well enough served for her folly in visiting such a brute; but she had one comfort, however, that it would be the last time he could ever treat her so; that indeed she had some obligation to him, for that his cruelty to her would reconcile her to the fate he was to-morrow to suffer; and, indeed, nothing but such brutality could have made the consideration of his shameful death, (so this weak woman called hanging,) which was now inevitable, to be borne even without madness. She then proceeded to a recapitulation of his faults in an exacter order, and with more perfect memory than one would have imagined her capable of; and it is probable, would have rehearsed a complete catalogue, had not our hero's patience failed him, so that with the utmost fury and violence he caught her by the hair, and kicked her as heartily as his chains would suffer him, out of the room.

At length, the morning came, which fortune, at his birth, had resolutely ordained for the consummation of our hero's GREATNESS: he had himself, indeed, modestly declined the public honours she intended him, and had taken a quantity of laudanum, in order to retire quietly off of the stage; but we have already observed, in the course of our wonderful history, that to struggle against this lady's decrees, is vain and impotent: and whether she hath determined you shall be hanged or be a prime minister, it is in either case lost labour to resist. Laudanum, therefore, being unable to stop the breath of our hero, which the fruit of hemp-seed and not the spirit of poppy-seed, was to overcome, he was at the usual hour attended by the proper gentlemen appointed for that purpose, and acquainted that the cart was ready. On this occasion he exerted that greatness of courage, which hath been so much celebrated in other heroes; and knowing it was impossible to resist, he gravely declared he would attend them. He then descended to that room where the fetters of great men are knocked off, in a most solemn and ceremonious manner. Then shaking hands with his friends, (to wit, those who were conducting them to the tree,) and drinking their healths in a bumper of brandy, he ascended the cart, where he was no sooner seated, than he received the acclamations of the multitude, who were highly ravished with his GREATNESS.

The cart now moved slowly on, being preceded by a troop of horse-guards, bearing javelins in their hands, through streets lined with crowds, all admiring the great behaviour of our hero, who rode on, sometimes sighing, sometimes swearing, sometimes singing or whistling, as his humour varied.

When he came to the tree of glory, he was welcomed with an universal shout of the people, who were there assembled in prodigious numbers, to behold a sight much more rare in populous cities than one would reasonably imagine it should be, viz. the proper catastrophe of a great man.

But though envy was, through fear, obliged to join the general voice in applause on this occasion, there were not wanting some who maligned this completion of glory, which was now about to be fulfilled to our hero, and endeavoured to prevent it by knocking him on the head, as he stood under the tree, while the ordinary was performing his last office. They therefore began to batter the cart with stones, brick-bats, dirt, and all manner of mischievous weapons, some of which, erroneously playing on the robes of the ecclesiastic, made him so expeditious in his repetition, that with wonderful alacrity, he had ended almost in an instant, and conveyed himself into a place of safety, in a hackney-coach, where he waited the conclusion with a temper of mind, described in these verses,

Suave mari magno, turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terra alterius magnum spectare laborem.

We must not, however, omit one circumstance, as it serves to show the most admirable conservation of character in our hero to his last moment, which was, that whilst the ordinary was busy in his ejaculations, Wild, in the midst of the shower of stones, &c. which played upon him, applied his hands to the parson's pocket, and emptied it of his bottle-screw, which he carried out of the world in his hand.

The ordinary being now descended from the cart, Wild had just opportunity to cast his eyes around the crowd, and to give them a hearty curse, when immediately the horses moved on, and with universal applause, our hero swung out of this world.

Thus fell Jonathan Wild the GREAT, by a death as glorious as his life had been, and which was so truly agreeable to it,

that the latter must have been deplorably maimed and imperfect without the former; a death which hath been alone wanting to complete the characters of several ancient and modern heroes, whose histories would then have been read with much greater pleasure by the wisest in all ages. Indeed, we could almost wish, that, whenever Fortune seems wantonly to deviate from her purpose, and leaves her work imperfect in this particular, the historian would indulge himself in the license of poetry and romance, and even do a violence to truth, to oblige his reader with a page, which must be the most delightful in all his history, and which could never fail of producing an instructing moral.

Narrow minds may possibly have some reason to be ashamed of going this way out of the world, if their consciences can fly in their faces, and assure them they have not merited such an honour; but he must be a fool who is ashamed of being hanged, who is not weak enough to be ashamed of having deserved it.

CHAPTER XV.

The character of our hero, and the conclusion of this history.

We will now endeavour to draw the character of this Great Man; and by bringing together those several features as it were of his mind, which lie scattered up and down in this history, to present our readers with a perfect picture of greatness.

Jonathan Wild had every qualification necessary to form a great man. As his most powerful and predominant passion was ambition, so nature had, with consummate propriety, adapted all his faculties to the attaining those glorious ends to which this passion directed him. He was extremely ingenious in inventing designs; artful in contriving the means to accomplish his purposes, and resolute in executing them; for as the most exquisite cunning and most undaunted boldness qualified him for any undertaking; so was he not restrained by any of those weaknesses which disappoint the views of mean and vulgar souls, and which are comprehended in one general

term of honesty, which is a corruption of HONOSTY, a word derived from what the Greeks call an ass. He was entirely free from those low vices of modesty and good-nature, which, as he said, implied a total negation of human greatness, and were the only qualities which absolutely rendered a man incapable of making a considerable figure in the world. His lust was inferior only to his ambition; but, as for what simple people call love, he knew not what it was. His avarice was immense; but it was of the rapacious, not of the tenacious kind; his rapaciousness was indeed so violent, that nothing ever contented him but the whole; for, however considerable the share was, which his coadjutors allowed him of a booty, he was restless in inventing means to make himself master of the smallest pittance reserved by them.

He said, laws were made for the use of *prigs* only, and to secure their property; they were never therefore more perverted, than when their edge was turned against these; but that this generally happened through their want of sufficient dexterity. The character which he most valued himself upon, and which he principally honoured in others, was that of hypocrisy. His opinion was, that no one could carry *priggism* very far without it: for which reason, he said, there was little greatness to be expected in a man who acknowledged his vices; but always much to be hoped from him, who professed great virtues; wherefore, though he would always shun the person whom he discovered guilty of a good action, yet he was never deterred by a good character, which was more commonly the effect of profession than of action: for which reason, he himself was always very liberal of honest professions, and had as much virtue and goodness in his mouth as a saint; never in the least scrupling to swear by his honour, even to those who knew him the best; nay, though he held good-nature and modesty in the highest contempt, he constantly practised the affectation of both, and recommended this to others, whose welfare, on his own account, he wished well to. He laid down several maxims, as the certain methods of attaining greatness, to which, in his own pursuit of it, he constantly adhered. As,

1. Never to do more mischief to another, than was necessary to the effecting his purpose; for that mischief was too precious a thing to be thrown away.

2. To know no distinction of men from affection; but to sacrifice all with equal readiness to his interest.
3. Never to communicate more of an affair than was necessary, to the person who was to execute it.
4. Not to trust him who hath deceived you, nor who knows he hath been deceived by you.
5. To forgive no enemy; but to be cautious and often dilatory in revenge.
6. To shun poverty and distress, and to ally himself as close as possible to power and riches.
7. To maintain a constant gravity in his countenance and behaviour, and to affect wisdom on all occasions.
8. To foment eternal jealousies in his gang, one of another.
9. Never to reward any one equal to his merit; but always to insinuate that the reward was above it.
10. That all men were knaves or fools, and much the greater number a composition of both.
11. That a good name, like money, must be parted with, or at least greatly risked, in order to bring the owner any advantage.
12. That virtues, like precious stones, were easily counterfeited; that the counterfeits in both cases adorned the wearer equally, and that very few had knowledge or discernment sufficient to distinguish the counterfeit jewel from the real.
13. That many men were undone by not going deep enough in roguery; as in gaming, any man may be a loser who doth not play the whole game.
14. That men proclaim their own virtues, as shopkeepers expose their goods, in order to profit by them.
15. That the heart was the proper seat of hatred; and the countenance, of affection and friendship.

He had many more of the same kind, all equally good with these, and which were, after his decease, found in his study, as the twelve excellent and celebrated rules were, in that of king Charles the First; for he had never promulgated them in his life-time, not having them constantly in his mouth, as some grave persons have the rules of virtue and morality, without paying the least regard to them in their actions: whereas, our hero, by a constant and steady adherence to his rules, in con-

forming every thing he did to them, acquired at length a settled habit of walking by them, till at last he was in no danger of inadvertently going out of the way; and by these means, he arrived at that degree of greatness, which few have equalled; none, we may say, have exceeded: for, though it must be allowed that there have been some few heroes, who have done greater mischiefs to mankind, such as those who have betrayed the liberty of their country to others, or have undermined and overpowered it themselves; or conquerors, who have impoverished, pillaged, sacked, burnt, and destroyed the countries and cities of their fellow-creatures, from no other provocation than that of glory, i. e. as the tragic poet calls it,

> ——— a privilege to kill,
> A strong temptation to do bravely ill;

yet if we consider it in the light wherein actions are placed in this line,

> Lætius est, quoties magno tibi constat honestum,

when we see our hero, without the least assistance or pretence, setting himself at the head of a gang, which he had not any shadow or right to govern; if we view him maintaining absolute power, and exercising tyranny over a lawless crew, contrary to all law, but that of his own will; if we consider him setting up an open trade publicly, in defiance not only of the laws of his country, but of the common sense of his countrymen; if we see him first contriving the robbery of others, and again the defrauding the very robbers of that booty which they had ventured their necks to acquire, and which, without any hazard, they might have retained: here, sure, he must appear admirable, and we may challenge not only the truth of history, but almost the latitude of fiction, to equal his glory.

Nor had he any of those flaws in his character, which, though they have been commended by weak writers, have (as I hinted in the beginning of this history) by the judicious reader, been censured and despised. Such was the clemency of Alexander and Cæsar, which nature hath as grossly erred in giving them, as a painter would, who should dress a peasant in robes of

state, or give the nose, or any other feature of a Venus, to a satyr. What had the destroyers of mankind, that glorious pair, one of whom came into the world to usurp the dominion, and abolish the constitution of his own country; the other to conquer, enslave, and rule over the whole world, at least as much as was well known to him, and the shortness of his life would give him leave to visit; what had, I say, such as these to do with clemency? Who cannot see the absurdity and contradiction of mixing such an ingredient with those noble and great qualities I have before mentioned. Now, in Wild, every thing was truly great, almost without alloy, as his imperfections (for surely some small ones he had) were only such as served to denominate him a human creature, of which kind none ever arrived at consummate excellence; but surely his whole behaviour to his friend Heartfree is a convincing proof, that the true iron or steel greatness of his heart was not debased by any softer metal. Indeed, while greatness consists in power, pride, insolence, and doing mischief to mankind;—to speak out—while a great man and a great rogue are synonymous terms, so long shall Wild stand unrivalled on the pinnacle of GREATNESS. Nor must we omit here, as the finishing of his character, what indeed ought to be remembered on his tomb or his statue, the conformity above mentioned of his death to his life; and that Jonathan Wild the Great, after all his mighty exploits, was, what so few GREAT men can accomplish—hanged by the neck till he was dead.

Having thus brought our hero to his conclusion, it may be satisfactory to some readers (for many, I doubt not, carry their concern no farther than his fate) to know what became of Heartfree. We shall acquaint them, therefore, that his sufferings were now at an end; that the good magistrate easily prevailed for his pardon, nor was contented till he had made him all the reparation he could for his troubles, though the share he had in bringing these upon him, was not only innocent, but, from its motive, laudable. He procured the restoration of the jewels from the man-of-war, at her return to England, and, above all, omitted no labour to restore Heartfree to his reputation, and to persuade his neighbours, acquaintance, and cus-

tomers of his innocence. When the commission of bankruptcy was satisfied, Heartfree had a considerable sum remaining; for the diamond presented to his wife was of prodigious value, and infinitely recompensed the loss of those jewels which Miss Straddle had disposed of. He now set up again in his trade; compassion for his unmerited misfortunes brought him many customers among those who had any regard to humanity; and he hath, by industry joined with parsimony, amassed a considerable fortune. His wife and he are now grown old in the purest love and friendship; but never had another child. Friendly married his elder daughter at the age of nineteen, and became his partner in trade. As to the younger, she never would listen to the addresses of any lover, not even of a young nobleman, who offered to take her with two thousand pounds, which her father would have willingly produced, and indeed did his utmost to persuade her to the match; but she refused absolutely, nor would give any other reason when Heartfree pressed her, than that she had dedicated her days to his service, and was resolved no other duty should interfere with that which she owed the best of fathers, nor prevent her from being the nurse of his old age.

Thus Heartfree, his wife, his two daughters, his son-in-law, and his grandchildren, of which he had several, live all together in one house; and that with such amity and affection towards each other, that they are in the neighbourhood called the family of love.

As to all the other persons mentioned in this history, in the light of greatness, they had all the fate adapted to it, being every one hanged by the neck, save two, viz., Miss Theodosia Snap, who was transported to America, where she was pretty well married, reformed, and made a good wife; and the count, who recovered of the wound he had received from the hermit, and made his escape into France, where he committed a robbery, was taken, and broke on the wheel.

Indeed, whoever considers the common fate of great men, must allow, they well deserve, and hardly earn, that applause which is given them by the world; for, when we reflect on the labours and pains, the cares, disquietudes, and dangers, which

attend their road to greatness, we may say with the divine, *that a man may go to heaven with half the pains which it costs him to purchase hell.* To say the truth, the world have this reason at least to honour such characters as that of Wild: that while it is in the power of every man to be perfectly honest, not one in a thousand is capable of being a complete rogue; and few indeed there are, who, if they were inspired with the vanity of imitating our hero, would not, after much fruitless pains, be obliged to own themselves inferior to Mr JONATHAN WILD THE GREAT.

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